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The
Emma
Goldman
Papers

REEL

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Emma
Goldman
Papers

A Microfilm Edition

Reel 35

Correspondence

July 1, 1935, to November 30, 1935

Edited by
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Ronald J. Zboray
and
Daniel Cornford

CHADWYCK-HEALEY INC.

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- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 9, St. Tropez [to] Benjamin [W.] Huebsch, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 10, St. Tropez [to] Harper & Brothers, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter, 19]35 Oct. 11, St. Tropez [to W.S.] Van [Valkenburgh, New York] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Oct. 11, St. Tropez [to R]ob[ert Low, New York?] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Farrar & Rinehart Publishers, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 12, Montreal [to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / Bank of Montreal.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] T[heodore] Schuller, London / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] Thomas Y. Crowell Co[mpany], New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] Covici, Friede, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] Wishart & Co., London / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 14, St. Tropez [to] Charles Scribner['s] Sons, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 14, St. Tropez [to] Smith [and] Haas Publishers, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N.Y. / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N.Y. / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y. / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Robert M. McBride Co[mpany], New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] D. Appleton-Century Company, New York / Emma Goldman.
- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York / Emma Goldman.

- [Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] W. W. Norton, New York / Emma Goldman.
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Harry J. Stern, Montreal / Emma Goldman.
[Envelope, 1935] Oct. 16, St. Tropez [to] Harry J. Stern, Montreal / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 16, St. Tropez [to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman].
[Envelope, 19]35 Oct. 1[6] St. Tropez [to] Rudolf [and Milly] Rocker, [New York] / E[mma] G[oldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 17, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, Paris] / Minna [Lowensohn].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21, Paris [to] Paul [Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 22, Paris [to] M.T. Stark, Montreal / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 22, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / B[enjamin] W. Huebsch.
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to] A[lexander] B[erkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 1935] Oct. 23 [Nice to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter, 1935] Oct. 23 [Nice to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Liza [Koldofsky, London (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 27, Paris [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / Emma [Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 27, Paris [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 28, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / Farrar & Rinehart Publishers.
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Mill[ie Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Vanguard, [New York] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 30, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / S.A. Trengrove.
[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 31, Paris [to I.A.] Herman, [Los Angeles] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 1935] Oct. 31 [Washington, D.C. to] E[mma] G[oldman, Paris] / Henry G. A[lsberg].
[Letter] 1935 Oct. 31, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.S. Evans.

- [Letter, 1935? Nov.? London? to Alexander Berkman, Nice? (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935?] Nov.? St. Tropez [to Wim] Jong, [Amsterdam] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935 Nov.? London to Mollie Steimer and Senya Fleshin, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935 Nov. 1? Paris? to] Grace [Kimmerling Wellington, Pittsburgh, Pa. (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935 Nov. 1?] Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 1, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 1 [London to Emma] Goldman, [London?] / Jean D. McBrodie.
- [Letter, 1935] Nov. 2, Paris [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935] Nov. 3-4 [Nice to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 4, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Fredric J. Warburg.
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 5, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Desmond Flower.
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 6, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 6, Paris [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 7, Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 7, Paris [to] Nicholas Kopeloff, New York / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 7, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London? (fragment)] / [author unknown].
- [Letter, 1935 Nov. 8] Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 9, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 9, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 9, Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 11, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 11, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 11, Pittsburgh, Pa. [to] Emma [Goldman, Paris] / Grace K[immerling] W[ellington].
- [Letter, 1935] Nov. 12 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 1935 Nov.? 15? Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Frank [G. Heiner].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 16, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 16, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 17, London [to] Dolly [Stamm, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935 Nov. 18? London to] Joe [Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 18, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 19, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 19, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 19, London [to] Henry [G. Alsberg, Washington, D.C.] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]35 Nov. 20, London [to] Mollie [Steimer, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 20, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers], Scarboro Bluffs, Canada / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1935] Nov. 20, Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott].

- [Letter] 1935 Nov. 20, London [to] C. W. Dani[el, London] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to] Harry Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y. / Emma
[Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to H.] Yaffe, Los Angeles / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / Nicholas Kopeloff.
[Receipt] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C. W. Daniel Co.
[Invoice] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.W. Daniel Co.
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 23, London [to] Gab[riel] and Erma [Javsicas, Paris] / [Emma
Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 23, Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 23, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 23, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Lucille [Halperin].
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 24, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter, 1935] Nov. 24, Universal City, Calif. [to] Emma [Goldman, London] /
Es[landa Robeson].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 24, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Gabriel Javsicas.
[Letter, 1935] Nov. 25 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 25, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C. W. Daniel.
[Receipt] 1935 Nov. 25, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.W. Daniel Co..
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 26, London [to] Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 26, London [to] Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 26, London [to] Wishart [& Co., London] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 26, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Michael Sadler.
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, Vienna [to] Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica
[Balabanoff].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Covici, Friede, New York / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27 [London to] W. Collins, Sons & Co., [London] / [Emma
Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27 [London to] Cassell and Co. Ltd., [London] / [Emma
Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27 [London to] Heinemann Publishers, [London] / [Emma
Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Farrar & Rinehart [Publishers], New York /
[Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Vanguard Press, New York / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Robert M. McBride, New York / [Emma
Goldman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] B[enjamin] W. Huebsch, New York / [Emma
Goldman].
[Invoice] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Wishart & Co.
[Letter, 1935] Nov. 28 [Nice to] Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
[Letter, 1935 Nov. 28, Nice to] Emma Goldman, London (enclosure)] / [Alexander
Berkman].
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 28, Montreal [to] E[mma] G[oldman, London] / M.T. Stark.
[Letter] 1935 Nov. 28, London [to] E[mma Goldman], London / C. W. Daniel.
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 29, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, Paris] / [Emma
Goldman].
[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 29, London [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma
Goldman].

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. [2]9, London [to] Mary [Crouch?, New York?] / [Emma Goldman].

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 30 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].

Introduction to Reels 31 through 37 **(May 1, 1934, to June 30, 1936)**

The twenty-six months following the end of Goldman's American tour in April 1934 were a restless but productive period in her life. She lectured extensively in Canada and Great Britain, spending the summer and early fall of 1935 at her cottage in St. Tropez. With Alexander Berkman's editorial assistance, she wrote several major articles on anarchist theory and on the political crisis in Europe. In her personal life, 1934 was marked by the exhilaration of her affair with Frank Heiner, but Berkman's suicide at the end of June 1936 plunged her into despair.

After leaving the United States, Goldman settled for a year in Canada, lecturing frequently in Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal on a broad range of literary and political topics, alerting her audiences to the twin menaces of Nazism and fascism, and continuing to speak on such topics as birth control and "The Erotic Element in Life". While lecturing was her own primary means of support, she also used the occasions to raise funds for political prisoners in Europe.

Her correspondence during this period includes long, passionate letters from Frank Heiner, who she met in Chicago during her U.S. tour. Her initial response while still in the country was to attempt to confine the relationship to a friendship based on their mutual political interests (4/11/34). His talent as an orator, his magnetic personality, his broad education in the social sciences, and his keen interest in anarchist ideas led her to hope that he could effect a resurgence of anarchist activity in America and carry on her legacy. While she found his effusive expressions of love exhilarating, she remained cautious, expecting his love for her to be "too much of a miracle to be real" (5/6/34). But after returning to exile in Canada, she had to confront her loneliness and her desire for an intimate relationship: "Mine has been and is

a very lonely life since I have been exiled. Lonelier and [with] an inner void much more so than my outer appearance suggests" (4/11/34).

Goldman was also aware of the obstacles that would inevitably taint an intimate relationship with him: the twenty-nine-year difference in their ages; Heiner's stable marriage to Mary Koll Heiner, with whom he had a twelve-year-old daughter; and the restrictions on Goldman's travel to the United States. But Mary's tolerance of Frank's romantic interest in Goldman, along with his lyrical love letters, gradually persuaded Goldman to put aside her misgivings and allow him to come to Toronto in August. After two weeks of "overwhelming bliss," she felt devastated when he returned home to Chicago. Still, the relationship with Heiner, she wrote Stella Ballantine, "strengthened my belief in freedom as the highest expression of man" (9/9/34). She maintained both a personal and professional correspondence with him for two years: she kept him informed about her political activities, quizzed him about current developments in the social sciences, and articulated her despair about not being able to visit him.

Goldman sustained her voluminous correspondence with Berkman throughout these years as well. After returning to Canada, she began to worry about his health, even though he usually joked about or minimized his illnesses. He had a chronic, unspecified heart condition and, in the last year of his life, prostate cancer. He also suffered from depression, which was neither diagnosed by his physicians nor recognized by his friends. Goldman knew, however, that he felt despondent when separated from her for long periods, a feeling she attributed to his lack of intellectual camaraderie, as she believed that his companion, Emmy Eckstein, did not share any of his interests. And his status as a political exile, which made any kind of political activity impossible and forced him to reapply every few months for permission to reside in France, was responsible, she felt, for some of his pervasive sense of hopelessness about the future. In letters to him and others, she focused

primarily on his complaints of physical exhaustion that hampered his ability to work. She worked with Phillip Kapp of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and Minna Lowensohn, an associate in New York, on establishing a retirement fund for him.

Goldman did what she could to help Berkman in all aspects of his life, attempting, for example, to relieve the pressure of the deadline he set himself to complete the translation of Rudolf Rocker's large volume of theoretical essays, *Nationalism and Culture*. As a friend and a correspondent of Rocker's, she tried to coordinate their efforts. But a quarrel was inevitable, since Berkman believed he had been given the authority to edit and shorten the German text for a popular English audience. When Rocker expressed displeasure at Berkman's deletions, Berkman withdrew from the project feeling hurt and unfairly treated. Goldman supported Berkman throughout this ordeal, even though she understood Rocker's point of view.

In the spring of 1935, as Goldman prepared to leave Canada, she began to correspond with Berkman's companion, Emmy Eckstein. Eckstein's many letters before Goldman's arrival in France testify to a growing warmth between the two women as they resolved their mutual, but previously unspoken, jealousy over Berkman's attention. Nevertheless, when the three set up a joint household in St. Tropez, day-to-day tensions undermined the harmony they had achieved. Goldman, grieving the loss of her intimacy with Heiner, felt ignored by Berkman. Eckstein, as previously, felt shut out of Goldman and Berkman's close friendship. Berkman was dismayed by the inability of his two closest friends to solve their difficulties with each other. Eckstein and Berkman soon returned to their apartment in Nice, while Goldman began to prepare for her lecture tour of Great Britain the following fall.

Goldman met with a warmer welcome in Great Britain in 1935 than on her two previous tours in 1925 and 1933. She attributed her success to British

intellectuals' gradual disenchantment with Stalinism and their recognition, with the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, of Mussolini's expansionist aims. Unlike their counterparts in other countries, even Communists in Britain seemed more tolerant of Goldman's anti-Soviet perspective. She found several new organizations open to her, including the National Council of Labor Colleges, the British Drama League, and the Rationalist Society. Nevertheless, she faced an "uphill struggle" to earn a living by lecturing; after five months of lectures in London, Bristol, and Wales, she anticipated being forced to sell her home in St. Tropez.

Midway through her British tour, Goldman learned from Emmy Eckstein of Berkman's hospitalization for prostate problems. Assured by Eckstein of Berkman's eventual recovery, Goldman continued her lectures. Although more surgery for Berkman and Eckstein's own hospitalization for colitis followed shortly, the two repeatedly insisted in their correspondence that Goldman had little cause for alarm. Still, guilt at her delay surrounded Goldman's return to Nice, where she nursed both her friends until Eckstein felt well enough to care for Berkman. He remained in pain and recovered slowly. Having returned to her home in

St. Tropez, Goldman wondered whether she had done enough for him. On June 27, after he sent Goldman warm birthday greetings and in the midst of a painful relapse, Berkman shot himself in the abdomen. Upon receiving a call from Eckstein, Goldman hurried to Nice where she found Berkman still conscious but unable to speak.

Goldman experienced his death a few hours later as her greatest personal loss. Her forty-seven-year friendship with Berkman, though sometimes strained by disappointments and failures of communication, provided her with unwavering affection that grew more essential to her well-being with the advancing years. Her intimate correspondence with him allowed her the opportunity to explore and define her thoughts about both her public and

private lives in an atmosphere of complete trust. No wonder that, grieving the loss of this friendship, she described it as "the one treasure I have rescued from my long and bitter struggle" (7/12/36).

In the years prior to Berkman's death, and despite her worries about him, the anguish of her affair with Heiner, and her own continuing financial woes, Goldman continued to publish a variety of essays. In "Was My Life Worth Living?" for *Harper's*, she updated her autobiography. She prepared a theoretical piece, "Two Communisms: Bolshevik and Anarchist" for *American Mercury*, whose editor retitled it "There Is No Communism in Russia" and deleted the crucial section on the anarchist alternative to the Soviet system. Although she prominently placed the "The Tragedy of the Political Exiles" in the *Nation*, she failed to find a mass market publisher for her article "The Place of the Individual in Society".

In addition to this formal writing, Goldman expanded her circle of correspondents during these months, her American tour supplying the occasion to revive written exchanges with old friends in the United States. And she found new correspondents, including Jeanne Levey and Dorothy Rogers, among those who had helped with her lecture tours in the United States and Canada. She also corresponded more frequently with relatives during a period that included several family crises: the death of her brother Herman, the successive heart attacks of her other brother Morris, and the psychiatric depression of her grandniece Ruth Lowe, Stella Ballantine's daughter.

In several letters of the period, Goldman expressed the dark mood that resulted from these tragedies. In a letter to Roger Baldwin, for example, she quotes the German novelist B. Traven: "Why do I permit myself to be tortured? Because I have hope, which is the sin and the curse of mankind.' Hope has been that to me.... Well, I have had so many disappointments in my long struggle that one more is not likely to kill me" (10/24/34). Goldman's revelations of her internal struggle against hopelessness elicited crucial

support from old friends like Joseph Goldman, a Chicago comrade, who wrote her: "What if your ideal for which the better part of your life has been devoted, is at present in eclipse? Is there reason to despair? I don't think so.... If I had to live life over again, I would choose the same path" (4/4/35). As much as she sought solace from others, she had to console them as well. When Rose Pesotta wrote in a despondent moment that her work for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union in Seattle had met with the same obstacles as Goldman's work as a labor organizer forty years earlier, Goldman encouraged her to continue her efforts and insisted that she would make a lasting contribution to the labor movement.

Throughout this period, Goldman's interest in the anarchist movement in Spain increased. She had been in contact with immigrant Spanish anarchists in New York in the 1910s. Renewing these relationships during her U.S. tour in 1934, she kept informed about events in Spain through Maximiliano and Anna Olay, Chicago activists with connections to the Spanish movement, and encouraged several other comrades, including Frank Heiner, W. S. Van Valkenburgh, and Victor Martinez, editor of *Cultura Proletaria* (a Spanish-language newspaper published in New York), to publicize Spanish events to an English-speaking mass readership.

16X



Obtained from the private collection of Millie Dwyer Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

and love.

a
 upward force of air
 which is reflected by the
 surface of the water, and
 the water is reflected by the
 surface of the air, and so on.

The Emma Goldman Papers


870928148

[Letter, 1935 July?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest S[tein]. — 3 p. ; 17 x 11 cm.

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14549

NICE 14
RUE MARCHEL JOFFRE EUGENE SHANUS


NICE PALACE
HOTEL MAUBLE
PLAIN CENTRE PHOTOCALMAN
HUBERT TOUTE L'ANNEE
N. N. NICE 14

Sunday.

Dear Emma,

I am off for Marseille this afternoon. Shall stay there one night and then to Paris and shortly after for the U.S.A.

I may not write again until I reach New York. So this, really, should have been a real letter. But I am worse at writing than what I am as a talker, and that is pretty bad. I still cannot put together quite clearly the events of my stay at St. Tropez. I cannot help thinking, what a beautiful thing it would have been

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928148

[Letter, 1935 July?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest S[tein]. —
3 p.; 17 × 11 cm.

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and we have ~~just~~ ^{time} look
and have ~~the~~ ^{an} meeting. 14560
at St. Tropez happen years ago
circumstances. However, this is
all pure sentimentalism, and
I am just afraid that it happened
when and where it happened.
If you have time, let me
hear from you; letters will reach
me via the American Express Company Post
office to July 30th; after that
61 West 9th Street, New York City
I frankly do not expect
any news from you for some time
to come at least. Your love
is just now the most important
thing and all the rest can wait.
But ~~that~~ ^{there} may be something
we can do for you in New York.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928148

[Letter, 1935 July?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest S[tein].—
3 p.; 17 × 11 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

3) Some message, something 14551
could be sent at all
(I don't think there will be
anything to prevent me from
writing the book to St. Tropez
next summer. I shall
see you again at the Café d'Or.
as ever
Modest
P.S. Shall write to Sasha from
Marseille M.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010461

[Letter, 19]35 July 1, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 30 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

25559

St Tropez Var July First 35.

Dearest Frank.

*longing is really p/c
reading this*

I am inclosing copies of recent letters to various people. They will give you an idea of my state of mind and also explain why I have not written you again since my last letter. I don't know why it is that I should feel it most difficult now to write you ~~as~~ often as I did while in Canada. Perhaps because my longing for you has become intensified by the realization how hopeless my situation is. The inc. last Thursday the 27th of June, I was sixty six years of age. Never before did I feel my years so much. ~~Because of this~~ Never before was it borne in on me so utterly indomitable is my need infatuation for you, a man thirty years younger than I. And with all the numerous odds against such a love. But not only that. Something even more vital is the ~~fact~~ ever present thought of America. The fact staring me in the face that I am useless in Europe and that America is closed to me for ever. All these disheartening thoughts came over me on my ~~sixty~~ sixty sixth birthday like an avalanche. I could not even write you a post card on that day. And yet you were so much in my blood and on my mind I could almost touch you. A crazy state isn't it?

Jackie received your letter and he let me read it. It is alright my fear about not writing often. ~~But~~ I'd rather not hear from you than know you harassed because you have not the mood, or the chance to write. By this time, or even before you must have gotten my letter to tell you that yours had arrived. It takes a long time for mail from America, especially from any place outside New York. I realize that and I have definitely decided not to worry you about letters. I want you

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010461

[Letter, 1935 July 1, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 30 x 21 cm.

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25560

2

to feel free to write only when you are in the mood and you have the chance to do so freely. I will understand.

About my proposed book. I can see that it was foolish to permit any funds to be raised on that basis because it is so binding. I am convinced I will not be able to even start on it this summer. First because Sasha is writing and he needs my attention and care. He would feel unhappy to disturb me were I writing. Then too, there is our ménage. One can not split ones forces when one writes. Then in the late fall I will most probably have to go on tour, perhaps to Holland and England. Either places hold out very small chance for effective lecture work. ~~But~~ Yet I will have to do it, if only to fill the void in my mind and ~~heart~~ heart. I have already written to our comrades in England to see what can be done. On the other hand, some Dutch comrades are at work to get me back to Holland. You see I was expelled two years ago. I am not sure they will succeed to have this revoked though the society that wants me to speak on American literature is non political. I will see.

You will see from the inclosures of Sashas left letters that no peace is granted us for very long. The Rocker translation is altogether like a curse. A cable to day told us not to be alarmed and that a letter is following. We now dread Rudolf will want Sasha to go on. It ~~will~~ will be an awful ~~task~~ to go back to the US after Rudolf showed such dissatisfaction with it. Of course S. will have to do it. But it will not be easy. Then there is the rotten business with the sketch in ESQUIRE S. translated. Of all the contemptible charges the one that Sasha had plagiarized the story is the meanest. Not that we care for

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010461

[Letter, 1935 July 1, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 30 × 21 cm.

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25561

charge. It is only that it is sure to effect the editor of *ESQUIRE*.
He may no longer be willing to take anything from Sasha. And he
was the only hope we had for some earnings. One pays dearly for
ones revolutionary integrity. But then we have chosen to pay.
So there is no return.

The Mercury has released the copyright of my article
The Dutch comrades went to publish it in pamphlet form. And so
may the comrades in Canada, Toronto of course. Then Jeanne Levey
has the MS of my Individual in Society. She expects to get that
out in brochure form and sell it for me. I hope she succeeds.

Tell my Frank I am with you in thought every moment
in my waking and sleeping hours. Perhaps I would feel happier, or
rather more peaceful if I could eliminate you from my thoughts.
But I must confess defeat. And what is more I should not, if I
could want you out of my life. For your coming has proven the
most miraculous event in my life. You see how contradictory we
humans are.

I hold you close to my heart in all absorbing love.

P.S. Tell me about yourself, your plans, your work in the shelter
Is the thing to be affected by the decision of the Supreme Court
in re the H. L. H.? Your new essay anything about Harriett. How is
she. Give her my love and say always, of course. And remember
me kindly to your mother. I appreciate her reading my letters to
you. She must find them strange coming from a "young" lady of
sixty six.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 1, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. - 3 p. : 26 x 20 cm.

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St Tropez Var July First 35.

Dearest Frank.

I am inclosing copies of recent letters to various people. They will give you an idea of my state of mind and also explain why I have not written you again since my last letter. I don't know why it is that I should feel it most difficult now to write you as often as I did while in Canada. Perhaps because my longing for you has become intensified by the realization how hopeless my future is. Imagine, last thursday the 27th of June I was sixty six years of age. Never before did I feel my years so much. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Never before was it borne in on me how utterly indongruous is my mad infatuation for you, a man thirty years younger than I. And with all the numerous odds against such a love. But not only that. Something even mor vital is the ~~xxxxxxx~~ ever present thought of America. The fact staring me in the face that I am useless in Europe and that America is closed to me for ever. All, these disheartning thoughts swept over me on my ~~xxxx~~ sixty sixth birthday like an avalance. I could not even write you a post card on that day. And yet you were so much in my blood and on my mind I could almost touch you. A crazy state isn't it?

Sasha received your letter and he let me read it. It is alright my dearest about not writing often. ~~xxxx~~ I'd rather not hear from you than know you harassed because you have not the mood, or the chance to write. By this time, or even before you must have gotten my letter to tell you that you are arrived. It takes a long time for mail from America especially from any place outside New York. I realize that and I have finally decided not to worry you about letters.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

87(9)22439X)

[Letter, 1935 July 1, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. - 3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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1011

to feel free to write only when you are in the mood and you have the chance to do so freely. I will understand.

About my proposed book. I can see that it was foolish to permit any funds to be raised on that basis because it is so binding. I am convinced I will not be able to even start on it this summer. First because Sasha is writing and he needs my attention and care. He would feel unhappy to disturb me were I writing. Then too, there is our ménage. One can not split ones forces when one writes. Then in the late fall I will most probab have to go on tour, perhaps to Holland and England. Either places hold out very small chance for effective lecture work. ~~But~~ Yet I will have to do it, if only to fill the void in my mind and ~~my~~ heart. I have already written to our comrades in England to see what can be done. On the other hand some Dutch comrades are at work to get me back to Holland. You see I was expelled two years ago. I am not sure they will succeed to have this revoked though the society that wants me to speak on American literature is non political. I will see.

You will see from the inclosures of Sashas lett letters that no peace is granted us for very long. The Rocker translation is altogether like a curse. A cable to day told us not to be alarmed and that a letter is following. We now dread Rudolf will want Sasha to go on. It ~~will~~ will be an awful task to go back to the MS. after Rudolf showed such dissatisfaction with it. Of course S. will have to do it. But it will not be easy. Then there is the rotten business with the sketch in EQUINE S. translated. Of all the contemptible charges the one that made me proud of the work is the meanest. But I will see.

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10182

The above is a summary of the substance of my article
 The Russian Revolution and the United States. And so
 my first column in C. I., The New York Times & my
 last in the R. O. J., The United States. So I state to you that
 out in the world of men and nations, the world of the world.

[illegible]

— "I'm not a person who can't accept love."

P.S. Tell me how you are all, and I am, your mother in the shelter
is still going on. I am sure the decision of the Supreme Court
in the N.A.A.S.P. case will be something about Haristt. Now is
she. Give her my love and my regards, of a case. And remember
me kindly to your mother. Tell her to keep reading my letters to
you. She must find that she is getting from a "young" lady of
sixty six.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023216

[Telegram] 1935 July [1] Towanda, Pa. [to Emma Goldman], St. Tropez / Rudolf
Rocker]. — 2 p. ; 14 × 18 cm.

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REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

TÉLÉGRAMME

POSTES, TÉLÉGRAPHES
ET TÉLÉPHONES

MADAME GOLDMAN SAINT TROPEZ VAR

NE PASSEZ PAS LE TEMPS À ÉCRIRE. Le facteur doit délivrer un récépissé à nombre
lorsqu'il est chargé de recevoir une lettre.

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[illegible]

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916266

[Letter, 19]35 July 2, St. Tropez [to W.S.] Van [Valkenburgh, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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10752

St Tropez Var July 2nd 35.

Dearest Van.

Thanks so much for your prompt and good letter. I really don't know who owed whom a reply. I only know I missed hearing from you. And I was bitterly disappointed that you were unable to come to Montreal before my sailing. Of course I knew at the time how very much you wanted to come and Sadie too. But that the same old iron master lack of funds prevent your carrying out what you wanted so much. What a master it is and how it fetters us all.

You silly boy, what do you mean telling me not to return your books until you will send me the postage. Such an idea. Is it not enough you sent them to me. Can you imagine I

would let you pay the return postage as well, you without work. Nothing doing old man. Part of the books will go to you this wee the others later on. I will return all of them. You have borrowed the books so it is but faire you should give them back.

The inclosed copy of a letter to Roger B. will tell you all about me. Funny, I wanted so very much to get back here. Since I returned it was borne in on me that life without activity no matter how fierce the struggle is slow stagnation. I simply could not bear it. And so I will most likely go to Holland and England late this autumn. I am not so sure about Holland because I was expelled from there and I have no idea if the comrades will succeed in getting me into the country. But England will have to endure me. Thats a consolation. And perhaps next year I may return to Canada. The group in Toronto is very anxious to have me back. And there are a few other people who

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probably would help. However, my plans depend on Sasha's completion of the Rucker book. I came back to France to help him. Naturally I could not leave until he is done with the job, and some job it is I can tell you.

Stella is in Bearsville with Teddy and the boys. She did not wait for you to help her because she rushed the letter. You see she had a very bad winter, colds all the time. Then she and the family had to give up the Apartment and move to Bearsville. So she did not want to hold up the letter. In fact I wish she had. I disliked the tone of the appeal. It sounded too humiliating, beggarly, and in the multigraphed form it was too businesslike. But there was no one to do anything. And Stella was pressed for time. Well, it does not matter. Perhaps in the autumn the letter might be followed up by something personal. Really, it does not matter. I have lost all desire for writing as you will see from the contents of my letter to Roger.

I am frightfully sorry about your daughter. I hope the operation left no grave results. It is awful now for people who depend on positions to be ill, bad for all poor people but for those who hold government jobs even worse. I hope she will be able to get back to work when she is on her feet again.

It is too bad that our people have such little interest to support one English paper. Though it is true that the average American if he is interested at all it is not in events removed from him. Still the paper you sent me contains good news about Spain. I am sorry it has met with such pure response. About Green, I am glad you talked to Fitz. She knows the case from A. to Z. Personally I believe it is not so much the

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[Letter, 19]35 July 2, St. Tropez [to W.S.] Van [Valkenburgh, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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3

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suspicion people have of Green. It is more their onjection to his inordinate vanity and boastfulness of his part in every movement and every undertaking. You take a man like Chapiro. He know nothing about the accusations against Green in America. Yet he is suspicious of his everlasting importance when he writes to Chapiro. I can well understand that. Can't you? However, that has nothing to do with the silly idea of seeing spies in the air. It is a rotten habit and I have always fought it.

No, dear Van, Stella did not approach the Vanguard for the plates. It was I who suggested that either Stella or you. Preferably you should negotiate the business you may get the plates cheaper than hundred dollars. Fact is the plates are of no use to the Vanguard, especially as they have gotten rid of everything dealing with Anarchism. I have a feeling they are very pro Communist now. Under the circumstances it may easily be that the V. will let the plates go for very little, perhaps fifty dollars, the highest seventy five. Have a try.

The comrades in T. are most ambitious but they will not do much during the summer. Two members, they are among the best have gone away for three months. They are in Europe and may visit me. So few have remained. But I think in the fall the group will pick up and do good work.

Its beastly hot and I still have a lot to write so I will close now.

Love to Sadie and a good chunk for yourself.

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[Letter, 19]35 July 2, St. Tropez [to] Gussie [Jaffe, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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6578

St. Tropez Var July 2nd 35.

My dear Gussie Just two letters ago I forgot to mention at the beautiful dinner. The work you and the others have done to make the affair so lovely and the devotion shown by in ever so many ways, you must have made a very deep and profound impression on me. The thing that is the saddest part of not having heard from anybody in almost two months. The only one who wrote was Max Jorie Goldstein and she wrote very little. And yesterday came your sweet letter. Don't think me unkind of the hard work nearly all my Montreal friends must do and the lack of time they have. But certainly I feel the long silence. But of what avail is our passion then to long for a sign of life from those dear to us? Even the slightest word foolish. And I admit I have missed terribly hearing from you and the others.

Given emotions are very strange and often inexplicable. Seven years ago when after a stay of twenty months in Canada I sailed away I had no conscious impressions of anyone in particular. Indeed I had thought then I'd never go back to C. Not that the struggle had been more bitter than on this visit. Rather was it because no such warmth and friendliness had been shown me at the time, except of course just a few isolated people. This time, and especially at the dinner I was made to feel that my efforts of four months had not been in vain. That I had left an impression, not here as E.G. the public person, but the human being. For you must know dear Gussie the more we give out from our innermost being the greater the need to receive. That may explain why I feel ~~that~~ my departure so much keener than seven years ago. And why I miss hearing from the dear friends I had left behind.

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6877

[illegible]

I am very sorry that I have to give notice
is so. It is still so through a long illness.
For myself I should not have been here. I usually those who
love me and all. Only about such matters. Give gentle and
my love, to all the friends. Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 3, St. Tropez [to] Henrietta [Posner, Rochester, N.Y.] / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 29 × 22 cm.

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St Tropez Var. July 3rd 35.

Dear Henrietta. Why have you stopped writing me? Of course, you may justly ask the same thing of me. But I rather think it was I who wrote last. Not that I mean to argue who owes whom a reply. It is only that so many things happened before I departed from Canada and since I got back to St Tropez writing was not easy. Anyhow, today I promised myself to make good my neglect of you. So here goes.

I inclose copies of letters that will tell you all there is to say about me. I am also inclosing copy of letter our mutual friend John Haynes Holmes wrote to the farewell dinner given me in Montreal. It is a very beautiful letter and far too laudatory to me. But sweet of Holmes just the same. I am hoping he will get to St Tropez when abroad. He said he is going to Europe. I would be so glad to see him again.

How have you been my dear, and your children? I remember you writing me one had hurt himself badly. Is he alright now? What are you doing? Busy as usual I suppose. Write me about everything please.

Call up my sister and Fessie and give them my love. Also to Allen. I had a letter from Lena while she was with Saxe. I will write her soon. I suppose she is back in R. Remember me very kindly to Mr. Posner and Mrs. Luke, also your friends of the Ledger.

With affectionate greetings.

/s/ Emma Goldman

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023020

[Letter] 1935 July 3 [New York to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest [Stein]. — 3 p.; 24 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

July 3 — 1935

Dear Emma

I have booked passage on the "Rex" sailing Aug. 3 and arriving at Velly-Franche (N.C.) Aug. 11. The trial of my case has been set for the late fall with date not specified.

I have arranged my work so that I may sail at any time, but had to put the trip off on account of shortage in funds.

I do not think it is advisable to lease Bon & put especially more than one year even if you only use the place for six months in the year. If you will have to pay rent elsewhere during those six months should you leave your place. Besides, as long as the place is rented you cannot sell it, and I think you should sell the place and the sooner the better. The franc is still on the gold basis, but France may, and most likely will, get off the gold standard any day and your paper money will not be worth much on the foreign exchange.

Concerning my terrarium I have definitely decided to dispose of it and shall put it up for sale as soon as I get to St. Tropez.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 July 3 [New York to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest [Stein]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 17 cm.

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Since it appears to you ~~as~~ ^{to} giving up
the spirit in either case (selling or renting) there
would be no sense in my attaching to the plot
of ground it is not likely that shall visit
St Tropez once my friends has gone away from
there. So my ~~tenant~~ ^{not} is for sale and
it would therefore be advisable to incorporate
this piece of ground in the lease of Bon Spirit.
The fact that I am not as flush these days is
a factor in my having decided to sell —

I read Sasha's letter to Rooker with great interest,
but I think it is sheer nonsense for Sasha
to return the money. I did not undertake
the translation just on approval it was
given to him because of his ability and
experience, and he has earned the money by
hard work. It is to be expected that corrections
or suggestions are to be made by the author and as
long as Sasha is willing to make follow
the author's suggestions in making the corrections
Rooker has no kick coming and no leg to
stand on. There is no use in making noble
gestures and being the good. Rooker in all
fairness should accept the translation or
pay \$ for his work and take ~~the~~ his
manuscript for translation elsewhere.

I think Sasha's letter to Rooker is too
condescending. Rooker may have written a great book
but I am sure that Sasha has also done a
good and conscientious job, and

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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He should not stand for these longwinded
manifestations on the part of Rudolf Rocker.
People have been taking advantage of Sasha
entirely too much, and it is about time that
he ~~does~~ ^{some} speaking back.

I need not tell you that I am looking forward
to seeing you and Sasha and Genny. It is about
time I had a little vacation. Had none since
my last trip to St. Tropez. My trip to California
was purely on business and the strain of it
had then made it disastrous. It seems both
Sasha and myself had a lot of hard luck with
our health. In my case it was mastoid,
scatosis, and broken bones. So Sasha and
I are going to compose notes and tell each
other how and what. I ~~am~~ am not at all
certain as to about Sasha's present whereabouts
— is it St. Tropez or Nice? Shall I stop
at Nice and see Sasha there or shall I
come directly to St. Tropez and find him at
Bon Espoir. Please let me know. I am
sailing Aug. 3 on the Italian steamer 'Rex' due
Nice Aug. 11 ^{a.m.} This is definite. I shall
try to send S. some money within the next two
weeks — so please write to me at once where
to reach him. — Mean while
a bientot! Regards to S. and Genny.

112 East 17th St. New York
Modest

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870927132

[Letter, 19]35 July 6, St. Tropez [to] Mo[r]ris Goldman, Knoxville, Iowa / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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St Tropez July 6th35.

14028

Moishale, my own Beloved. Nothing you or anyone else could have sent me as a birthday gift brought me such relief and such ecstatic joy as your few words written in your own handwriting. I could not believe my eyes at first it seemed so wonderful to see your script and to learn that you are so much better than when last I heard about you from the kids. Dearest, ~~how~~ dearest what gift if ever so costly can measure up to the knowledge that you are on your feet again, that you are strong enough and in the mood to write me a few lines. I can't think of anything that would mean so much to me. And so you think I need something to remember you by. Silly, silly Moishe. If I only had you here I would give you a guten schmiess in toches. Don't you know that you are ever on my mind and in my heart. If anything at all I need something that would make me think of you a little less. For, I can say without exaggeration I think of you always, in my dreams no less than my waking hours. Just to know you are not suffering, that you can enjoy the visits of the family, that you can live and forget the misery of the winter. Well, I just can't find words to express my delight over the good news.

There is not much to tell about me . I find the plunge from intensive activity to the quiet of St Tropez a bit difficult. Its disgraceful but has to be admitted, your Chavale grows more restless the older she gets. Here one can do nothing but keep house. In a way a more useful and less worried occupation than preparing and delivering lectures. But one can't control one's thoughts, or one's emotions. And my thoughts are on the American continent, really in A. with you and Habsie with the rest of the family and some of the friends old and

The Emma Goldman Papers

870927132

[Letter, 19]35 July 6, St. Tropez [to] Mo[r]ris Goldman, Knoxville, Iowa / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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The kind of trick Mephisto played Faust only to make him more aware of his old age. It is a meschugene Welt and your sister is most meschuge of all.

You'll be glad to know that Sasha has improved wonderfully since my arrival. He had rather a bad summer last year and also the winter was hard on him. But he loves the country especially our place, he loves to work in the garden. He thrives on that. Alas he must also write and translate. It is rather hard in the present hot weather.

Darling I will be so happy to hear from you again soon. But you must not strain, you must take it easy and rest. Perhaps Mabsie will write me.

I hold you close to my heart with the old and ever growing love for you my own sweet Moischale

Mabsie dearest. I am not satisfied with the few lines after your long protracted silence. Yes, I know the reason. But knowing is not enough when the heart yearns for those we love. I wrote you from the boat, I believe a card. I am not sure. Very careful of course. Did you get it? I am anxious to know. I know how you feel about our beloved. It would be surprising if you felt anything but anxiety even if he is doing fine. But for this very reason you should grab every moment of your life and love with our own wonderful Moischale. You should lay up strength to meet any emergency that might come.

With loads of love ~~and~~

Your Schwester.

The Emma Goldman Papers

870916264

[Letter, 19]35 July 6, St. Tropez [to W.S.] Van [Valkenburgh, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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St Tropez July 6th35.

My dear Van.

Yesterday I mailed you three packages of your books. The First contained two volumes of Meyers history. The Second the 3rd volume of Meyer and Charles Edward Russell about American Fortunes I believe. The Third package, Meyer on Tammany Hall, and Flynn Graft in Business. Monday or Tuesday will go Rothstein, and Naering Dollar Diplomacy, also GIMME, and The Revolt in Asia by Upton Close. In your list you do not mention this work. But it has your name so it is yours. You also say nothing about **INSTEAD OF** a BOOK and a ~~little~~ Tuckers charge of treachery against Henry George. That will go registered next week since they are both rare copies. Also in your handwriting the article of Henry George that appeared in the STANDARD at the Time of the Haymarket tragedy. I have two copies, one in your handwriting one ~~handwritten~~ typed. I think the latter belongs to Agnes Inglis, but I am not certain.

I am sorry to report that I have neither A GIRL IN CHINA, or BERTRAND RUSSELL on CHINA. If my memory serves me right you sent me these books eight years ago to Toronto when I had to prepare a lecture on the Chinese Revolution. I sent them back with other books you had let me have. I certainly did not bring them with me to France, nor do I have them in Bon Esprit. I am awfully sorry because I hate books belonging to others to get lost. I hope you will find them in your collection, or a record of whom else you had lent them. Another of your books I haven't got, nor do I remember of ever having read them is; THE EARTH SPEAKS TO MR BRYAN by Prof Osborn. I can't imagine why you should have sent me the book, or that I had ever seen it. I searched

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my books, in fact in looking for yours I rearranged all my books which had been in confusion since I left here two years ago. I also asked Sasha who was here all last summer. He too had never seen the Osborn, Russell or the Girl in China works. So they must have been returned and you must have mixed up the Osborn work having sent it to someone else.

Now about Ingersoll and Walt Whitman. I have Ingersolls speeches but he has nothing on Whitman. The volume has a name inscribed unfamiliar to me Isadore Dausick. Let me know if it is yours. In any event it has nothing on Walt Whitman. Instead I have a paper bound Typewritten MS called JOTTINGS ON WALT WHITMAN. It looks too well arranged to be mine because I am not so orderly with MS as you are. I will mail it to you. If it is not yours send it back or give it to the owner. The volume of speeches I will send you when you write me to do so. I rather think it is yours, I am not sure. Lastly, you once mailed me stuff on Technocracy which I also return. You can see that everything left in Bon Esprit can always be found. It is for this reason that I am inclined to think the books on China and the Osborn book never reached Bon Esprit. And in as much as I would have brought them with me if I had not returned them from Toronto before I left there in 28, it means that there must be some mistake at your end. Let me know. Also about M.E. I have some loose copies but have no idea whether they are yours. By the way, there are not many. I had quite a lot some years ago I gave that to Thomas Lavers of Bristol England who sold them for me. Did your copies have your initials as everything else you sent me has? Let me know please.

There is nothing new at this end except that the days drag on. I can't pull myself together for anything. I suppose my extreme activity in Canada does not hitch with the extreme quiet and inactivity of Bon Esprit. In addition it is

The Emma Goldman Papers

870916264

[Letter, 19]35 July 6, St. Tropez [to W.S.] Van [Valkenburgh, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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beastly hot. Formerly one had many visitors of friends. No one
can afford to come now. Nor can we afford to go out occasionally.
The dollar buys nothing here with the cost of living so high.
But we still live better than millions of others especially as
far as beauty of scenery, air and sunshine is concerned. I am not
complaining it is only that I am simply not made for a "quiet" life.
Growing older has by no means "settle" me down. In fact
since my stay in Canada and the three months in the states I have
have grown more avid for activity. You see what a bundle of
contradiction your old friend is.

Yes, I know your disappointment that you could
not come to Montreal. How I wish you and Sadie could come here.
It would be a great treat I assure you.

Let me know about the packages. I want to be sure
they reached you.

Love to Sadie and yourself. Greetings to all
the comrades.

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870927103

[Letter, 19]35 July 6, St. Tropez [to] Libby [Luskin, Englewood, N.J. (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Dear Libby, Your letter of June 17th arrived a week ago, the money only to day, It is always that way in France, it takes a week and sometimes more to get money delivered. But it is worth the wait since collecting anything in a France Post Office means the loss of many hours. One prefers to wait and have money delivered to the house than have anything to do with the fierce bureaucracy of this country.

Thank you my dear for the letter and the money. I have so often written you how rotten I feel each time I have to remind you. I know that you would keep your promise off only possible. But one feels so helpless in an alien country with no one to turn to I am often driven to write you when I would rather not. I hope you understand that and do not think me too unreasonable in pestering you for it. Yes, it would be much more satisfactory if you could send money orders instead of checks. It takes a month for any French bank to collect a check in the states. Really it means waiting two month since your checks have always been made out a month in advance and of course the bank would not credit me with it until the day of payment. Anyhow, I prefer the money order any time you will be able to send it.

I had a cable from Ruth and Bob and have written them as well as cabled. Then I heard from Stella that Ruth and the baby are doing well. I am so glad for Ruths and Bobs sake. They wanted a child so badly. I hope they will be able to give the little girl all it will need. Children are a hazard in this rotten world of course.

I am so glad my sister Lena has a pleasant old age. Her children adore her and so do the grand children. She in return relives in them a much more wonderful youth than hers had been in reality. That is something.

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870919133

[Letter, 1935] July 7, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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regime ' I am a little afraid for
my memory. Besides I am in the morning
I very often eat only a little salad or
fruit or macaroni - Now I have been invited
to translate on an Intern. Express in Brussels They
proposed to anticipate me some money, as life
costs much less in Belgium. I try to spend
a few weeks before my work on the
Express so as to strengthen myself a little.
I shall try to go to a boarding house
so as to be able to work whilst in
Paris, I open much time for the so
called ménage.

How beautiful would it be to have
an end put to everything not to see
what is awaiting humanity.

To sleep, you have to dream.

My best love to you, dear Emma,
and every greeting to a is and

Emy.

Yours truly

Aph

78 rue Blomet

Paris 15

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My dear Emma, I don't apologise

I know you understand and excuse my not having answered immediately to your last p.c. To write a few lines to a friend means to concentrate ones thoughts upon what is going on in the world and that is so horrible to him thinking for a momentaries especially

I am glad you are working my dear friends. As to myself I have not this month spent a day in the office at all having done almost anything, even not processed my manuscripts. It is a funny situation, we are editors and we are not doing them any last hour of the day. I am all the time but nobody cares to publish it and it is sent to the ms. back.

Although one must not be too easily discouraged something like that, I have to say I would rewrite it in English and am waiting for an answer. What you and Lucy keep me of course I have as yet no idea of the end nor could I undertake such a work without

getting some money from the publisher.

Though physically I do not suffer of my

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870216025

[Letter] 1935 July 7, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma G[oldman], St. Trop[e]z / Ben Taylor. — 3 p. ; 27 x 20 cm.

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43 Beverley Blvd.,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.,
July 7th, 1935.

E.G. Colton,
Bon Esprit,
Chemine St. Antoine,
St. Tropez, Var, France.

Dear Emma;

Time has flown since I last heard from you direct, and, patting my back, I have missed the letter that you said you would write me from Toronto. However, failing to receive it, I came to the conclusion that you were too busy to write. It in itself, of course, does not mean I am not writing to you but I consider having something to say will determine one's writing and I had nothing to say that was not being said by others better than I could say it. I do not mean to imply that I have something of importance to say now that could not be said by others also, but I am coming to the end of a very episode or almost static period of life, so that could be a more appropriate time to come to the conclusion.

I am sorry I did not get on your last visit to Toronto, but, despite the fact that I neglected to do several things I should have done in order to get here, I was unavoidably detained in Sudbury till after you had left. Since that time I have been simply marking time, much to my sorrow. No one, I have come to the conclusion that I am an impossible task to harmonize my individual hopes, aspirations and manner of regarding life in general with the lifeless, and consequently monotonous, way of living imposed on me arising out of my effort to live at home. It leaves me but one alternative, to leave here and go back to the life to which I am more adapted. I do not look with a great deal of pleasure at the pragmatic jettisoning of all the close friendships with whom I have common interests. Moreover, I consider there is an almost infinite potential field of activities here that could be developed in which I would like to aid. I console myself with the thought that others can do little, but this sentiment towards a new outlook is not restricted to Toronto but pervades the whole of the country.

No doubt Dorothy has kept you informed as to the activities of the group as well as her own activities and ideas. She has developed quickly and advanced far since we first made her acquaintance, has she not? My one regret is that she approached her conversion to anarchism from a disillusionment in the political field, from an intellectual angle only, and not as the logical result of practical experience in the economic field. I know that you do not agree with me but I still maintain that the mass of the people will demand freedom, consciously and militantly, only when they are satisfied that they can exercise it with discretion and beneficially to themselves. It is only then the experience gained the exercise of control of the means of production and distribution, thru direct economic action, that they will realize their potential capacities to operate the industries for their own benefit without loading themselves down with a superfluous class of parasites. The ability to exercise a little power thru organized economic action will bring

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result in the demand for more and more power. No matter what conclusion they arrive at through speculation/intellectual, no matter how firm their conviction that they can live in a society without the traditional authority of the state and church and run the industry for their own benefit without the capitalist, unless they develop the practical ability to cooperate within the industry the first attempt to put their speculative conclusion into effect will result in a extra trophy. To the contrary, the experience of their cooperative efforts in their unions prepare them operate the industry and live in a social manner without a need of a supplementary social philosophy. Their economic cooperation will determine their social philosophy, it will develop unconsciously in the majority, but a social philosophy will not determine their economic cooperation unconsciously (and sometimes not consciously). The economy of a society determines its elaborate social morality and institutions with the allowance being made for the instinctive sociability of man the process which has wrecked many social theories. Therefore with equity in material things of life, ~~which~~ the basis of morality will correspond to the conditions necessary to the anarchist conception of morality and equity. If my theory does not conform in any respect or details to the theories of Propertius it conforms to something more important, my estimation of reality in life.

Not that I mean to infer that Dorothy does not realize the importance of individual action but that she has not prepared her to think in the terms of economic action. There is only two kinds of force at the present moment, economic force and that force always associated with the barricade. The Paris Commune saw the power of the barricade as an effective force and subsequent events have developed the other power in industry. Too many of the comrades influenced by emotions and tradition think in the terms of barricade even when they speak of industrial power. They fail to learn the lesson that Propertius points out at the cause of the failure in the Commune, the failure of economic preparation. The anarchist appeal to the intellectual has too often resulted in the creation of bourgeois anarchists. This is natural as the bourgeois have more intellectual than the working class in proportion to their number. The bourgeois anarchists are no different than bourgeois communist or socialist. Their interests, ~~are~~ or their aims are opposed to those of the others. The action of Gentser in regard to Thompson is a good example of this. The I am not in favor of disregarding or ignoring the help that such persons may wish to give the movement I think we should always keep in mind that they are in a poor environment to develop strong anarchist ideals or sympathies.

The present development in Canada bear a marked resemblance to the rapid growth of fascism. No doubt you have heard from other quarter of the Regime affair, the attempt to inaugurate a national

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Page 3.

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government, and the Steven's recommendations. One can draw no other conclusion than that our so-called democracy and political equality will be a thing of the past long before the workers awake from their state of lethargic inertia. With order-in-council enforced in such an arbitrary manner as those connected with the relief camp workers' strike, there is no certainty of any of us being safe from imprisonment from one day to another.

However, the future is not as bad as one would imagine at present. There is no telling just when one day will happen to give birth to a real militancy among the workers. It is merely look black from our present situation. There is another satisfaction, we will have lots of company in jail.

Maybe by the time I have been in the cell for awhile I will change my mind as to the inevitability of fascism as they are much more radical out there. But the trouble is that the radical militancy is still too ill-prepared by communist tactics and leadership ideology for fascism. They have destroyed what unity was developing in the economic movements in Canada before the war. But still there are other places where they have been other places.

The I. W. O. was represented at the I. W. O. convention by a Socialist member of parliament. The choice was not wise in my estimation. He is supposed to be a I. W. O. but as he was in Sweden he was supposed to be a I. W. O. member.

By the time you get this letter I will be away from Toronto but my mail will be forwarded to headquarters and they in turn will forward it to me.

Cordially yours

Ben Taylor

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881010457

[Letter, 19]35 July 7, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 5 p. ; 30 × 21 cm.

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25569

St Tropez Var July 7th35.

Frank, my own, my wonderful Lover.

Your ~~love~~ and most interesting letter was ~~brought~~ brought to me this noon by Sashas girl whose name is Emy. She always runs to the letter box to get the mail. More than ever I had need of your letter for I have been in a desperate state of mind for days. The yearning for you, and the plans and schemes of how to have you ~~near~~ ^{near} or get withing reach of you has been so intense it just unfitted me for human association. I try devilishly hard to eliminate you from my mind, if only to find some peace. But the more I try the more restless I ~~grow~~ ^{grow}. Some days I feel as if I must take the next steamer back to Canada. Its insanity, of course. But what will you when the longing has become an idea, an everpresent thought, an emotion that leaves no room for anything else and defys all reason? Many are the years ^d ~~I~~ ^{since} I have been in such a maddning state. Don't think I do not fight against it. I do, every hour. Some days I am furious with myself

for ever having permitted you to get hold of my imagination, my every thought, my every nerve. Other days I bless the force that has brought you to me, and has rekindled my youth long dead and buried. I am constant conflict with myself, with you, with the love. More and more I come to see it was madness to leave the A. continent which meant going away so far from you. It has helped no one, least of all Sasha, and it has brought me such soul torture as I had not known in years. So what was the good to anybody?

Yes, I know Sasha and I have been interrelated in our ideas and work for forty five years. But for 15 years Sasha has been and is completely ~~wrapped~~ ^{reflected} up in the young ^{man} ~~man~~ he loves at the exclusion of ~~just~~ ^{just} I had meant to him in the years gone by. Darling please don't think I am being small about it. No one can be more content that Sasha has youth and devotion in his life

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than I am. Indeed I could not have gone away for so long had I not known that Sasha is physically, at least, in good hands. His sweetheart is completely dedicated to him though she has acquired nothing of his ideas, or ideals in 15 years. But she loves him devotedly. She is young, thirty years Sasha's junior, and gay and there is nothing on earth she would not do for him. Sure, Sasha misses the companionship and the intellectual fellowship that had been ours for a life time. But not quite so desperately that it was necessary for me to go some ~~where~~ rushing to France and put thousands of miles between the man and me who has come to mean the most, overwhelming experience in many years. No, it is not an exaggeration when I say the man who fulfilled me in my needs. Oh, my dear, if only I could make you understand how completely you have fulfilled me even in the two magic weeks. Not only physically, but intellectually, and spiritually as well. Perhaps I only imagine what life with you would mean, life over long brief periods. Perhaps it is only my enflamed fancy, the hunger, the sickening longing for you that with its coloring of the most exaggerated pictures of what it could mean to be with you. I don't know. I only know that having gone away from you has taken the guts out of me. I have a little confidence in myself in anything. As to writing. I can't conceive of it at all without you. Certainly not anything you suggested, or that the magic weeks with you ~~had suggested~~. You and the other three love and passion have impregnated me and no one but you can bring that child to birth. Don't you see Frank, that you are on top, and to say nothing I am likely to do in the future?

Replying your respectful suggestions made me
will ~~write~~ *dismal* of all ~~things~~ *all*. And a statement, that is to
and ~~is~~ *a* great ~~thing~~ *thing* to ~~make~~ *make* a statement to you
convinced for the future and I don't think I

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[illegible][illegible][illegible]

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5
and living. Now it is with Sasha. I don't ever forget the
day. Now one of the first it should be. No, no, no. C.
or Victor will give a solution for Sasha. Problem on mine.
At a point of view, and I don't want to be active in the
movement. I don't want to be for that is joined. But much of
it.

I don't think you could get along in any political
movement. But I don't visualize you there. For, in the last anal
ysis, you are the end of integrity and idealism. You of all
people. You are not here to trip and lie, to pretend on the
margin of a crisis. No, I don't conceive you in such a position.

Your description of the unfortunate in the shelter is
very long and most interesting and poignant reading. I
hope you are keeping a record. Some day you may be able to write
a *story* about your experiences. Forgive me the request but I
see nothing extraordinary in the discovery of your lady superior
who you call an Anarchist. You give your case away too easily
by your frankness and unsophistication that you write all over
it. But I would she is so broad minded to let you go on with
your life. I am sure it will do you much good and that
the few dollars you earn is after all the most import
ant thing.

Sasha will be sixty five years Nov 61st. The
committee in New York with the cooperation of some unions are
planning a big affair and various Anarchist papers will have some
tribute to Sasha. So the Chicago comrades to that end. And per
haps you will write something about Sasha's influence on your life
in the vanguard. It is to be a surprise to Sasha of course.
A private fund is being raised as a birthday gift. Perhaps the
Chicago comrades should join in.

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6

25574

My dear Frank, I fear letters written just to catch fast boats will be too stereotyped. Perhaps you had better write when you feel the urge. It will prove less bother as well. Besides, schedules of boats change often. All around it will be better to write ~~when~~ when you must. Yes, I am known here well enough not to need Bon Esprit. Just L.G. Colton, St Tropez Var France will do.

It has been frightfully hot here, just the weather you would enjoy. I can't say I feel very comfortable. I really prefer a dry cold winter. Of course, we always have a box breeze-like mistral. I can't tell you how lovely it is in St Tropez. My thoughts are far away to the Apt in Bloor Street, the empty chair and my wonderful lover who filled every nook of the four rooms with his tenderness, his savagery, ^{his} magic touch, his undulating spirit. I'd give all of St Tropez, Bon Esprit and much more to be back in that place and in your arms.

Frank, my Frank I long for you with every fiber of my being. ^{cg}

The man whose work about Bohemia in New York you are reading seems to be a cheerful liar. I never lived over a cafe, I did have N.E. Office on 145 Street ~~over~~ a drygoods store. That was between 1914 and the autumn of 1914 and June 1917 when we were raided and ~~dragged~~ off to prison. I quite agree with you my dearest, Bohemians are alright as far as they go. But very few ever have their roots in the life of the people, or understand for their social needs. Most of them are in reality parasitic artists of life. Especially those who write about Bohemians. By the way, I have not yet discovered any anarchistic tendencies in Henry the Eighth. ^{cg}

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[Letter] 1935 July 7, St. Tropez [to F]rank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].— 6 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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St Tropez Var July 7th35.

Frank, my own, my wonderful Lover.

Your long and most interesting letter was brought to me this noon by Sasha's girl whose name is Emy. She always runs to the letter box to get the mail. More than ever I had need of your letter for I have been in a desperate state of mind for days. The yearning for you, and the plans and schemes of how to have you near or get within reach of you has been so intense it just unfitted me for human association. I try devilishly hard to eliminate you from my mind if only to find some peace. But the more I try the more restless I grow. Some days I feel as if I must take the next steamer back to Canada. Its insanity, of course. But what will you when the longing has become an idea fixe, an everpresent thought an emotion that leaves no room for anything else and defies all reason? Many are the years I have been in such a maddening state. Don't think I do not fight against it. I do, every hour. Some days I am furious with myself for ever having permitted you to get hold of my imagination my every thought, my every nerve. Other days I bless the force that has brought you to me and has rekindled my youth long dead and buried. I am in constant conflict with myself, with you, with our love. More and more I come to see it was madness to leave the A. continent which meant going away so far from you. It has helped no one, least of all Sasha, and it has brought me such soul torture as I had not known in years. So what was the good to anybody?

Yes, I know Sasha and I have been interrelated in our ideas and work for forty five years. But for 13 years Sasha has been and is completely wrapped up in the young woman he loves at the exclusion of just what I had meant to him in the years gone by. Darling please don't think I am being small about it. No one can be more content that Sasha has youth and passion. . . .

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2.

than I am. Indeed I could not have gone away for so long had I not known that Sasha is physically at least in good hands. His sweetheart is completely dedicated to him though she has acquired nothing of his ideas or ideals in 13 years. But she loves him devotedly. She is young, thirty years Sasha's junior, and gay and there is nothing on earth she would not do for him. Sure Sasha misses the companionship and the intellectual fellowship that had been ours for a life time. But not quite so desperately that it was necessary for me to come ~~running~~ rushing to France and put thousands of miles between the man and me who has come to mean the most, overwhelming experience in many years. No, it is not an exaggeration when I say the man who fulfilled me as no one else. Oh, my Frank if only I could make you understand how completely you have fulfilled me even in the two magic weeks. Not only physically, but intellectually, and spiritually as well. Perhaps I only imagine what life with you would mean, life even for brief periods. Perhaps it is only my enflamed fancy, the hunger, the sickening longing for you that make me conjure up the most exaggerated pictures of what it would mean to be with you. I don't know. I only know that having gone away so far from you has taken the guts out of me. I have neither ambition or desire to do anything. As to writing. I can't conceive it at all without you. Certainly not anything you suggested, or the two magic weeks with you had suggested. You are the father whose love and passion have impregnated me and no one but you can bring that child to birth. Don't you see Frank what you mean to me and to everything I am likely to do in the future?

Healing your practical suggestions made me smile. Windsor of all dead towns. And a restaurant. It would be a disaster for a great beginning to end as a restaurant keeper to minister for the curious and idle rich. I don't think I

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I could face it. Besides one can not serve two gods. To succeed in any business undertaking means to devote oneself entirely to it. Then where would any activity outside of it come? Impossible. Another thing, one must either cater to those who have money or those whom one feeds because they are too poor to buy food. The one excludes the other. And to feed the latter means to go bankrupt in a month. No it would not do.

However the main objection is that the Canadian authorities would never have me as a permanent resident especially if I were active in any shape or measure. True I have not been bothered, but that only because I never touched in internal affairs. Now how long could I continue in C. and keep run on the wrongs in the country? As it is I had to fight against the urge to speak out in the face of grievous injustice and wrongs. No, it will not do. If I go back it will be primarily because the need of you, if only for an occasional visit will make life in France unendurable. And also because I can be active there. True the struggle is bitter and often impossible to bear. But being without you for long and without activity would be still more excruciating. One always chooses between two evils, and not having you is the greatest of any evil.

Another idea occurred to me. But I fear your need to make yourself independent would interfere with that. It is that you come to me next spring for the summer. If that were possible I would immediately work towards that end. And this is my plan. I would go to Nice to be near Sasha until the new year. By that time he would be through with the translation. I would then go to Paris for a month and to England for a few months. Perhaps also to Holland if the comrades can get me back there to lecture on American literature. I would get the money for your return trip and doing our ménage myself would not be so costly. Then

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As to Mexico you overate the Liberalism of that country. Sasha or I would not be tolerated for a moment even if we were engaged in American propaganda. What Sasha needs most is material security and rest, especially for writing. He loves physical labor. He thrives on digging in the garden or watering the plants. He is a wreck if he has to ~~write~~ do any kind of writ

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for a living. Fact is neither Sasha or I had ever found writing easy. Now our dear one finds it sheer drudgery. No, neither C. or Mexico would prove a solution for Sashas problem or mine. At least I can get about, and I long and can be active in the movement. I fear Sashas time for that is passed. But enough of us.

I am sure darling you could get along in any political movement. But I can't visualize you there. For in the last analysis politics mean the end of integrity and idealism. You of all people. You are not born to trim and lie, to perform on the narrowest margin. No, I can't conceive you in such a position.

Your description of the unfortunates in the shelter is marvelous and makes most interesting and poignant reading. I hope you are keeping a record. Some day you may be able to write a vivid story about your experience. Forgive me dearest but I see nothing extraordinary in the discovery of your lady superior that you are an Anarchist. You give your case away too easily

by your frankness and unsophistication that are writ all over you. But I am glad she is so broad minded to let you go on with your work. I am sure you will do the men much good and that besides the few dollars you earn is after all the most important thing.

Darling Sasha will be sixty five years Nov 21st. The comrades in New York with the cooperation of some unions are planning a big affair and various Anarchist papers will have some tribute to Sasha. See the Chicago comrades to that end. And perhaps you will write something about Sashas influence on your life for the Vanguard. Its to be a surprise to Sasha of course. A private fund is being raised as a birthday gift. Perhaps the Chicago comrades could join in.

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10098

My own Frank I fear letters written just to catch fast bats will be too stereotyped. Perhaps you had better write when you feel the urge. It will prove less bother as well. Besides schedules of boats change often. All around it will be better to write when you must. Yes, I am known here well enough not to need Bon Esprit. Just E.G. Colton St Tropez Var France will do.

It has been frightfully hot here just the weather you would enjoy. I can't say I feel very comfortable. I really prefer a dry cold winter. Of course, we always have a breeze the mistral. I can't tell you how lovely it is in St Trop. But my thoughts are far away to the apt in Bloor Street, the cozy chair and my wonderful lover who filled every nook of the four rooms with his tenderness, his savagery, use magic touch, his understanding spirit. I'd give all of St Tropez, Bon Esprit and much more to be back in that place and in your arms.

Frank, my Frank I long for you with every fiber of my being.

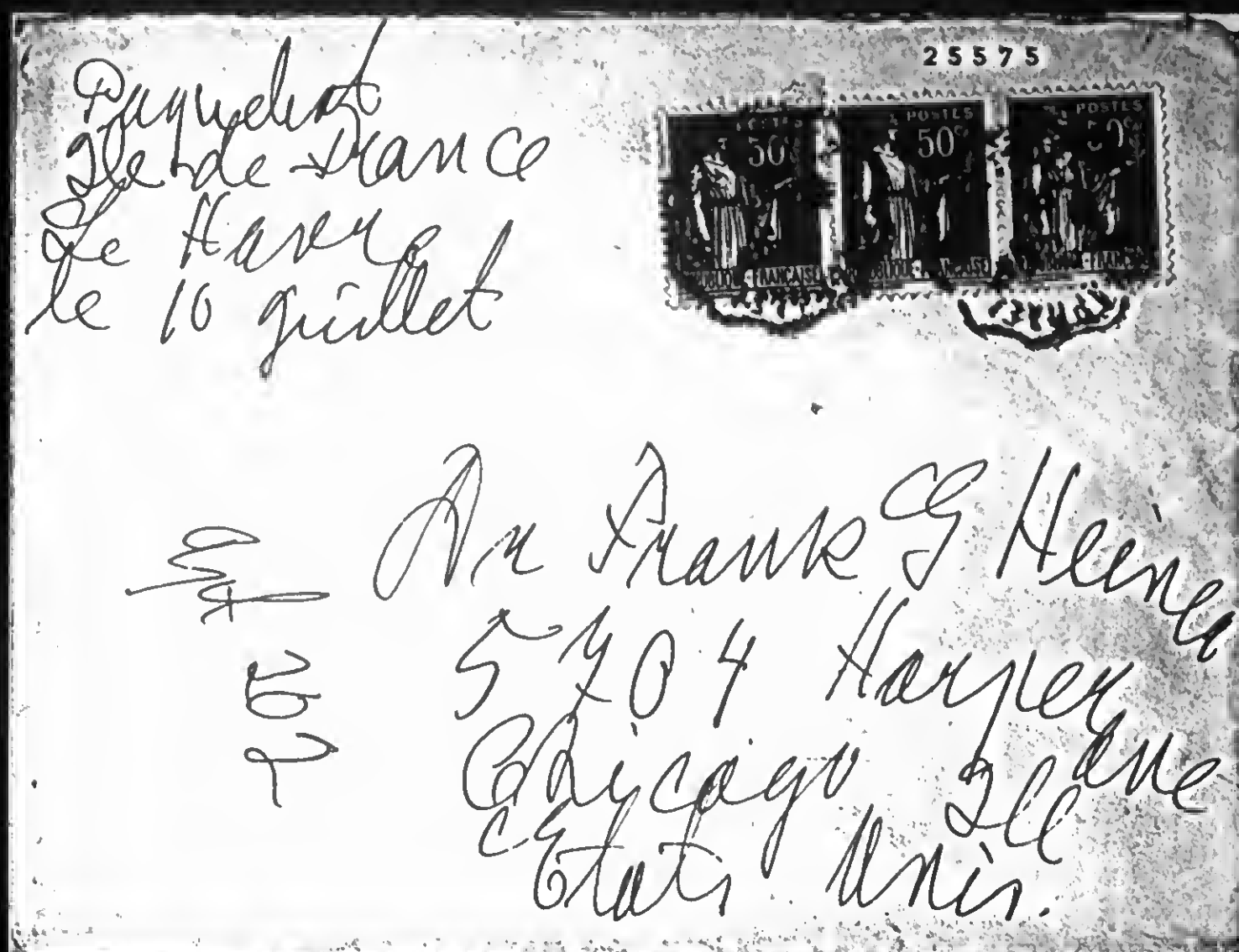
The man whose work about Bohemia in New York you are reading, see to be a cheerful liar. I never lived over a café, I did have N.E. Office on 125 Street over a drygoods store. That was between 1914 and June 1917 when we were raided and ragged off to prison. I quite agree with you my dearest, Bohemians are alright as far as they go. But very few ever have their roots in the life of the people or understand for their social needs. Most of them are in reality parasitic artists of life. Especially those who write about Bohemians. By the way, I have not yet discovered any Anarchistic tendencies in Henry the Eighth.

The Emma Goldman Papers

910417000

[Envelope, 1935 July 8] St. Tropez [to] Frank G. Heiner, Chicago / E[mma]
G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 12 × 15 cm.

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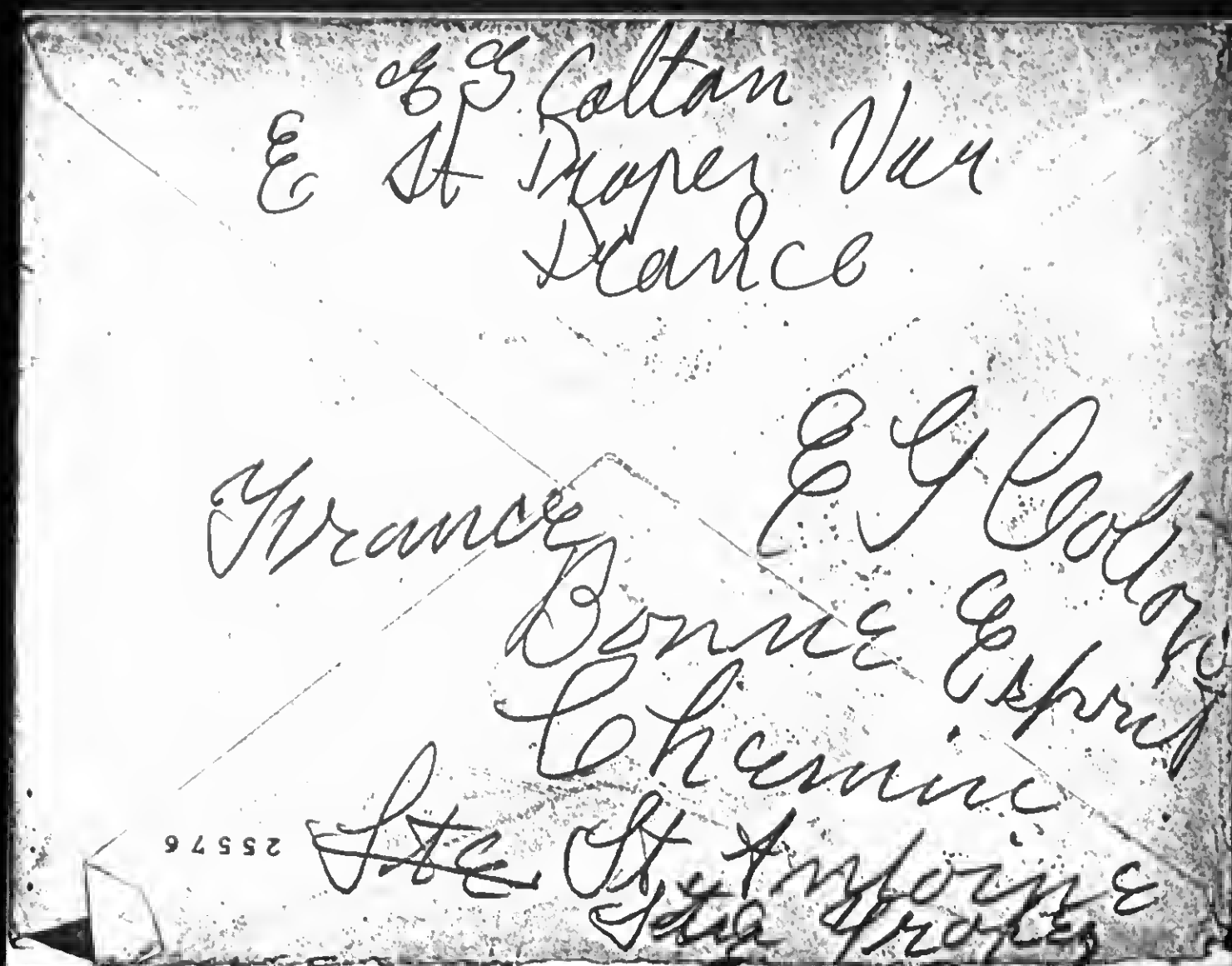
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14683

St Tropez Var July 8th35.

darling. It was a treat to get your letter of June 27th. Funny it was the day of my sixty sixth birthday, rather a drab one this year. I mailed you a postcard in acknowledgement of your letter as I was not sure I will have time to write you to day. And also I wanted to reach you before Julia and Aaron sail. I wanted you to let them know not to send me anything from England because of the high duty it would involve. I can wait until they reach France. I wrote a card to Julia and Aaron as well. But I am not sure whether that will be enough as their address. I have it jotted down in my address book like that. It may well be that this letter will reach you at the same post with the card. Anyhow, I have a little time this morning so will answer your sweet letter at once.

Dearest mine I don't know why you should be so eager for my letters. I have been a regular cry baby since my return. I don't mean to burden my friends. But sometimes the cup of life seems to overflow and the need of communicating ones doubts becomes unbearable. So, if I have intruded too much on your holiday which I know you need so badly forgive me. In a way you have yourself to blame. You have been so wonderful from the very first moment of our meetings, so understanding, so very very generous and tender I can't help but feel like pouring out my heart to you. Then too I am no heroine when it comes to the routine of life, the daily rounds of anxiety. I am much more at ~~heart~~ hope on the firing line. I don't mind any thing then. I think I described in living life how relieved and released I felt ^{when} the cell door closed in on me after the awful strain of our trial. As long as I can fight danger never had terrors for me. But the daily grind, the worry how to make ends meet do upset me much as I am ashamed to admit it.

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14604

Especially has this been the case since I left America. While
there I had been so cock sure, I know so long as my voice and my
pen hold out I will never need to depend on anyone, but Europe h
has robbed me of that assurance. You see there is not a thing
Sasha or I can do here to earn our salt. And as we are not gett
ing younger I grow more uneasy with the years about our status.
Really not so much about myself as about Sasha. Even in Europe
though most countries are closed to me as far as activity is
concerned I can still go to England, or come back to Canada.
And what is most important I am still disgracefully healthy
and strong as a bull. Not so our wonderful Sasha. True he looks
and feels better since my return, but his strength is gone. So
much so that when he goes down the village, about 12 minutes
walk he can hardly drag himself back to our place. Nor can he
keep at mental labor long. Yes, digging in the garden, looking
after the roses, watering the plants. He adores that though it
does tire him frightfully. But any intellectual effort just
leaves him limp.

The translation, I have cursed myself a hundred
times for having suggested Sasha. He had a cable from Rudolf in
reply to our letter saying he is writing. The letter ought to
reach us the end of this week. But whatever the reply will be we
 dread it. If Rudolf has changed his mind and will direct Sasha
to complete the job it will mean greater agony than before. You
see Sasha simply can not let incomplete work out of his hands.
And he feels that it would kill the chances of the book if he
should keep strictly to his text. You know yourself the vast
difference between German and English, especially Rudolf's German
which is by no means modern. That of course does not speak against
Rudolf's work which is monumental and of great importance. Now

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14688

3

To translate and insert back into the English text what Sasha
had eliminated ~~will~~ not only mean the utmost of odgery, but also
it will mean going against Sasha's best judgment ~~and~~
You can imagine that we do not cherish that.

On the other hand, if I should decide to have another
translator it will mean the return of part of the money I. has
received. In other words it will leave us both strapped. Under
no circumstances do I want Adolf to know how we feel about the
unfortunate business. I must beg you therefore, not to let anyone
except Jay read this letter. I would not write so frankly if I
did not feel I can come to you my dearest with our troubles
since you have worked so hard for the material and of P's work.
Also I would not write you all this except to point out how
dark Sasha's future is. Of course he ~~will~~ ~~ask~~ ~~for~~ ~~more~~
DICKIN & MURKINER ~~is~~ ~~will~~ ~~do~~. That goes without saying.

While waiting for P's letter Sasha has been hard
at work revising a sketch of Machno he had once written. He has
been sweating blood. He has been away so long from original
writing getting back to it is like pulling teeth. Worse luck is
that we have no assurance it will be accepted. You see TRUKER
was so pleased with the translation of Machno of the Russian story
that they asked for more. But now, with the rotten charge of pla-
giarism by one of the ~~offensive~~ readers of the magazine the
editor may not be so keen on again taking anything from Sasha.
Of course there is not one word of truth in the miserable accus-
ation. But that may not prove sufficient for the editor. It is
the more so because TRUKER is the first publication that
ever accepted anything of Sasha's and that asked for more.
I had hoped this would mean a steady income for our Sasha.

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10620

I have not heard from Mildred Maslow since she moved to Philadelphia. I am sure she has nothing of great importance to write me about or she would have done so. I finally did hear from Montreal. Instead of two hundred and fifty or three hundred the drama group was to raise \$150 have been achieved. I am sure the group did what it could. I have also heard from Toronto via Stella who had received the inclosed letter from the

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14687

secretary who is a new comer to our ranks and a most valuable one. By the way, the Publication Fund has nothing to do with the Toronto comrades. It was originated by Mr Sam Nesbit who is the chairman and while not an Anarchist is very fond of me and really deeply concerned in my welfare. He is his wife. So you can see my friends are doing their utmost. I would hate myself were I lacking in gratitude and appreciation. As to the results that is surely no ones fault whatever the outcome will be.

By the way Jeanne darling, you say something about six hundred dollars having been contributed to the Fund. You did not have Chicago in mind. Did you dearie? All I know about Chicago were the two hundred and fifty you sent. Mildred wrote me long ago a few small checks had come from Chicago. So it could not have been six hundred all told. Or did you have New York in mind? Yes, I got six hundred from New York, of that two friends had contributed hundred each and three fifty. The rest came in small gifts. Mildred may have received something since. But as I said it can not have been very much or she would have written me. Its alright dearest. No need to worry your lovely head about now when it is so hot and you are on a holiday.

I wonder when to expect the Milperinos. I hope they will come before Sept. It begins to rain then though not steadily so. This month and next are really the loveliest in St Tropez. Well whenever they will come they will be welcome. Tell them that if this reaches you in time. You know I wrote them twice, first in reply to Julian letter from Florida, then in acknowledgment of her beautiful flowers and a card yesterday. I have received no answer. And I do not wish to impose myself on our friends. Give them my love and say I will relieve them with open arms and with my bells on.

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14600

My dear, my dear what do you mean when you say "I hope that in the very near future Jay and I will be able to go abroad"? You gave me palpitation of the heart by the very idea. Dearest mine can it possibly be true, or are you just trying to comfort me. Do you really mean "the very near future"? This year? or what? Write me quick so I can cling to this wonderful possibility. If only I believed in prayer I would pray devoutly from now on ~~firmly~~ that business with you and Jay should flourish to the highest. I am so hungry for you my darling and dear old Jay of course. And Sasha too would be happy to meet you both. I have talked so much to him about you he is very keen indeed on ~~seeing you~~ your visit. So do make it, please please.

Yes, St Tropez is beautiful, even more so than Capri. But my writing is completely out of the question while Sasha is at work. Its not so much a question of our ~~range~~, Sasha's girl help a great deal. Its that Sasha needs me because of the years of literary fellowship aside of everything else. It would be impossible to write and yet hold myself ready to read his MS or discuss some of the difficulties he has with him. I am sure I will not get to writing until he is all done with the translation or whatever other literary work he will have to do. Perhaps in the winter that is if I do not go to England and Holland. The comrades in the latter country hope to get my expulsion annulled so that I can return to Holland. They want me to report on American literature. So I am now begging a lot of American publishers to send me their recent stuff. Knopf has already sent me a few. I think the Viking and the William also will. I will mean much careful reading and preparing of the new course. Naturally I could not also write a book even if Sasha did not need me. But its alright darling. The world

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14689

will unfortunately not change whether my book is written next year, or not at all. But of course it will be written if only because people have contributed to that purpose. Just now my mind and heart are not in it. I am sure you will understand.

I can start Jeanne I am not great. If I were I would not not be enjoying the country. I would be still be in Canada trying to build up a movement, or England. It was never more necessary. But the fact is, I can no longer face hardships and the bitter struggle as I used too. So where is the greatness? Yes, in service I think I could still overcome every obstacle. Go to prison even if I could reenter and remain there. But other countries frighten me since I can't get adjusted to them. Truly great rebels have been at home everywhere and every country was their battle ground. I would do the same if I really had greatness. It is nice of Holmes and others and mainly of those I love to say much nice things about me. But I am too honest with myself to believe what they say. I am only too keenly aware of my own short comings.

Give Jay a real hug for me and a chunk of love. I hope his efforts will be crowned with success. You see I am selfish about it since you write you and Jay would come if business improved.

I take you to my heart my splendid dream. Have a real rest and good time. If thinking of me makes you really kick me out of your thoughts for the summer.

With much love.

Love to the Valerians and Joe.

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er]. — 4 p. ; 30 x 24 cm.

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Towanda, 8/7/35.
236 Poplar Street.

Liebste Emma,

Mein Cablegram hast du sicher erhalten. Eure beiden Briefe kamen hier mit Verspätung an, denn sie mussten uns nachgeschickt werden, da wir New York bereits verlassen hatten, um hier in diesem stillen Winkel eine Zeitlang Vergessenheit zu finden. Lange können wir allerdings nicht hier verweilen, denn am 1. August muss ich wieder in New York sein, um zu sehen, wie sich die Dinge betreffs unseres weiteren Aufenthalts weiter gestalten werden. Sende daher alle weiteren Briefe an unsere alte Adresse in N. Y., um Verzögerungen zu vermeiden.

Liebe, liebe Emma, als ich eure beiden Briefe las, war es mir so schwer ums Herz wie selten zuvor. Ich fühle mich so schuldig und bereue tief, dass ich jenen Brief an dich geschrieben habe. Ich hätte andere Wege finden können, um die ganze Angelegenheit ins Gleichgewicht zu bringen, ohne Sasha und dir den seelischen Kummer zu bereiten, den mein Brief zur Folge hatte. Es ist wahr, mein eigener Zustand hat viel dazu beigetragen, mich in eine Stimmung zu versetzen, die mir nicht erlaubte, einen anderen Ausweg zu suchen. Aber das ist keine Entschuldigung. Man soll Menschen nie wehe tun, besonders, wenn es sich um Menschen handelt, denen man innerlich so eng verbunden ist. Was für einen Wert hat alles Geschreibsel im Vergleich mit dem lebendigen Leid einer Menschenseele? Dass ich dieses für einen Augenblick vergessen habe, kann ich mir nie vergeben.

Du findest die Gleichgültigkeit, die ich meinem Werke gegenüber empfinde, unnatürlich, und vielleicht hast du recht. Aber wenn ich mir die gegenwärtigen Zustände vor Augen führe, so komme ich immer mehr zu der Erkenntnis, dass der Welt durch Bücher nicht geholfen werden kann. Wüste Gewaltmenschen wie Mussolini und Hitler kann man nicht mit der Feder bekämpfen. Die Feder ist eine zu gebrechliche Waffe, wenn der Knüttel die Welt regiert und der Geist zu den Hunden geflohen ist. Was wir heute sehen, ist nur ein Anfang. Die Menschen eilen mit offenen Augen einer furchtbaren Katastrophe entgegen und fügen sich dem Verhängnis wie eine willenlose Herde, ohne auch nur einen Finger zu rühren, um dem Schicksal Einhalt zu gebieten. Wenn der Welt durch Theorien zu helfen wäre, wäre jede Tyrannei längst beseitigt. Es ist wahr, dass das Schreiben dem Autor eine gewisse Befriedigung gewährt, aber das ist auch alles. Angesichts der trostlosen Situation, die nur durch Taten geändert werden kann, erscheint mir alles andere schwach und zwecklos. Es ist richtig, dass unter Umständen auch das gesprochene oder geschriebene Wort eine Tat bedeuten kann, aber dann muss man es wenigstens mit einem Gegner zu tun haben, der noch eine gewisse Achtung vor dem Geist besitzt. Das Knotentum, das ~~man~~ sich heute berufen fühlt, die Welt zu lenken, hat längst auf diesen Luxusartikel verzichtet. Wer nicht pariert, bekommt eins aufs Dach; das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss. Und die Menschen finden sich ab mit dieser Methode, wenigstens vorläufig. Wie lange dieser Zustand vorherrschen wird, ist schwer zu sagen, denn wir leben in einer Zeit der Katastrophen, und jeder Tag kann etwas Neues bringen, das alle Berechnungen über den Haufen wirft.

Ich bin durchaus nicht pessimistisch, aber ich gebe mich auch keinen Illusionen hin, die zwar über den Ernst der Lage hinwegtäuschen können, aber an den Dingen selbst nichts ändern. Aus diesem Grunde glaube ich nicht an die Bedeutung meines Werkes, und wenn mir die Professoren und Intellektuellen in Los Angeles immer wieder versichern, dass mein Buch "epochenmachend" sei, so kann ich nur lächeln über eine solche Naivität, die vor lauter

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...den Wald nicht sieht und in ihrer Weltfremdheit den Ernst der Wirk-
lichkeit völlig verkennt. Ich bin unsren Freunden in Los Angeles und Chicago
von ganzem Herzen dankbar für alles, was sie bisher getan haben und in der
Zukunft noch tun werden, aber sie überschätzen den Wert meiner Arbeit ganz
masslos und legen ihr eine Bedeutung bei, die sie in der Wirklichkeit nicht
besitzt. Vielleicht bin ich ungerecht und zu streng meinem eigenen Schaffen
gegenüber, aber was lässt sich da tun? Ich kann aus meiner Haut nicht her-
aus und muss die Dinge eben so beurteilen, wie ich sie sehe. Ich sage nicht,
dass es mir gleichgültig ist, ob das Buch erscheint oder nicht, aber ich
werde auch keine Tränen vergiessen, wenn es nicht erscheint. Ein Versicht
in dieser Hinsicht bedeutet für mich kein Opfer, das ist alles, liebe
Emma.

Und nun zur Hauptsache: dein Vorschlag, dass Sasha das Geld für die Ueber-
setzung zurückzahlen soll von den paar Dollars, die man jetzt hier für ihn
aufbringt, ja, dass du sogar bereit bist, Bon Esprit zu veräussern, wenn
es sein muss, traf mich wie ein Keulenschlag. Liebe, gute Emma, kannst du
dir wirklich vorstellen, dass ich noch eine gute Stunde im Leben haben
könnte, wenn so etwas geschehen würde? Ich selbst habe mein Bestes getan,
um den Genossen die trostlose Lage Sashas vor Augen zu führen. Ich habe
mit den einflussreichen Personen der Union, die sich heute für S. einsetzen,
persönlich gesprochen und ihnen die Notwendigkeit, etwas für S. zu tun,
auseinandergesetzt, und ich bin stolz darauf, dass ich nicht tauben Ohren
gepredigt habe. Es ist mir peinlich, das hier zu schreiben, und ich hätte
nie ein Wort darüber verloren, ohne deinen Brief. Nein, beste Emma, das
wird niemals geschehen, so lange ich lebe. Tue mir den einzigen Gefallen
und spreche nicht mehr über diese Dinge, du weisst nicht, wie wehe du mir
damit tust. Ich habe geschluchzt wie ein Kind, als ich deine Worte gelesen
habe, und das kommt bei mir recht häufig vor. Nein, nein, nein, Emmachen,
schlage dir diesen Gedanken gänzlich aus dem Kopf, Menschenherzen sind mehr
wert wie bedruckte Blätter Papier.

Ich mache mir nie eine Kopie von meinen Briefen und weiss nicht, was in
meinem Briefe an dich enthalten war, dass du auf einen solchen Gedanken
gefallen bist. Vielleicht hat das ewige Drängen unsrer Freunde in Los
Angeles usw., die darauf drängten, dass das Buch möglichst rasch erschei-
nen ~~musste~~ und der zweite Band einem anderen Uebersetzer übergeben werden ~~musste~~
sollte - ein Vorschlag, den ja Sasha selbst gemacht hatte, den ich aber
stets zurückgewiesen habe - mich veranlasst, einige Worte einfließen zu
lassen, die du missverstanden hast. Ich komme mir vor wie ein Verbrecher,
wenn ich daran denke. Verzeihe mir, Emma, wenn in meinem Briefe irgendetwas
vorhanden war, das du falsch auslegen konntest. Die ganze Sache ist ja
wesentlich anders. Ich habe doch nicht gesagt, dass die ganze Uebersetzung
S. einfach unbrauchbar ist. Im Gegenteil, ich habe, soweit ich mich erin-
nere, doch darauf hingewiesen, dass ganze Kapitel sehr gut übertragen wur-
den, dass aber eine Revision unumgänglich sei, schon wegen der Zitate. Zu
eurer Beruhigung kann ich dir mitteilen, dass ~~Dr.~~ Dr. Walter James in Los
Angeles die Revision bereits unternommen hat und zwar unentgeltlich. In
einigen Wochen wird die ganze Arbeit erledigt sein. Prof. ~~Nat~~ hat sich eben-
falls freiwillig erboten, dem Buche einige Fussnoten beizufügen, die dem
amerikanischen Leser das Verständnis, besonders der historischen Dinge,
leichter machen. Sasha hat schwer gearbeitet und sein Geld redlich ver-
dient, und da uns die Revision nichts kostet, so ist die Sache erledigt.
Wir haben keinen Heller verloren, und S. hat sich nichts vorzuwerfen. Hätte
ich gewusst, was ich jetzt weiss, so hätte ich dir meinen letzten Brief nie
geschrieben, sondern das englische MS. einfach an James gesandt mit der
Bitte, es zu revidieren. Aber die Sache war so: Ich kenne Dr. James nicht
persönlich, hatte auch bisher nie mit ihm korrespondiert. Nachdem ich meinen
Brief an dich bereits abgeschickt hatte, erhielt ich plötzlich aus Los
Angeles eine englische Uebersetzung von meinen "Die Sechs", begleitet von
einem Schreiben von James, aus dem ich ersah, dass ~~er~~ alle meine Sachen
gelesen hatte und sich für mein Schaffen mehr begeistert, als es wert ist.

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3

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Die Uebersetzung ist sehr ~~gelingen~~ gut und war für mich eine Ueberraschung, da ich gar keine Ahnung hatte, dass sich James damit beschäftigt hatte. Da James dem Komitee in L.A. angehört, so fragte ich ihn, ob er die Revision meines Buches übernehmen wolle; worauf ich postwendend einen sehr freundlichen Brief erhielt, in dem er mir mitteilte, dass er dazu gerne bereit sei und mich bat, diese Arbeit für einen Freundschaftsdienst zu betrachten, für die er jede Bezahlung ablehne. Gestern erhielt ich einen weiteren Brief in dem er mir sagte, dass er bereits die grössere Hälfte der Arbeit hinter sich habe und mir das ganze MS. in wenigen Wochen zuschicken werde.

Wie du siehst, geschehen auch in unsrer Zeit noch Zeichen und Wunder. Ich weiss gar nicht, wie ich dazu komme, dass ein weltfremder Mensch sich in dieser Weise für mich interessiert. Immerhin ist es ein angenehmes ~~Satz~~ Gefühl, ~~xixxx~~ zu wissen, dass es noch solche Menschen gibt. Ob das Buch nun wirklich erscheinen kann, auch wenn alle Schwierigkeiten überwunden sind, ist freilich eine andere Frage, denn es wird wahrscheinlich nicht so einfach sein, einen passenden Verleger zu finden. Doch das sind Dinge, die der Zukunft angehören und über die ich mir jetzt nicht den Kopf zerbrechen will.

Wegen unserem weiteren Hierbleiben wissen wir noch nichts. Eine neue Form kann nicht eingereicht werden vor Anfang August, und was dann kommt, müssen wir abwarten. Dass Borghi noch immer hier ist, wie du anführst, hat andere Gründe. Offiziell ist er nicht hier, und so lang alles still ist, wird sich die jetzige Administration nicht um ihn kümmern. Aber er kann nichts tun, ausser von Zeit zu Zeit einen Artikel schreiben. Jede öffentliche Tätigkeit ist ihm unmöglich gemacht. Ich sehe ihn von Zeit zu Zeit. Es ist ein Jammer. Er ist so niedergeschlagen, besonders nach dem Tod Virgillas. Er verkauft Cigaretten unter den Genossen und verdient acht bis neun Dollar die Woche, wenn es gut geht. Englisch spricht er kein Wort und wird es wahrscheinlich auch nie lernen. Sein Feld ist Italien, aber wer weiss, ob er je einmal zurückkehren wird. - Der brave ~~Luigi~~ Luigi Fabri ist nun auch im Exil gestorben. Er war der feinste Kopf, den die ganze moderne italienische Bewegung hatte. Seine Zeitschrift übertraff bei weitem alle anderen italienischen Blätter unsrer Richtung, die leider keine entsprechenden Kräfte haben. Fabris Buch über Diktatur war eines der besten, das während der letzten 25 Jahre in unsrer Bewegung zu verzeichnen ist. Sein Tod ist ein unersetzlicher Verlust, und es wird lange dauern, bis diese Lücke wieder ausgefüllt ist.

Was du wegen eines eventuellen Aufenthalts in England schreibst, liebe Emma, ist sicher bis zu einem gewissen Grade richtig, und wenn wir von hier abschieben müssen, bleibt uns vorläufig kein anderes Land, wo wir wenigstens einen Versuch machen könnten. Aber meine Lage ist ganz anders wie Dr. Steinbergs. Steinberg ist kein Anarchist. Ausserdem ist er ein strenggläubiger Jude, der alle Vorschriften seines Glaubens einhält und daher in Kreisen Unterstützung findet, die sich nie und nimmer für mich ins Zeug legen würden. Dazu versteht er, sich überall Eingang zu verschaffen, denn sein Eklektizismus gibt ihm die Möglichkeit, sich allen Richtungen bis zu einem gewissen Grade anzupassen. Das sind alles Dinge, die mir die Natur versagt hat, die aber unter den heutigen Verhältnissen sehr nötig sind, wenn man sich sein Recht auf Leben erkaufen will. Aber ich zweifle, ob sogar Steinberg einen Daueraufenthalt in England bewilligt bekam. Als ich ihn das letzte Mal in London sah, hatte er gerade seine Familie von Deutschland kommen lassen, nachdem man ihm eine Aufenthaltsbewilligung von einem Jahr gegeben hatte. Aber es lohnt nicht, sich über diese Dinge den Kopf zu zerbrechen, wir können leider doch nichts daran ändern. Wenn es so weit ist, muss man sehen, was zu machen ist, und bis dahin an nichts denken. Liebe, gute Emma, denke ja nicht, dass ich jemals der Verzweiflung erheimfalle. Was mich unzufrieden macht, ist nicht das eigene Schicksal oder

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010336

[Letter, 19]35 July 8, Towanda [Pa. to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Rudolf [Rock-
er]. — 4 p. ; 30 × 24 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

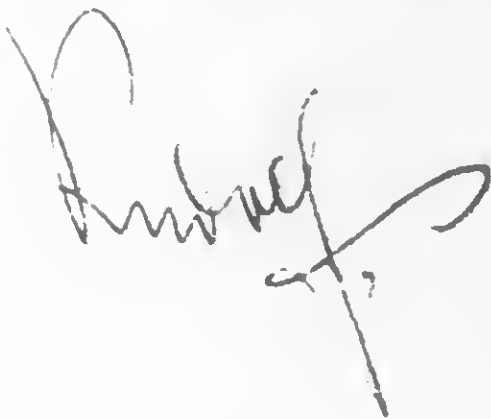
4

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seelische Anfechtungen etc. nein, es ist der ganze elende Zustand der Be-
wegung hier. Die Menschen sind ausgebrannt und zu keiner Aktion mehr fähig.
Man macht sich gegenseitig das Leben bitter und vertrödelt die Zeit mit
nutzlosem Kleinkram, der keine Bohne wert ist. Ohne Zweifel gibt es auch
hier eine ganze Anzahl braver Genossen, die stets opferwillig sind, aber
das Gros ist total verspiessert und lächelt über die vergangene Jugend-
sünden mit vornehmer Ueberlegenheit. Man sieht in dem heutigen Präsidenten
eine Art Messias und erhofft von der ~~max~~ gegenwärtigen Regierung Wunder-
dinge, und in ihrer hilflosen Naivität bemerken die guten Leuten gar
nicht, dass der Weg immer mehr nach rechts geht. Aber was hilft da alles;
man muss eben tun, was man kann und darf die Flinte nicht ins Korn werfen.

Millys Zustand hat sich während der letzten Wochen wesentlich gebessert.
Die reine Luft und die herrliche Umgebung hier haben viel dazu beigetragen.
Fermin ist ein braver Junge, und ich lerne seinen stillen, aber unabhän-
gen Charakter immer mehr schätzen. Es ist ein grosses Glück, dass wir we-
nigstens in dieser Hinsicht keine Niete im Leben gezogen haben. Rudolf hat
das MS. bereits erhalten und sucht jetzt nach einem Ausweg. Das wird nicht
so leicht sein, aber immerhin hat er jetzt wenigstens die Möglichkeit sich
zu rühren, und das allein ist schon viel wert.

Und nun sei von ganzem Herzen gegrüsst und umarmt von uns allen. Milly
wird dir selber schreiben in einigen Tagen. Du hast recht, das beste und un-
vergänglichste, was uns heute noch bleibt, ist die Freundschaft mit jenen,
denen man etwas bedeutet. Dieses kostbare Gut ist heute wertvoller denn je
zuvor.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029100

[Letter] 1935 July 9, Westmount [Canada to Emma] Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Marjorie [Goldstein]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2099

555 Argyle Ave., Westmount,
Tuesday, July 9th, 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman:

It is indeed too bad that you have been so long without mail from your friends in Montreal. I sincerely hope that by now you have heard from various other people, thus setting your mind at rest that you are not forgotten. Miss Jaffe tells me that Mrs. Zahler's mother is very low indeed and that she is over at her mother's house all day and every day, which doubtless accounts for her silence at any rate.

Perhaps after all correspondence or the lack of it is really no criterion of your welcome back to Montreal nor of the interest and affection felt for you by your delinquent letter-writers. The tempo of life has changed so considerably of latter years. People are not nearly as punctilious as they used to be about their correspondence. They still have the best of intentions, I am sure.

I have not Mrs. Estall's address. I inquired of Mr. Whitehead who hasn't got it either. He has a temporary address through which he will try to discover her permanent summer address and will let you have it. If you wish it, I could forward to her any letter you would care to enclose as you did previously, and this would save you the time otherwise lost in sending you the address.

Mr. Whitehead's vitality continues to remain at a low ebb because he finds it so difficult to give the proper attention to his hip. He has mentioned once or twice lately that his right shoulder is also giving him a great deal of distress and has discovered that this trouble is directly attributable to his hip. I do not think that he has very much energy to spare for "picking up his social threads". From what I have observed when I have been out with him, I feel sure that it is not his social contacts who have left him but that it is he who has retired from them. From inquiries which I have heard his former friends make when they run across him after a long interval, I am inclined to believe that their cordiality was not lacking in sincerity. He sometimes expresses the wish that he had more strength to see those with whom he shares cultural interests, but I would say that he hardly seems to be much attracted by the ordinary social activities.

It does seem a pity that the Montreal group has not the enthusiasm of the Toronto group, but I agree with you that with people going on holidays and with the additional work thrown on those that are left behind, there seems

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- 2 -

4100

to be less spare time in this season for further activities.

Mr. Whitehead spoke to me the other day of a programme which he hoped to present to the Drama Group for their activities next year. He has been unusually busy lately finding and moving into a new place. Of course there is no doubt that your return next year would be a great incentive to the Drama Group but there are so many other considerations that would have to be taken into account.

I am sorry to hear of the meagre response to the Publication Fund appeal. Perhaps, however, there will be renewed activity toward the end of the summer.

Knowing now compact you had already made your drama lectures, I can quite easily understand what a tremendous lot of work would be entailed in an abridgement.

Since discontinuing this letter, I have been conveying your greeting to Mr. Whitehead. His delight at receiving it was quite unconcealed. He said: "Isn't it wonderful that some one should understand one's situation so perfectly and with so little explanation?!" But he was obviously distressed when he added: "I feel awful that I have not yet written E.G." He has been having a great deal of difficulty in finding a suitable room. I am afraid that that and his moving will further interfere with his intention to write you.

I am very distressed to hear of the "rather painful events that have come to Mr. Berkman and" yourself. If it is not an intrusion, I would be most interested to hear the nature of the difficulties. I am making very good progress in reading your book of Soviet Plays. Thank you very much for the extension of time.

With every sincere good wish from

Marjorie.

P.S. I am under the impression that Mr. Berkman is a stamp collector, from something Mr. Whitehead once remarked. And so I am putting a two-cent and a one-cent stamp of the Jubilee Series, instead of the three-cent stamp such as I used last time, in case he would like to have cancelled stamps of this issue.

(M. Goldstein.)

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 10, St. Tropez [to] Viking Press, New York / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

3883

St Tropez Var. July 10th 35.

The Viking Press
18 East 48th Street
New York City.
U.S.A.

gentlemen.

You were most kind to me with your publications while I was lecturing in Canada. I assure you that I made good use of the works you sent me urging my audiences to read the. I hope they followed my reviews and that they did secure the books.

As you see I am back in France. Alas, there is no chance for lecture work on any theme in France. The rigidity against foreigners, especially political refugees makes any public activity quite impossible. However, early next spring I will again have the opportunity to lecture. In fact I have been invited to speak on American literature in Holland. And I mean to treat the same theme in England. For that I will need to do some renewed intensive reading of recent American publications. Also I mean to lecture on other subjects, war works and every thing of importance coming from and on Russia.

I wonder if I may again ask you for the courtesy ~~which~~ you have already extended to me? I inclose a list of books from your shelves I would like if I am not asking too much. Please address me E.G. Colton, Bon Esprit St Tropez Var ~~France~~
France.

Cordially.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861028449

[Letter, 19]35 July 10, St. Tropez [to] Cha[rle]s Scribner[']s Sons, New York / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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St Tropez V r July 10th 35.

3881

Chas. Scribners & Sons
597 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

Gentlemen.

I will lecture in Ireland and Holland on American literature and various other topics. To be able to represent the subjects adequately I have written a number of American publishers for some of their recent publication which I intend to review. I wonder whether I may also ask you for some of your most interesting recent works. I inclose a list of novels which I would very much like to read.

While in Canada last winter I also lectured on drama and other works published in the states and supplied by several publishing houses with considerable benefit I think to them. I hope to succeed in the same manner through my forthcoming series on American literature.

Hoping that you may be good enough to supply me with the books listed here with.

Sincerely

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861028452

[Letter, 19]35 July 10, St. Tropez [to] M[a]cmillan Co[mpany], New York / E[mma] G[oldman].— 1 p.; 27 × 21 cm.

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3884

Bon Esprit, St Tropez Var July 10th 35.

The Macmillan Co,
60 Fifth Avenue
New York City
U.S.A.

Gentlemen.

You were most kind to me with your publications. While I was lecturing in Canada, I assure you I made good use of the works you sent me in presenting them to my audiences. I hope some of the people present followed my ~~advice~~ suggestion to avail themselves of the books I reviewed.

As you see I am back in France. Alas, there is no chance here to lecture on any topic without running the risk of being expelled. The rigidity against foreigners and especially political aliens of whom I have the distinction to be one. However, early next year I am to go to England and Holland to lecture on American and Russian literature as well as social and political topics. For that I will need a new supply of recent publications. I have already written several publishers who like you have been most obliging in the past, for their obligations. And I now take the liberty to come to you again. I enclose a list of works I will need. I hope I am not asking too much. Naturally, I will be glad to receive whatever books you care to send me for review in my lectures.

Cordially

Please address me E.G. Colton
Bon Esprit, Var France.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

840306139

[Letter, 19]35 July 11, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, [Brooklyn, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

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C O P Y

St. Tropez, July 11, 35.

Dear John Haynes Holmes:

I have been struggling between my guilt for having neglected to reply to your splendid letter of April 17th and my disinclination to intrude on your vacation. For well I know how hard you work during the winter and how badly you need a rest. It may well be that you are abroad. If my memory serves me right, you told me that you might sail. Well, whether this reaches you soon or later in the summer, you will know that I have been thinking of you with affection, even though I permitted almost three months to pass without writing you.

I have been particularly distressed because of my inability to write you in response to your wonderful letter to the dinner in Montreal. My only excuse is that a number of things had happened to disturb me since my return to St. Tropez. You might think that by this time I ought to be used to disturbing experiences. Yet if you knew me closer you would know how greatly affected I am by the routine of life, its unpleasant daily occurrences. You may remember the part in *Living My Life* where I describe my feeling of relief when the cell door closed on me during my first imprisonment. I assure you it was no exaggeration to say I felt relieved after the weeks of stress before the trial. I did not mind anything in the way of danger, of arrest or imprisonment; in fact, I never have minded such things, but it is the little and petty things of life that affect me like needles struck into the brain. Now, I say this because you have an entirely too exalted opinion of me. If I really were all that you so generously attribute to me, I should not be affected by what are really trifles. That merely shows that I have no business to lead a private life. I belong on the firing line, in the thick of action -- retirement, rest or peace is not for me. Ever conscious of the war going on in the world, of the hatred and struggle, how can one be at peace? My tragedy is that I have been thrust out of the ranks of battle. Outside of America I feel an alien. I belong nowhere. That is why relatively unimportant events loom large in my view and distress me more than real danger. You see, dear friend, how very human, perhaps "all too human", I am -- not at all as great as you see me.

Indeed, I knew how favorably you looked in the past on Soviet Russia and how willing to overlook things there that you condemned in America. I confess I had often been impatient with your attitude as I am with that of our mutual friend Roger Baldwin. Just because of it I rejoiced at your awakening to the fact that one cannot approve of the murderous methods practiced by Stalin while condemning such things in one's own country. True, the reactionaries may exploit for their own interests my stand toward Russia, but yet I do not see how that can change my attitude. Alas, too many of our friends are deterred by such fears from speaking the truth,

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at the expense of their own integrity. I had occasion recently to see how easily liberty-loving people reconcile approval of things done in Russia with their opposition to similar outrages in their own country. Thus Frieda Kerchway tried to impress me, in effect, that I have, after all, only myself to blame for the misuse Hearst has made of my article in the MERCURY. And Roger wrote me about to the same effect. He has often considered, he says, whether the good he would do by speaking out against the Moscow regime would not be counterbalanced by the harm resulting from the fact that our common enemy exploits what we say for their own purpose. Frankly, I cannot understand such rationalising. I enclose excerpts from my recent letter to Roger regarding his notion that one must be silent about outrages in Russia to avoid being misinterpreted by the Hearsts and their ilk.

I admit that falsehood or silence is more comfortable than truth. But how about one's integrity? I am afraid I am hopelessly old-fashioned when it comes to revolutionary ethics. I simply cannot stop to consider what use the enemy will make of anything I have to say, when I feel that liberty and justice are being outraged, wherever it be. I realise that it is the more difficult stand, and that one has to pay the price for inability to swim with the muddy stream. But rather than running with the hounds. More than ever this has been borne in on me of late. I have been reading the Moscow *Izvestia* and the *Pravda*. The poison of hatred and venom that oozes from every page of those papers is simply indescribable. The worship of Stalin has become the most cringing fetish, humiliating and destructive. It is sad to believe that people who had made the Revolution can sink to such depths of self-abasement and corruption. But the worst is the hatred and denunciation of every one who dares stand out, even in the smallest thing, against the regime. Trotsky, Zinoviev, and lately Enukidze, an old and devoted Bolshevik, as well as other Communists who had given their best to the cause of Russia, are daily dragged through the mud and denounced as the worst counter-revolutionists and enemies. I hold no brief for Trotsky et al, for well I know that they were as tyrannical and relentless as Stalin. But to keep on heaping charges of white-guardism and treachery upon men who but yesterday were hailed as heroes, means to kill in the bud the integrity of the young generation. It fills me with disgust and horror beyond words. Try as I might, I can find no excuse or justification for it.

I cannot help thinking of how the old guard prided itself on their revolutionary ethics and integrity. It was their most outstanding trait and it made of them the heroes of the Russian struggle of the past. What will become of the young generation in Soviet Russia with all revolutionary ethics and character values thrown on the dungheap as so much bourgeois ballast? Yet here is a man like Romain Rolland with his saintly face, sitting at the side of the saddist-looking Stalin and swallowing as gospel truth every word that comes from the mouth of the man on the new throne of Russia. It is enough to make one weep if it were not at the same time so comical. I must

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say that, horrible as Hearst is, he is not by any means so brazen and so permeated with hate and vindictiveness as are the Soviet scribes of the official Bolshevik press. It really makes me ill to read their papers. The unprincipledness and unspeakable vulgarity accepted and justified in Russia as the only permissible ethics are to me the greatest tragedy of the situation.

You have probably read my statement in the NATION. My Angoff made it appear as if I had imposed my article on him. Strange what the Communist germ does to otherwise fairly decent people. It simply disintegrates them. It happens that I still have Mr. Angoff's letters wherein he asked me for the article. He also assured me in them that it would appear in Sept. or Oct., of last year. Now I learn that he had purposely shelved my article because of its Soviet criticism. Well, it does not really matter, except that it shows how Moscow ideology and influence demoralise every one who comes under their sway. You may be interested to know that the MERCURY has released the copyright to my article and that it will soon appear in its full text, in pamphlet form.

I think you are entirely right about the siege of reaction in America. Yet I do not believe it is any worse than in France or the other countries on this continent. I should of course prefer the States if I could live there and be active, much rather than the "peace" of inactivity in France. But one has no choice in this regard, and that is the worst tragedy of all of us, political refugees.

I should be very happy if on your wanderings in Europe you could pay me a visit. If not, let me at least hear from you occasionally. Letters are the only link I have with America and all it contains for me in dear friends and dear memories.

Affectionately,

"Bon Esprit"
St. Tropez (Var) France

The Emma Goldman Papers

831209025

[Letter] 1935 July 11, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, [Brooklyn, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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St. Tropez, July 11, 1935

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The Emma Goldman Papers

831209025

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J. H. Holmes --2

Sophia Smith Collection

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Affectionately,

"Bon Esprit"
St. Tropez (Var) France

(from Emma Goldman to John H.H.)

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 July 11, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, [Brooklyn, N.Y. (fragment))] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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[Emmeline Pankhurst to John Haynes Holmes, July 31, 1935]

St. Tropez 11th July 35.

Dear John Haynes Holmes.

I have been struggling between my guilt of having neglected you to reply to your splendid letter, of April 17th, and my disinclination to intrude on your vacation. For well I know how hard you work during the winter and how badly in need of a rest. It may well be that you are already abroad. If my memory serves me right, you told me that you would sail. Well, whether this reaches you soon or later or later in the summer, you will know that I have been thinking about you with affection, even though I permitted three months to pass without writing you.

I have been particularly distressed because of my inability to write you in response to your wonderful letter to the dinner in Montreal. My only excuse is that a number of things have happened to disturb me since my return to St. Tropez. You might think that by this time I ought to be used to disturbing experiences. Yet if you knew me better you would know how greatly affected I am by the routine of life, its unpleasant daily occurrences. You may remember the part in *Living My Life* where I describe my feeling of relief when the cell door closed on me during ~~and~~ ~~my~~ my first imprisonment. I assure you, it was no exaggeration to say I felt relieved after the weeks of stress before and during my trial. I did not mind anything in the way of danger, arrest or imprisonment; in fact, I never have minded such things, but it is the little and petty things of life that affect me like needles ~~xxx~~ struck into the brain. Now, I say this because you have an entirely too exalted opinion of me. If I really were all that you so generously attribute to me, I should not be affected by what are really trifles. That merely shows that I have no business to lead a private life. I belong on the firing line, in the thick of action, retirement, rest or peace ~~xxxxxxxx~~ is not for me. Ever conscious of the war going on in the world, of the hatred and struggle, how can one be at peace? By the tragedy is that I have been thrust out of the ranks of battle. Out of the world of America I feel an alien. I belong nowhere. That is why relatively unimportant events loom large in my view and distress me more than danger. You see, dear friend, how very human, perhaps "all too human," I am not at all as great as you see me.

Indeed, I know how favorably you looked in the past on Soviet Russia and how willing to overlook the things there that you condemned in America. I confess I had often been impatient with your attitude as I am with that of our mutual friend Roger Baldwin. Just because of it I rejoiced at your awakening to the fact that one can not approve of the murderous methods practiced by Stalin while condemning such things in one's own country. True, the reactionaries exploit for their purpose my stand towards Russia, but yet I do not see how that can change my attitude. Alas, so many of our friends are deterred by such fears from speaking the truth, at the expense of their own integrity. I had occasion recently to see how easily liberty-loving people reconcile approval of things done in Russia with their opposition to similar outrages in their own country. Thus Frieda Wehrhag tried to impress me, ineffect, that I have, after all, only myself to blame for the misuse ~~harsh~~ ~~harsh~~ of my article in the *Mercury*. And Roger wrote me about the same effect. He has often considered, he says, whether the good he would do by speaking out against the Moscow regime would not be counterbalanced by the bad

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harm resulting from the fact that our common enemy exploits what we say for their own purpose. Frankly, I cannot understand such rationalising. I inclose excerpts from my recent letter to Roger regarding his notion that one must be silent about outrages in Russia to avoid being misinterpreted by the Hearsts and their ilk.

I admit that falsehood or silence is more comfortable than truth. But what about one's integrity? I am afraid I am hopelessly old-fashioned when it comes to revolutionary ethics. I simply can not stop to consider what use the silly make of anything I have to say, when I feel that liberty and justice are being outraged, wherever it be. I realize that it is the more difficult stand, and that one has to pay the price for the inability to swim with the muddy ~~xxxx~~ stream, but rather than running with the hounds, more than ever this has been borne in on me of late, I have been reading the Moscow ~~xxxx~~ and ~~xxxx~~. The action of hate and venom that oozes from every page of those papers is simply indescribable. The worship of Stalin has become the most cringing fetish, humiliating and destructive. It is hard to believe that people who had made the revolution can sink to such depth of self-abasement and corruption. But the worst is ~~xxxx~~ the hatred and denunciation of every one who dares stand out even in the smallest thing, against the regime. Trotsky, Zinoviev, and lately Bukharin, an old and devoted Bolshevik, as well as other Communists who had given their best to the cause of Russia, are daily dragged through the mud and denounced as the worst counter-revolutionists and enemies. I hold no brief for Trotsky at all, for well I know that they were as tyrannical and relentless as Stalin, but to keep on heaping charges of white guardism and treachery on men who but yesterday were hailed as heroes, means to kill in the mud the integrity of the young generation. Try as I might, I can find no excuse or justification for it.

I cannot help thinking of how the old guard prided itself on their revolutionary integrity. It was their most outstanding trait and it made of them the heroes of the Russian struggle of the past. What will become of the young generation in Soviet Russia with all revolutionary ethics thrown on the dunghill as so much bourgeois ballast? Yet here is a man like Romain Rolland with his kindly face sitting side by side of the emaciated looking Stalin and swallowing as gospel truth every word that comes from the mouth of the man on the new throne of Russia. It is enough to make one weep if it were not so at the same time so comical. I must say that terrible as hatred is, he is not by any means so brazen and so permeated with hate and vindictiveness as the Soviet scribes of the official Bolshevik press. It really makes me ill to read their papers. The unprincipledness and unspeakable ~~xxxx~~ vulgarity accepted and justified in Russia as the only permissible ethics are to me the greatest tragedy of the situation.

You have probably read my statement in the NATION. Mr. Angoff made it appear as if I had imposed my article on him. Strange! What the Communist does to otherwise fairly decent people. It aims to simply disintegrate them. It happens that I still have Mr. Angoff's letters wherein he asked me for the article. He also assured me in them that it would appear in Sept or Oct. of last year. Now I learn that he had purposely ~~xxxx~~ shelved my article because of the Soviet criticism. Well, it does not really matter, except that it shows how Moscow's ideology and influence demoralises every one who comes under their sway. You may be interested to that the MERCURY has released

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 12, St. Tropez [to] Ethel Mannin, [London] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 22 × 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

17315

St Tropez Var July 12th 35

Dear Ethel Mannin.

I have thought of you often since we met a little over two years ago. My last letter which I wrote you to some Paris address must have gone astray since you did not reply. Or perhaps it did reach you and you were absorbed in writing more important than answering a letter.

Since then we have both covered much ground. I spent fourteen months in Canada and three back in the states. I see by the review of your book in the Sunday times ^{N.Y.} of the 16th of June that you had wandered about by far more than I. As you see I am back in St Tropez. I wonder if you ever get this far. I should be delighted to see you again and have you for a visit at my place.

I am writing Dutton for your book. I want very much to read it. Most American publishers have always supplied me with their publications which I had occasion to use in my lecture work. I never before had occasion to ask Duttons for anything. I hope they will comply with my request. I am particularly keen on knowing your impressions and observations in Russia.

Please write me how you are and about your little girl. She must be grown up by this time.

Cordially.

I may come to England this autumn. Perhaps I will see you then if not before.

The Emma Goldman Papers

811022169

[Letter] 1935 July 13, St. Tropez [to Paul] Palmer, [New York] / Emma Goldman. —
2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var July 13th35

Dear Mr Palmer.

Thanks for the release of copyright of my article. Naturally, the brochure will give credit to the Mercury both as the source of the atticle and its mutilation.

I am afraid you credit me with more than I deserve. My "fair understanding" of the way you have taken the liberty to doctor my article was imposed on me by you and Mr Angoff. Between the two of you I had little choice to remonstrate. Had I been in the states I should have insisted on bringing you and Angoff together. For in that way alone could I hope to get the facts in the muddle. However, I must tell you frankly that I consider it most unethical to have gone ahead with the article in your arbitrary manner without consulting me. After all, I am the author of the article and I should have been asked whether I want its legs cut off. This was especially in place because you must have known that Angoff had become strongly pro Russia, ^{hence} since shelved the article. How then could you take his word to do what you pleased without first writing me? But it is over. So there is no use reenterating the story.

While I am writing you I wish to protest very strongly against the antedeluvian way you have treated your staff. I know Miss Lustgarten as one of the most efficient and sincere workers. I can not understand how you could charge her with inefficiency. Of course, it was a mere pretext, ^{to} and not avoid ^{meeting} the demand, of your staff. I confess I had expected a more sensible attitude to your workers from a magazine with such Liberal traditions as the Mercury. What is more to the point, I think it was very short sighted on your part, and that of Mr Spivak. You have only lost the regard of all justice loving people and

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1935 July 13, St. Tropez [to Paul] Palmer, [New York] / Emma Goldman. —
2 p. ; 29 × 22 cm.

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you have probably gained nothing in a material way. After all, your employees who have replaced the strikers are likely to also strike one of these days. For, the time is passed when workers can be exploited at will.

I had intended to write you ^{to} ~~to~~ this effect in the beginning of the strike. But I was sure you will not publish what I have to say. So I cable^d my protest against your arbitrary way and my sympathy with the strikers to the Nation.

I don't know where I will be in the autumn, here in Nice or in Paris. But if I should be anywhere within reach when you come abroad let me know. I will see you. But I am sure we will not agree on your method in dealing with your staff. Nor can there be any convincing explanation^a of your treatment of my article.

Sincerely yours

Emma Goldman

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 13, St. Tropez [to Paul] Palmer, [New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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[enclosure]

St Tropez July 13th 35.

Dear Mr Palmer. Thanks for the release of the copyright of my article. Naturally, the brochure will give credit to the ~~MEMORIAL~~ both as the source of the article and its mutilation.

I am afraid you credit me with more than I deserve. My "fair understanding" of the way you took the liberty to doctor the article was imposed on me by you and Mr Angoff. Between the two of you I had little choice remonstrating. Had I been in the States I should have insisted on bringing you and Mr Angoff together, for only then could I have gotten the facts straight. However, I must tell you frankly that I consider it most unethical for you to have proceeded so arbitrarily with the deletion of my article without consulting me. After all, I am the author of the article and I should have been asked what I was willing to have its legs cut off. That was particularly a scary since you knew that Angoff had become strongly pro the communists and that he had purposely shelved my article for that very reason. Now could you, under these circumstances take his word for your right in doing what you pleased with my article, but it is done and there is no use repeating the story.

While I am writing you I take the liberty to occasion to protest against the manner in which you have treated your staff. I know Miss Lustgarten as a most sincere and efficient worker and I can not understand how you could charge her with inefficiency. Of course it was a very pretent to avoid meeting the demands of your striking staff. I can see I ~~expected~~ had expected a more consistent attitude of a magazine with such liberal traditions as the N. A. A. I think it a very short sighted policy, both on your part and that of Mr Spivak. You have lost the regard of the liberal and radical elements and you have probably gained nothing by your lack of response to the strikers, in a material way. Your employees who have replaced your striking staff are also likely to come to their senses one fine day. For the time is passed when workers can be exploited at will.

I had intended to write you this at the beginning of the strike, but I was sure you would not bring my protest. So I sent it to the NATION instead. I called my protest and my sympathies with the strikers to the NATION.

I don't know when I shall be in Paris, but if I am anywhere within reach when you can come, I will be glad to meet you. Yet I know we shall not agree on your methods of with your staff nor can there be any satisfactory explanation of the treatment of my article.

Sincerely,

Don Sprit
St Tropez Var.

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4736

I told it you were in your Connecticut place. I did not quite remember where it is situated. So I am writing to you in New York. It will be for some time. I am ashamed to have delayed so long to reply to your letter of April 8th. It found me in the midst of the war work on the German material. Then came my share of the most strenuous activities. From there I returned to my home in St. Tropez the 19th. Since then I have been in a livid state not usual to my temperament. I devote it to the study of 17 months on the American continent, 18th of which are devoted to lecture work. I have never known myself so situated as I have been since my return.

me, Bob Harris and Jo Truitt and all our beautiful and I told you. It is about a year since she came to me. I still see her radiant smile loaded with barrels and followed by a taxi driver who had brought her up. She came on a brief of pleasure and when she left I felt I had known her all of life. She came like radiant sunshine. No wonder I feel her loss so violently.

As, Bon Esprit is lovely. But this year
my friends will gain nothing by it. They are nearly all too poor
to travel. It makes me sad and lonely. For there is no joy in
anything; it cannot be shared with friends. I feel cut off
from my dear ones, the first time since Bon Esprit became mine.
But it is ideal for rest if only I had the gift to give myself
over to rest. One is not in vain a strong creature for a life time.
One is unfitted for relaxation. Especially in the present inhuman
situation of the world when one's voice should not be silent.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920079

[Letter, 19]35 July 14, St. Tropez [to] Su[san] Hoagland, [New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 27 x 20 cm.

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4737

Al - being a politician - says I have no choice. But it does
kill him hard to hear when one wants to give so much and yet
is not permitted to give anything.

I am planning a book of portraits of people who have
contributed to life. Mabel is to take an important place. Yet I
know of her only what she told me on her all too short visit
here and my own impressions. It occurred to me that you might
be able to help me. Give me some biographic data about her life.
What was her background? How did she come to her radical ideas?
Anything you can supply me with I will greatly appreciate and
make use of with discretion. You can be sure of that.

A friend who is acting as secretary for the pub-
lication fund of the book wrote me she had received \$5
from Mary and a letter saying it was for her mother who would
have wanted to help me. That she hoped to come to St Tropez and
would be here. So I should have seen nothing of Mary. She seems to
be a strange mixture. I have the impression that she had cared
about her mother. But had been drawn away by her husband's getting
and emotions. I must say the man did not impress me. And he
certainly did not like Mabel. Unfortunately many American girls
who marry for money or status lose what is best in their Am-
ericanism and accept what is not very good of the particular set
they marry into. Poor Mabel how she idolized Mary. I have a
feeling Mary's indifference helped to hasten Mabel's end.

Please write me dear Sue Hoagland and tell me
anything you want me to know about our sweet dead friend.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861028360

[Letter, 19]35 July 15, St. Tropez [to Alfred A.] Knopf, [New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

3773

St Tropez Var July 15:1935

Dear Mr Knopf.

Thank you for your kind letter and the books you were good enough to send me. They arrived within a few days of your letter.

I had intended asking you for the Kroner book as well as the others. But I hated to take advantage of your generosity. Yet I know I must do a lot of reading of recent works on American literature if I am to lecture about it.

I don't find it quite so easy to ask other publishers for books although I must say a few have been most obliging. But you sort of belong to my family of friends. Its not so disagreeable to turn to you. Please put me on your list. I see you are about to get out a new work by Villa Cather. May I have it when it is available? Or anything else that will help me to do justice to modern American literature.

I don't know when I shall begin to write. Life to day seems so insecure, so hectic, so terribly disturbing, one can not settle down to writing. At least I can not. But I was delighted to see that you are interested. Of course I will let you know when the plan has taken shape at least in my mind.

I am sorry you will not come this way. Perhaps I will see you in London late this autumn. I mean to go there to refresh my impressions of people I had met there and about whom I mean to write if I do at all.

Please remember me kindly to Mrs Knopf.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115270

[Letter] 1935 July 15, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 1 p.; 27 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Scarboro Bluffs Ontario.

5775

July 15th. 1935

U 11
Emma Dearest;

I feel that I have neglected you for the last few weeks. We have been busy, yes, but that is no excuse. In my happiness I did not forget you but I did not write. And now my halcyon days are at an end. Ben has gone for a year. I feel that I may never see him again. During the last month all my girlish dreams have been realised. I have worked side by side with my love, enjoying and sharing the enthusiasm for a common cause. I have had ecstatic hours under the stars. Whatever happens now can never deprive me of the memory of the sweetest period of my life. I seem to have been completely rejuvenated.

I am going into town in the morning to see Nesbit. The E.G. Publication Fund is sending you something. I am afraid it will not be much. I have to telephone Steinberg and one or two other things.

I shall write again to you in a day or two giving you the news from Toronto, and telling you what we have been doing.

Just now my heart is aching. I am incapable of sustained effort. I am longing for the sound of one voice and the touch of one hand.

Please do not let this outpouring worry you. My pain would not be so deep if my joy had not been so great.

Tomorrow or the next day, or the next I shall drift again into smooth waters.

lovingly,

Dorothy

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870921378

[Letter] 1935 July 17, New York [to] E[mma] G[oldman], St. Tropez / Arthur Leonard Ross. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

ARTHUR LEONARD ROSS
COUNSELOR AT LAW
ONE CEDAR STREET
NEW YORK
PHONE DEANMAN 3-0340

3086

July 17th, 1935

Mrs. E. G. Colton
Bon Esprit
Chemin St. Antoine
St. Tropez (Var) France

Dear Emma,

Lettie and I have just returned from Montreal after a ten day stay with our dear friends, the Starks. I needn't tell you how often we spoke of you and had wished that you were with us to enjoy the generous and warm hospitality of Fan and Rose.

I met Gordon Whitehead at dinner at the Starks one evening and found him to be a generous soul and fascinating fellow. I also met the Schwartz' and Mr. Hirschhorn. I promised that when I wrote to you I would convey their greetings.

Mr. Stark has questioned me closely concerning you and St. Tropez, with a view of having Fan spend a few months on the Riviera where she could see you. I told him that I had a recollection that there was a new hotel in St. Tropez where she could stay and that you would be glad to show her around and have her meet people and go places. I know that Fan has been wanting to write you for a long time. She is a sort of an inarticulate soul who is always giving of herself to her friends.

For the first time I have met Ann Lord. What an unselfish person she is! I am sorry I had not met her before. She is working on the data for the public library and of course she will submit the material to you before doing anything with it. She is also working on Sasha's manuscripts. I suppose she will write you directly concerning these matters.

Please remember me kindly to Sasha and Emmie.

With love from everyone at home, I am,

Very affectionately yours,

ALR:R



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[Letter] 1935 July 17 [New York to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / A[rthur]
L[eonard] R[oss]. — 1 p. ; 27 x 20 cm.

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July 17th, 1935

Mrs. E. G. Colton
Bon Espirit
Chemin St. Antoine
St. Tropez (Var) France

Dear Emma,

Fattie and I have just returned from Montreal after a ten day stay with our dear friends, the Starks. I needn't tell you how often we spoke of you and how wished that you were with us to enjoy the generous and warm hospitality of Pan and Mose.

I met Gordon Whitehead at dinner at the Starks one evening and found him to be a generous soul and fascinating fellow. I also met the Schwartz' and Mr. Hirschhorn. I promised that when I wrote to you I would convey their greetings.

Mr. Stark has questioned me closely concerning you and St. Tropez, with a view of having Pan spend a few months on the Riviera where she could see you. I told him that I had a recollection that there was a new hotel in St. Tropez where she could stay and that you would be glad to show her around and have her meet people and go places. I know that Pan has been wanting to write you for a long time. She is a sort of an inarticulate soul who is always giving of herself to her friends.

For the first time I have met Ann Lord. What an unselfish person she is! I am sorry I had not met her before. She is working on the data from the public library and of course she will submit the material to you before doing anything with it. She is also working on Sasha's manuscript. I suppose she will write you directly concerning these matters.

Please remember me kindly to Sasha and Fattie.

With love from everyone at home, I am,

Very affectionately yours,

ALR:R

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[Letter, 19]35 July 20, St. Tropez [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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St Tropez Var July 20th 35.

Dear Modest, the three of us had quite given up hopes of seeing you this summer. You can imagine how delighted we were to get the the good news contained in yours of the 3rd inst. that you have actually booked passage. That is great. Sasha and E. are here with me and will be all summer. So you had better come straight to St Tropez on your arrival in Villefranche. How I wish Bon Esprit could offer you the comforts you are used to. I should try hard to persuade you to stay with us, of course. But with our primitive arrangement you will not be please. So, we will have to content ourselves with having you with us as much as you will want to be. I understand that the Latitude Hotel which as you know is just across Bon Esprit has very much reduced prices for room and pension and the food is supposed to be very good. Perhaps you will change from that awful nousy place the Sub. Anyhow wire us on landing when to expect you in St. Tropez. A new trian, I understand very commodious and pleasant arranged and making good time is running from St Raphael here in very much less time than the bus. You can take that if you wish.

Dear Modest you evidently do not know the relation between Rooker and Sasha, or you would not have written in the same vein as you have. It is as if you would say Sasha should treat you as a pure business proposition and not as a friend for years. True Sasha accepted the translation because he needed the money. And yet that was by no means the only deciding factor. Equally important was Sashas deep interest in Rockers work and his great affection for its author. You also misunderstand Rooker entirely. Naturally since you do not know him. It happens that he is one of the finest, and most considerate of human beings we

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 20, St. Tropez [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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have in the Anarchist ranks. He is entirely too fine and sensitive to other peoples feelings and efforts to want to cause them the least inconvenience. He struggled for weeks and spent sleepless nights before he wrote Sasha that letter. So it is not a question of "having no kick coming or leg to stand upon". It is merely that a consciousness writer who has devoted 15 years ~~to~~ to a work feels and sees things outsiders never can. Now, I think and so does Sasha that Rudolf is wrong in his objections to some part of ~~Rudolph~~ Sashas translation. But we recognise his right in being critical. More than anything else it is because R. does not realize that what sounds first rate in ~~his~~ in German sounds clumsy in English if literally rendered. Another factor is that Rudolf Rocker who has lost everything in Germany and is in a desperately uncertain position in the states is in sheer desperation, hence unable to take matters lightly. In any event there can be no mere business consideration between ~~Sasha and~~ Sasha and Rocker, or any ill feeling on either part.

About the return of some of the money. Here too you are judging wrongly. It is not Rocker who handles the money end its a committee and the money has been collected penny by penny. Sasha has translated only four hundred pages and he has received six hundred dollars, two hundre more than he was actually entitled too. True, Sasha has made a mistake in consenting to charge only \$1 a page when I had arranged with the comrades for \$1200 for the job. Now its clear, if Sasha does not continue the translation he must return the \$200 above the number of pages he has done. Its not a "noble" gesture as you say, its down right decency. However we had a wire from Rocker that he is writing. We are now anxiously waiting for that letter which I am sure will straighten out matters. For as I already stated Rudolf is the last man on

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 July 20, St. Tropez [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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earth to want to take advantage of any human being and least of all of Sasha.

Well, Sasha has lost no time. Some years ago he had written a sketch of Machno which I suggested he should revise and have my friend Ann Lord who placed his translated story The Dictator in the ESQUIRE place it somewhere. It was a difficult job and Sasha worked a month over it. But it turned out a tensely fascinating and interesting sketch. We are sending it off to day suggesting to Ann to try the Saturday Evening Post. Except for Sashas name to which they may object the story should appeal to just such a publication as the S.E.Post. If not she will try Harpers, that failing ESQUIRE who had asked for more from Sasha. Apropos of Harpers, have you read Lyons story about Russia TO TELL OR Not TO TELL. Read it. It will show you how accurate our version ~~is~~ of the frightful conditions in Russia has been.

I have not subletted Bon Esprit after all. The woman could not pay the rent I had to have to make it worth while. But she is going to live in Bon Esprit this winter. In return she has undertaken to put the land and all on it in real condition, fertilize replant and do a lot of other things so necessary. We are very glad to have her because the place goes to ruin if no one is here for five six months.

Of course, my dear you can put your strip up for sale whether I decide so sell mine or not. But I am reasonably certain NO ONE WILL BUY IT BECAUSE IT HAS NO WATER. And if one does it will be for a song. On the other hand I never thought about selling the place without including yours. I confess I am

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Affectionately

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023018

[Letter] 1935 July 20, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest [Stein]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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LUBA STEIN BENENSON
Interior Decorations
44 Greenwich Park North
New York City

July 20-1935

Dear Emma.

I seem to be running out no end of hard luck. Just as things got going fairly well, I came down with an infection of the glands in the groin, due probably to an infection lower on the leg caused by an insect bite. Well, I had to be operated on. First they tried local. Was no good. So had to take a general anaesthetic of gas and ether. Same old - six months, hospital, nurses, etc. ~~Have in it~~ ^{been} In other words - sick as a dog. Am back home with a gash and a drain in my side and not feeling particularly enthusiastic. Had to take up my transportation ticket yesterday. The Steamship Co. has agreed to hold the cabin for me for a few days. Doubt if I can make it. So at this minute it looks like putting off the trip again for a week or two. You see I don't want to leave until I am absolutely sure I am gotten over the infection. At present the incision (two incisions) is kept open for drainage. - Later on it has to heal a close up - And then I shall want to wait

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023018

[Letter] 1935 July 20, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest [Stein]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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a few days it makes zero I am
O.K. — at any rate there are not
many ~~also~~ sailings. the Aug 3 sailing I
am booked for to out. On Aug 10
there is ^{an Italian} ~~no~~ boat ~~has~~ only to Gibraltar.
On Aug 17. the Conte de Savoye leaves for
Nice. — I shall probably take that boat
unless I should decide to come by way
of Paris ~~on~~ which makes it about \$75.00
more for the trip. However it may be
you cannot keep a good man down. —
so I shall come anyhow. Needless to
say this unexpected sickness has hurt
me where it hurts most — in the pocketbook
but I shall manage somehow. Please
let me know when and how to reach
Sasha. I want to send him some money.
Your last letter was vague about S.
exact whereabouts. — Regards —

See you soon
Modest.

112 East 17 — A
112 East 17 street

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 21, St. Tropez [to] Ann [Lord, New York] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 22 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var July 21/35

14724

Darling Ann.

Yest rday Sasha sent you by registered mail two copies of a story he has written of a very remarkable character of the Russian Revolution. I am sure you will find it tremendously interesting, dramatic and fascinating. I who know the character and the history of the case find it vivid and colorful. I mean that even I was impressed with the style and manner of the narrative. And I think so will you be.

I suggested to Sasha to write you to try the Saturday Evening Post first. Of course his name may prevent the acceptance of the story. You know how reactionary that publication is. But the story itself would I think appeal to it very strongly. Anyhow its worth trying because of the high fees the S.E.P. pays. Should it refuse, it would be advisable to try Harpers next. They pay three hundred for a story or article which is very much more than HARCOURT. You remember my extensive and friendly correspondence with George Leighton. I inclose a letter of introduction to him in case you have to take the MSS to Harpers. You'll find him charming and most understanding. And also among the most socially aware editors. It is well to ~~meet~~ get acquainted with him whether he accepts Sashas story or not. I rather think he might. Anyhow, take my letter to him. Should he be away on his holiday I would suggest waiting for his return. You know your self how important it is to negotiate with someone one knows and who is sympathetic, than just the impersonal editor of a magazine. By the way dearest, I have not dated my letter of introduction because I do not know when you will go to Leighton. Better put in the date yourself.

I am inclosing copies of letters recently written. They will tell you all about me. Not a happy state of mind you will find. I feel rotten that I can not settle down to writing. But it is impossible. I am too restless and two writers in one house can accomplish nothing. Besides, I have been away from Sasha so long I feel I must give him all the time he needs and the attention. I am so happy he has succeeded so admirably with the story. It pleases me more than if I had written something myself.

How are you my dearest? How is your job with the C.L.U? I keep wondering whether your son went abroad, whether you are in New York or out of it. I know things are not very gay with you or you would write. Just think darling its ages since you wrote in Sashas letter you were going to write me. I don't want to pester you. But you know how I miss hearing from you. Oh, I wish you were here and we could talk as we did those never to be forgotten months when we were together. I believe I have told you before you were the only bright spot in the otherwise gray tour

I embrace you tenderly my sweet Ann.

Remember me to your son.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 21, St. Tropez [to Lawrence] Marks, [Montreal] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var July 21st 35.

Dear Mr Marks. This will not sail until the 26th on the ~~Empress~~ Empress of Britain. But I happen to have the time to write. So I have decided not to wait. I have as a matter of fact already been negligent in delaying so long to acknowledge your kind letter and the inclosures. I depend on your generous feeling to forgive me.

Thank you loads for having attended to the matter so promptly. It was most kind of you to bother in the first place and then have to make so many corrections which had I been better versed in legal proceedings should have been avoided in the first place. But thats the way with all of us mortals. No sooner to we happen upon a kindly spirit then we must impose on it. Every thing is alright now except that I may have to dispose of Bon Esprit if conditions continue as they are now. But that is another matter.

I have at last heard from Mrs Schwartz but not from Fan Stark. I hope her silence is not do to some simialr trouble as that of Mrs Schwartz. I was horrified to learn that someone had knocked her over while walking on the street and had injured her severly. It was done inadvertantly Mrs Schwartz writes.

Nothing from the dear Rabbi although I have written him. I hope he comes this way. I will give him a glad welcome. The trouble is I am sixteen hours from Paris and few friends come so far when they get to France.

I again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you a very pleasant summer.

Cordially,

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 193[5] July [22?] Scotch Plains, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Free Press, R.R.D. 1, Scotch Plains, N.J. July 2nd, 1978

18898

Dearest Dear Emma: I have had your letter two weeks and oh, oh, oh, I to pray that delay in sending the enclosed list will not have made it useless! I made out the list immediately, but wanted to send it with some real word to you, then your letter got misplaced in my correspondence which is the most unwholesome mess in this tiny shack without a cupboard or drawer and papers piled better shelter on a table, so that its like searching the outcrops of the New York General Post Office to find anything. I expect I should have sent the list to Stella Ballantine rather than delay it until the letter turned up.

Well, my dear, you come through every last brother with head up, so the smile and general spirit of your letter is only what one expects of you -- but how much that is! I realized, my dear, that the leave-taking from Marion and those you love might, perhaps, be a bit easier after the tantalizing respite from partings. I never even entered my head that you should have never heeded my last message which was simply a sign of you in my mind as you do so often. I hope I believe we are long past that point of mere politeness in which conventions of interchange are obligatory.

You should certainly have had a rest after the lectures rather than be plunged into the strain of delivering more in Canada, but I suppose it is a case of not quarrelling with bread and butter whatever the conditions, in present circumstances. I am crazy to get hold of your articles and especially the American impressions, so when you do send a list to the press will you please include my name? Out here in the country, without a car, we scarcely see any publications at all and didn't, for instance, know the general strike was going on until it was over. In general, it is an advantage to work to be cut off from the contemporary scene and even one's friends to some extent while it is in progress, simply because so much happens and so quickly with such over-stimulation of the emotions that it is very easy to be side-tracked from what is already on hand. That you live in the scene continually and yet write inclines me to contradict your assertions about writing. However, you will doubtless tell me that desperation accomplishes what would otherwise be a mirage -- and that I know too well myself to be true.

I am so glad about the apartment. Do you know, for some reason I just can't associate you in imagination with the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Though seeing you there was sheer joy and the one compensation for the general disappointments in not being able to take advantage for myself of your stay in this country. I usually imagine you in London, in that little Vile house rather than in New York. I wish I could get over my aversion to New York, which should have won me by now through the presence of so many friends there; but I hate it and avoid it when I can -- I've been to town for a few hours on business just twice in two months for example. I'm writing to Smith and Eas to send you a copy of my last book, my dear, never apologise for not buying them, for heaven's sake. In that respect I am in your position -- as a generality, though I feel might be most spontaneously interested in my work can't afford books. This last one has been pretty thoroughly misunderstood in America, from the author's standpoint, even here it has been prized. I don't think cerebral elements in fiction are ever digested here, we take emotional hunks of things -- for once, I expect to be better comprehended in England, especially after a letter from my English publisher expressive of a degree of understanding I never got from his American vicar.

My literary agent was Virginia Rice, 175 West 72nd, New York City, and, despite parting with her, I recommend her as worth a trial, since she is far more conscientious and industrious on behalf of her clients than are most of the breed. She is in England at present, but returns the end of August, and her, I think, a representative at her office in her absence. I left her because there has always been friction between her and Smith and I am

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[Letter] 193[5] July [22?] Scotch Plains, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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18896

resolve' to find a way of persuading Smith to let me out of my contract with him and I felt she was not the one to handle this particularly involved situation.

I have agreed to send my next stuff to Carol Hill, Hill and Peters, 22 East 40th Street, as Hill's opposite. Peters, is the agent of both Jack and myself in London, but I haven't, so far, anything to try her out on, nor have I even seen the lady to date. As soon as I have some data on her, I will, if you are interested, report. But as a question of handling the American Impressions, you'd have to take her on faith since I know you would not want to wait. Please use me as an introduction -- or if you think it would be of any use, I will write a letter? Not that you need introducing to gods, but that sometimes it is effective diplomacy to relate us clients to each other.

Jack is attending sessions with the world's authority of disease at the London School of Tropical Medicine and for the moment is so much improved that friends in England write me I'm at last to find out what Jack is like when really well. So I do pray the good work goes on.

One of my reasons for picking Jersey, which is as rugged as New Orleans, was that I found this cheap place in a surrounding Jig might enjoy... but, alas, alas, poor Cyril is still very sick and is trying to go through with a teaching job in a summer school in California and it seemed best to let Jig drive him there and stay with him. Meanwhile I am in my usual throes of borrowing, as I simply can't face going to England without seeing him again -- a year and a half between us already -- and I want to go next month. I had hoped to complete enough short stuff to sell to supply these unfortunate large jobs of cash for travel, but the combination of haste and heat have defeated the intention and work moves rather more slowly instead of less slowly than usual. Still, on borrowed or not borrowed funds, I mean to get there before now and October. So do keep me posted about likelihoods of seeing you, please Emma dear, either before I leave or when I return before I take the boat. It lightens a brain's spirits to think the visa will probably be renewed, and the gods grant it is. I hope you continue to feel heartened about it. And always, if there is anything in this world I can be useful about it helping that or anything else relate to you on, do, do tell me. I'm feeling so fond of Roger Baldwin after his efforts for you I think I could hug him on sight.

But -- and I note it now regarding your letter -- I will miss you, unless I get back from England next summer before you leave. Well, I must say I get pretty sick of this colossal game of hop-scotch both of us seem to be playing.

Dear, dear Emma, it was a two hours full of a very sweet emotional stimulation and exciting interests spent with you last spring -- I shall hope again for one its equal.

I love you, and always,

Evelyn

P.S. Now your letter is recovered, I shall send it to Margaret who is at Martha's Vineyard.

I am doing, as major work, a book on the French Revolution, which I am perfectly convinced (AGAIN) will be my best -- but it needs time.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928214

[Letter] 1935 July 22, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Jeanne [Levey]. —
2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

10729634000000000000

36 S. State Street

CHICAGO

14706
Telephone HAlfston 8000

July 22, 1935.

My very dear Emma:

It is passed two weeks since I received your last letter, but I wanted to wait for some definite news pertaining to the Halperins' departure before writing you. Too I have been to the country resting a while as I have not been up to par with the many disturbing things that have arisen in the past two months; mother's illness, a drop in business and several other disconcerting factors.

Last Sunday as we were celebrating a farewell party for the Halperins at our summer home we learned that one of the Halperin boys took sick with double pneumonia. Julia and Aaron were scheduled to sail on the Ile de France on July 22nd. Their son was immediately taken to the hospital and this of course delayed their travel. They are hoping the boy will be out of danger soon so they can go on with their planned trip.

I am sending some underwear for you, Sasha and Emmy along with the Halperins, as you requested in your last letter. Hope these will fit and be satisfactory. Also hope you enjoy wearing them and please accept them with our compliments.

Your last letter containing a copy of Sasha's letter to Rucker pertaining to the translation is certainly a piece of bad news. I feel very badly to think any such situation had to arise. It seems to me that Rucker would recognize, before the work was so far advanced whether it was being properly translated. If Sasha was doing the work as beautifully as I was given to understand he was, up until the revision was made, it seems that any errors made in this part of the book could be changed to impart Rucker's full meaning of the manuscript.

I heard nothing but praise on the way the work was translated until I received word from you. I am at a loss to understand just why this sudden change and attitude occurred.

I want to say that in Sasha's letter to Rucker he certainly took a magnanimous stand which clearly reflects how big and unselfish an individual he is. I will certainly treasure this letter because I feel that few people would be equal to take the same stand he has done in a

The Emma Goldman Papers

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2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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14707

Telephone MA 8-1111

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~25 East Jackson Street~~

CHICAGO

July 22, 1935

-2-

matter of this kind. He is surely an unselfish individual and I think a lot of him for this. It is usually the selfish individual who wants to place himself or herself in the front place so they can claim all honors. In this case it shows an attitude almost effacing himself.

Last week Ben Capes spent the week here with us and he too received a copy of Sasha's letter. We both came to the same conclusion as to how fine an individual Sasha is. Hope it will be possible for both Jay and myself to have the pleasure of seeing him and knowing him better in the very near future.

In regard to your manuscript which I have, there seems to be some difficulty in getting the thing started. Early in September I will take the task in hand and I feel certain I can raise quite a little money as I have mentioned before. I will also try to dispose of as many copies of Sasha's "Memoire" as I possibly can. I will get busy on this as soon as you send them on to me.

Otherwise there is very little news of real importance to report. Things do not look very bright here. It seems that we have fallen back to such an extent it is difficult for us to rise to any real progress and activity.

Jay is working very hard on the road again. Business has been poor in the past few months. It is necessary for him to pound away all the harder.

As soon as I have definite word from the Halperins as to just when they will sail, I will write you. I hope they will manage to have a visit with you. I know they will enjoy it very much and they are looking forward to same if it is at all possible for them to do so.

Jay joins me in sending our love to you and Sasha.

Finally,

Your Jeanne

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023189

[Letter] 1935 July 23 [St. Tropez to] Emma [Goldman, Nice] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 4 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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"Bon Esprit"

den 23 July, 1935.

Morgens.

Dear Emma:

Ich hoffe, dass Sie eine angenehme Fahrt hatten und ein wenig ~~Wenig~~ Komfort, wenn auch speziell, in unserer kleinen Wohnung finden. Mögen Sie die paar Tage der wohlverdienten Ausspannung genießen -- das ist mein aufrichtiger Wunsch.

Ich sitze im hellen Sonnenschein auf der herrlichen Terrasse, und die Stadt im fernen Nebel zwinkert mit den Augen -- beim Erwachen; bald wird sie aus ihrer weichen Bettdecke schlüpfen und an die Tagesarbeit gehen -- und in ihrem Schoos regt sich der Alltag -- die Mühe, die Sorge, die Freude: DAS LEBEN.

Ich liebe das Steedchen am meisten wenn der Abend seine Flügel darauf ausbreitet und die Ausspannung durch die Geerten zieht. Dann ist Frieden, dann ist Verständnis in der Weite -- bereit uns zu umarmen.

Valentino kam nicht fuer die Nacht, und wie Sie bemerken, ich bin noch heil. Ich bin ihm dankbar, denn -- werden wir nicht reicher je weniger wir uns von Dingen abh ngig machen? Ich denke, ich werde nun allein besser und besser hier sein k nnen.

Alles waere sehr schön -- alles ist sehr schön, jedoch das Beglueckende in mir, das Jauchzende, das POSITIVE, hat den geraus genommen. Da ist eine Leere.

Emma, my dear -- ich sehe mehr und mehr ein, dass wir beide uns nimmer treffen k nnen. Und sehen Sie, DAS WAR MEIN TRAUM. Ein schöner Traum, denn er hat mich angefeuert, begeistert und meinem Ideal naecher gebracht. Sehen Sie, das Ideal hat auch mir sein rosiges Antlitz dargereicht In meiner fruehen Jugend habe ich es gekuesst.

Devotion, tenderness, Zartheit, Frohmuth und -- Treue zu dem und der und denen, die ich in mein Herz geschloesen. Schauen Sie, wenn jeder von uns den unmittelbaren Naechsten ergeben ist, wenn er sie gluecklich macht, diese wiederum dasselbe tun -- in der unendlichen Kette, die die Menschheit miteinander verbindet -- glauben Sie nicht auch, dass dieses die Verwirklichung Ihres Ideals naecher bringen wuerde? Wie es auch sein mag, dieses ist mein Ideal, und es uebertraegt sich auf das niedrigste Tier bis zum hoechstentwickelten Menschen. Ich erkenne in meinem Gefuehl keinen Unterschied WHATEVER in diesem meinem bestimmten Sentiment fuer das Lebende. Fuer mich hat jedes Geschoeepf, sobald es atmet, von der ersten Pflanze auf, eine Seele ein Reagieren -- einen Selbst-erhaltungstrieb.

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881023189

[Letter] 1935 July 23 [St. Tropez to] Emma [Goldman, Nice] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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- 2 -

Dearest Emma, warum WIR uns nicht begegnen koennen, das weisse ich nur zu gut: Sie sind absolut unberuehrt von dieser meiner Welt.... Sie kennen diese fuer Sie "kleinen" oder "begrenzten" Freuden nicht. Sie sehen nicht, dass, wenn ich Sie mit meinem ganzen Herzen anlebe -- das da viel mehr dahinter steckt als "das Lachen eines 6 jaehrigen Kindes". Sie koennen es ja auch nicht verstehen, weil in Ihnen die Freude an all diesen oben genannten Dingen -- grossen Dingen -- kein Ruhepunkt fand.

Also, sehen Sie, wenn ich einen Hand an mich druecke und den Puls meines Herzens fuehle, genau so wie das eines Menschen, so schreiben Sie dieses meiner "geistigen Reife", so, wohingegen Sie nie ermessen koennen, welche innigen Gefuehle zur Natur dieses sich Beugen zu dem Tiere in mir ausloest.

Wenn ich mich ueber die scheinbar einfachsten Dinge bis zum Juchsen begeistern kann -- so schreiben Sie dieses meinem Manne an Geist, Entwicklung oder weiss ich was zu Oh, Emma, Sie sind auf solcher Fahrte! Ich hebe ja das wieder das Leben im mir. Wonach auch immer die Menschheit ansetzte, worueber ALLE Buecher geschrieben, welches Ideal, cause, Sie auch immer betreten. Im tiefsten Sinne ist das Endziel immer dasselbe: dem Menschen zum wahren, innerem Glueck zu verhelfen..... durch soziale Umstaende, durch Philosophien, durch die Kunst.... das ist gleich.

Emma, denken Sie nicht, dass ich unbescheiden bin, aber trotz meiner ~~Ignoranz~~ "geistigen Minderwertigkeit" habe ich dieses Wissen in mir.

Ob ich heute allen Luxus der Welt habe oder ob ich gezwungen bin das einfachste Leben zu fuehren, spielt (solange ich nicht Hunger oder Durst erleide) gar keine Rolle. Und seitdem ich den grossen Mann meines Lebens, der einzige, der in den fruhesten Traeumen meiner Jugend lebte -- getroffen --- hat sich in mir diese meine Ausdrucksweise der sogenannten Lebensweisheit befestigt.... ER ist ja so wunderbar harmonisch in seiner Reinheit und Urspruenglichkeit. Und darum, weil er mir so nahe ist, bin ich ihm nahe.

Und deshalb, sehen Sie, darf es Sie nicht verwundern, dass dieser Mann in mir Glueck findet: Inspiration zur Arbeit, DIE RUHE, DAS SICHERGLASSENE. Denn, liebe Emma, ohne das existiert keine Liebe --- whatever, sei es zwischen Freunden oder Geliebten. Ohne dem beliebt es beim Aufbluhen -- und Erleuchten. Das erwärmende Feuer ist ruhig, gleichmaessig, und wenn wir die Brillen der Tiefe tragen -- dann, ach, dann ist dieses Gluehen ausser der Gleichmaessigkeit -- eine unbaendige Kraft, einen unendlichen Wechsel, eine ewige Neuheit... Es liebt an UNS allein, es zu sehen.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 July 23 [St. Tropez to] Emma [Goldman, Nice] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 4 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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Bo

En bien, my dear Emma, aus all diesen angeführten Gründen werden wir uns stets fremd bleiben. Zwei verschiedene Welten, ohne dass die soziale Einstellung eine Rolle dabei spielt.

Ich bin mit einem reinen Herzen, mit meiner ganzen Devotion und mit all meiner KRAFT mich Ihnen zu widmen -- zu Ihnen gekommen. Oh, Emma, es ist so befreiend wenn man diesen Bewusstsein in der Brust tragen kann!

Heil! Ihre Stichelsien, ihre bitteren Bemerkungen, Ihre sehr oft taktlosen Anspielungen meine Beziehung zu Sasha betreffend oder umgekehrt -- haben meine Unzulässigkeit zu Ihnen ausgelöscht. Oft hätte ich Ihnen, hätte ich gewollt, passende Antworten geben können, hätte ich mich ebenfalls der Taktlosigkeit bedient. Ich freue mich aber so, dass ich es nicht tat. Aber das in Sich Hineinfressen wissen Sie, ist gerade nicht das Mittel einen Charakter zu veredeln und geschweige denn -- die feinsten Instinkte zu pflegen.....

Wenn ich zu voll bin, dann platze ich los, irgendwann, irgendwo..... Ich platze los, wenn die Gelegenheit eine unbedeutende ist. Ich bin keine ~~gute~~ geübte Rednerin, die an Polemik gewöhnt ist und darauf ihre Hauptstärke gelegt hat... Ich bin dünn, unbeherrscht, aufgeregt ~~was~~ unsachlich und daemlich bei solcher Gelegenheit.... Und es ist ganz im Herzen tief vergraben dennoch die Furcht, ZU GROB ZU WERDEN. Grob im Sinne die Wahrheit hinsussprechen; die Wahrheit ist oftmals mit dem Preis der Taktlosigkeit bezahlt.....

UND DAS IST DAS EINZIGE, was ich mir Ihnen gegenüber vorzuwerfen habe. SONST NICHTS. Ich will es Ihnen gestehen, liebe Emma, ich werfe es mir selbst gegenüber noch mehr vor wie Ihnen. Aber.... ist unter meiner Würde. Ich hätte ich bin nicht ICH gewesen. Und dieses sich Verlieren -- ist meine Schwäche...

Ich bitte, dear, von ganzem Herzen, mir dieses zu vergeben, aber kling wie Sie sind, verstehen Sie, dass da eine gewisse Charaktereigenschaft spielt. Denn Emma, ich fürchte Ihre Polemik. Es ist bei mir die Bereitschaft vorwärts zu gehen, Dinge, die ich in dem Sinne für Sie gesagt habe, GEGEN mich angewandt zu werden.....

Ich hoffe, wenn ich Sie wieder sehe, wenn es zu Diskussionen kommt, so bin ich gezwungen, Ihnen das niederzuschreiben....

Ich hoffe, dass ich Sie wieder sehe. Ich sitze, inmitten von Winden gestreut, in der Hitze -- das ist die Hitze -- die Hitze! Aber das Geisse. Wie -- je näher ich von Ihnen bin, je näher bin ich Ihnen verurteilt.

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[Letter] 1935 July 23 [St. Tropez to] Emma [Goldman, Nice] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 4 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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516 B6

- 4 -

Seien Sie versichert, Emma, dass ich in meiner Arbeit
all aufgesammelten Aerger begraben werde -- denn, ich habe
ja nicht den geringsten Zweifel an Ihrer guten, echten Ab-
sicht, gut zu mir zu sein, wie Sie schreiben "wie eine Mutter".

Das allein, und dann das Gefühl von Gerechtigkeit, dass
ich, wenn es um grossen Dingen kommt, in Ihnen leuchten sehe,
wie mir nie erlitten, Sie aufzugeben.

Wenn ich Ihnen schrieb, "Emma I come with all my love",
so war es so. Wenn ich schrieb, "I want to devote myself to
BOTH of you", so war es so.

Und ich schreibe Ihnen: Ich werde es wieder versuchen.

Grossen Sie mir die alte italienische Stadt mit ihren
engen Gassen, mit ihrer Intimität -- grossen Sie von
mir alle verlassenen Hunde ---- Pferde, Voegelchen
Lachen Sie fuer mich alle Menschen an, die angelacht werden
wollen -----

- Und nehmen Sie von mir meine Devotion to you,
where I think you a great woman.

Devotedly,
EMMY



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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 July 24, Nice [to] Edith [O. Schwartz, Westmount, Canada] / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p. ; 30 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

20888

Nice July 24th 35

Dearest Edith. What a frightful thing to happen to you. Could the unfortunate man find no other place to solve the riddle of the universe except the street? It is of course encouraging to find some one in our matter of fact world, so little aware of reality and so deeply lost in thought. Still I wish the man had walked a little less in the stars. My poor dear I can imagine what a shock it must have given you to have the modern Socrates knock you off your feet. Seriously speaking I was horrified to read of your accident. I am considerably relieved to learn that you have so quickly and bravely recovered from the unfortunate mishap. But what about your nose? Even if ones husband continues to be enamored after 21 years he will not much cherish a broken nose. I hope that too is as good as made snow."

Yes, it is an achievement to continue beautiful after 21 years in the eyes of a husband. But after all, Ronny is not so far from the facts in the case. Except that portraiture is not photography. He who merely gives an exact reproduction of a face is not an artist but a house painter. I am sure Erick gave your inner being. So if you and June are satisfied it must be a good portrait. Well I hope to be able to judge for myself in the not too distant future. You see darling I was sixty six years young the 27th of June. And as I should hate to return to my Canadian friends a shrivked, and grouchy old lady I will have to come back while my good looks and giddyness lasts.

Indeed, dearest I shall receive you and your dear ones with open arms if I still own Bon Esprit next year. Alas, I shall probably be forced to sell my lovely place, if I will find someone who will give me more than a song. While it will be painful to part with it I will reconcile myself with the thought that E.G. had no business with property in the first place. It will

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already have been much to have enjoyed the beauty of St Tropez and Bon Esprit for six years. Why expect such wonders to last forever? One must be able to adjust oneself to all the uncertainties of life. And my life though ever so hectic had at least two definite things to look forward to, a prison cell and a place no power on earth could rob me off. The last resting place that makes all equals on this inequitable earth. I therefore do not look to the possible sale of Bon Esprit as a tragedy. But I mean to hold on to it as long as I can. And if you and your interesting husband and lovely daughter should come to France I will receive you with my bells on.

Apropos of June, please congratulate her on the outcome of her exams. Not that I should have thought her less intelligent had she failed. I consider exams the least indication of intelligence. In the past analysis it men the capacity to cram a lot of stuff easily forgotten after examinations are over. But I realize its necessity in the present system of education. I hope the time will come when thought and not memorising will be the mark of real education. I am glad though dear June feels encouraged.

Thank you loads dearest Edith for "them" nice compliment that "three people feel much the better for having had their lives touched by a truly great woman". I am delighted to have done that. But as to greatness, you will see by the inclosed copy of my letter to my good friend, John Haynes Holmes that I consider his tribute of greatness vastly exaggerated. After all what is the proof of greatness if not the capacity to meet serenely all the small things in ones life. And thats precisely what I have never been able to do. I feel thoroughly ashamed to be so easily harassed by trifles. But what will you when one is so ridiculously subject to every ripple on the social sky?

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891214286

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20890

Taking writing for instance. So many writers boast of the ease with which they create and how little effected by external things. Well, if that were the real sign of literary greatness I ~~should~~ would have no right to ever attempt writing. Even at best, with everything around me harmonious and with no anxiety of petty material things I find writing the most excruciating process. Much less have I ever been able to concentrate on writing ~~with~~ in a stressful atmosphere. This is only one example of my lack of greatness. I would not dare to confess all the others for fear of losing your affection which I cherish very much indeed.

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I wonder if there is anything wrong in the Stark family. Not a word from Fan all these months. I really miss hearing from her perhaps because she had spoiled me so the last two weeks I was in Montreal. Such large and generous spirit, such tact and sensitiveness in everything she did to make the end of my stay so very beautiful. I can tell you how great the temptation was to remain on in Montreal and give myself over to the sweet hospitality of Fan and the friendliness I received from you. But it's always been thus, when something I so yearned for was held out to me I had to pick myself up and leave.

I hope you will take the trip to St Diago, the route you intend taking is overwhelmingly enchanting. If you do go remember me most kindly to your parents, your father who has not forgotten us.

I go back to St Tropez at the end of the week so you can write me there. Kindest greetings to Ron and loads of love to you and June. Please give Fan my love and greetings to the rest of the Stark family.

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20888

Nice July 24th 35

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Nice July 25th 35

My Dearest. I have come over to Nice with Sasha for only a few days. Am returning to St Tropez Monday. So keep writing me there. It is alright if you can not always reply to my letters. I wish my other Canadian correspondents were as prompt as you. So it does not matter if you find it impossible to answer the same day when my letter reaches you.

Sarling you don't know how much it means to me to have your love in addition to our comradeship. Real comradeship is rare. Still rarer is the personal understanding and love of ones comrades, the human relationship which is so much more lasting than just merely the bond of ideas. Of course, Ben would hardly agree to that. I had a long letter from him which I mean to answer when I get back to St Tropez. More and more I come to see that Marxism is like Catholicism. Those imbued by either faith are hardly ever emancipated from it. Ben may not even be aware of how very much he is held in the meshes of Marxian ideology. The economic motive blinds him to every other motive in human and social drive. I confess its difficult to practice patience with people who are so steeped in the thicket of the ideological Marxian forest that they refuse to see the trees. Its incredible to me that so intelligent a boy as Ben will continue to harm on the one and only string of the economic motivation at the exclusion of all others. Life itself should teach him and his comrades that important as the economic drive is it is but one fraction of the complex manifestations of the social struggle. And what is more to the point the economic factor alone is not enduring either in the struggle or in comradeship. I have found that out over and over again. And that is why I appreciate friendship and affection that spring like a brook from those I learn to care about much more than I do the approval of E.G. the public woman or the propagandist. Yes, my dearest your love and friendship is among the few wonderful achievements of my visit in Canada. I pride myself on that more than I can tell you. You bet I will cherish it as a great treasure.

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Dearest I fear it is our egotism which makes us cling to the notion that we are so needed in the life of those we care about, or that we can not be replaced. I do not exclude myself for I am subject to the same silly notion though life has given me any number of proofs that our friends get along quite nicely without us. I suppose we need this as a prop for our own longing. Anyway, I have already come to see that there was no need whatever for me to rush away from Canada just at a time when I was beginning to gain ground. Certainly this was the case in Montreal. The spirit at the dinner proved that I had aroused interest that might have been turned to good account for future work. But it has always been thus. I always had to pick myself up and leave when what I struggled for so hard was beginning to bear fruit. Well, if I do return to Canada in the not too distant future I mean to make it for an indefinite time. After all I have not so many years left before me. I ~~must~~ I must hold out somewhere to build up our movement. More than ever I am convinced that I can not pass my last years in inactivity. Perhaps if I had what I crave so much in my private life I might find contentment in it. But I have nothing. The movement is my life, it has been that and will be to my last breath. Not to say I am already planning what to do this coming winter. I shall probably go to England either late this autumn or early next year. The comrades in Holland also want me to come if they can get me into the country. You know I have been expelled two years ago. That would keep me busy until way into the spring. Then I will see. If I can sell Bon Espirit for anything like its cost I will be able to secure Sasha for some time and I will come back to Canada. If not I will come next autumn. Provided of course a tour can be organized. Perhaps some ~~other~~ engagements might be gotten from some of the birth control clinics in Ontario, Hamilton, Windsor, Toronto. Also Ebsendath may be willing to include me in the lectures he is running. I am sure Rabbi Stern would. These are of course mere suggestions. We can bear them in mind when the time comes. For the present I only wish you to know that I am seriously considering to come back to Canada next year some time. Perhaps I will even get into the swing of writing there. I have not been able to do so here. And I doubt whether I will later. I am in a frightfully restless state of mind. Sick with longing for the force that had come like a meteor to me as a result of my return to America. ~~amixmx~~. I can't write about that except to say that I will have to get active again soon to save my soul.

I have not yet heard from New York about Sasha's Memoirs and until I do I will not be able to import the copies. Chicago too has not offered to pay in advance at least the cost of the book. I therefore must wait. I was hoping to have the copies in A. and Canada in time for you and the others to sell them for Sasha's sixty fifth birthday which will be Nov. 21st, perhaps at a little higher price to form a sort of birthday gift for Sasha. I may yet. The trouble is in the summer no one seems able to do anything much. Perhaps by Sept when those I depend on most will be back in New York and Chicago something will come of the proposition to import the Memoirs. This applies also to the A.B.C. Jeanne Levey would be the most willing to raise some money towards the new edition of Sasha's work. But she is away. Anorg would be Anna Olaj. I think I gave you her address. I haven't it here I can send it from St Tropes.

I had a lovely letter from Dine and Tom, I mean since I wrote you last. They are actually coming to us next month. I am looking forward eagerly to their visit. They will bring with them all I cherish of my stay in Toronto.

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Dein wrote me that Milly is the treasurer now. I hope the group has something to treasure. Dein surprised me by the \$14 she sent. I had no idea more money had come in from our lectures.

I am glad you are in touch with the Vanguard group. The last issue of the magazine is a great improvement. I mean to write them to that effect. I also want to offer them the MSS of my article on Communism that had been so butchered in the Mercury. The latter has released the copyright so it could be gotten out in pamphlet form if the comrades should so desire it. Jeanne Levey intends to get out a brochure of my article on the place of the individual in society. It is the only way I have of helping the movement in the states and Canada.

I am delighted to know the Andersons continue to attend the group. They are genuine people it seems to me even if they are steeped in the idea that dictatorship and and terror must precede real freedom. Of course the Anderson are no exception. The bulk of humanity believes in that. You believe in that except that he wants the workers to have economic power and political. As if it matters what the kind of power one has. It is the thing itself and not only its abuses.

Thank you for the snaps. I am so sorry that the other Jewish comrades do not participate in the gatherings you folks are having. Is there no way of prevailing on them to join up. yes, I know Kingsberg, he is the only chap of the numerous ones I used to have every Weds last summer. Too bad Clarence has so little vitality to help.

I am sure Sam Nesbit is faithful and is doing what he can about the publication fund. If the results are small it is as I expected. People do not remain on the heights of their interest when the one for whom they are to contribute is thousands of miles away. By the way I wrote Sam in reference to your letter to my Stella which she had sent me. She wrote that she had written you and the letter had been returned. I wonder why?

I had a letter from Fannie Barrett telling me she joined the League against war and fascism. She hopes to be able to do much good through it. I wrote her to talk to you about your experience with the league, how little scope one has it being dominated by the Communists. By the way dearest do get the Harpers of June. There is a remarkable article by Eugene Lyons about Russia. The man had faithfully served the Soviet regime for years. But finally the reality became more than he could endure. The article is headed IF TELL OR NOT TO TELL. It is almost a verbatim repetition of my article in the Mercury, I mean as far as the facts are concerned.

Give my fraternal greetings to all the comrades. Love to Milly and loads of it to you.

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[Letter] 1935 July 25, New York [to] Emma Goldman, St. Tropez / Alfred A. Knopf. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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ALFRED · A · KNOPF

INCORPORATED



730 FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Cables: KNOPF NEW YORK

Telephones: CIRCLE 7-7670

July 25, 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman:

Many thanks for your kind letter of July 15th. I was glad to send you a copy of the Kromer book - you will perhaps have heard that the English publisher omitted the homosexual chapter and inserted in its place printed on blue paper an apologia. I am also sending Miss Cather's new book which is worthy of her. I could not give it higher praise. Of course it won't please the young Marxists any more than her other books have, but then not all good novels have to be pamphlets.

I doubt very much if I will come to Europe again this year. One is busy in the publishing business in inverse ratio to business and that means that we are frightfully busy now. But when you do go to London, please look up my editorial representative there, Raymond W. Postgate. You will find him in the telephone book.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours sincerely,

Alfred A. Knopf

Alfred A. Knopf

Miss Emma Goldman
St. Tropez
Var, France

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870922433

[Letter, 1935 July between 28 and 31, Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 6 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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Emma's heart's own:

10084

I just got your beautiful letter this week. I had one before that and do not get the idea that I should write to you only when I am in the mood. I am always in the mood to write to you every day. I will certainly write to you every week. Better still, what I really would like to do, what I long to do is to cling to your lips, be close in your embrace and never let you go. Perrest, I have delayed writing you because I have been laid up in the oddest sort of way. For the last couple of weeks, I have been treated

with sun burn. You know how I love the sun and hot days. I laid out on the beach in a bathing suit carelessly exposing myself to the noon rays. The worst of it is that I know better. I know that gradual exposure is necessary. My legs got it worst. My legs were cooked to a crisp. I was unable to walk for a time, just able to crawl painfully across the room leaning on a cane. I had misgivings about walking again, and fears probably groundless of gangrene. It is all in the game of life though. Ce n'est rien. I am back in the world again, as good or as bad as ever. Morris Fagin took me out for a bit of a ride last Saturday evening and it was wonderful to breathe outdoor air and be in the streets again. I went back to work Monday. I still have a bit of swelling, almost gone now though and am getting along first rate, almost my old self, getting a brand new skin like a serpent and all that. I am good at massage which also helps. Enough of my absurd troubles, my darling. Oh, my Goddess, I am not worth all the love you give me but I am eager and greedy for it just the same. My precious woman, I could devour you, could never get enough of you. I was amused at your returning to the age question in the letter before last. Dearest, you are always the fresh, sweet girl to me, the rich, vibrant woman that I want, the ageless spirit of beauty and freedom. By the way, I met Budman one day recently. He is not much older than myself and is, as you know, the companion of Comrade Winona Speer. They went to live together shortly before you came to Chicago last spring and they seem to be getting along splendidly. I am always pleased when some convention of things as they are supposed to be is successfully defied.

Sweet, as to your suggestion about my coming to France next spring, I simply cannot give an answer while, definite answer just now. My own future and prospects are so in the air. With all my heart, I want to come. I would accept the money from you if you had it as I believe that our actions should be according to circumstances and not governed by some abstract general rule. The point is that I may be tied up in my struggle for financial independence. You see life without financial independence is not worth living to me. It becomes senseless and less endurable. I feel of little use to myself or any one else. Unless there can be some expansiveness and gaiety, the ability to move about with some freedom and enjoy some adventure and participate in the affairs of the world, existence becomes a day to day tired mill. Whether my present job will hold out, I do not know. Within the next few months, I may get a small raise in

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salary or I may be fired. These government projects come and go. Nearly every one I know among the intellectuals is working for the government. One week, they will be working for an absurdly small wage on some piddling little project. The next week, the project will be abandoned for lack of funds left in the middle and my friends find themselves out of work again. I may be doing absolutely nothing next spring or I may have a job. If I can, I would like to get into something else. I have various half formed ideas about adult education, sociology, and lecturing. My present work is fascinating to me. The woman who is over me is a little of a boss as any one could possibly be. I have a feeling of oneness with the men of the shelters but I want to get out of it. There is no hope or little hope for more remuneration in it. The very things needed to reintegrate the men are food, clothing, freedom, the fundamental necessities of life. All they get is government promises. That they ought to do is to smash things, tear the shelter shelters to pieces, throw the scraps that is given them as food in the faces of the slaves who hand it out to them, and if possible deluge some of the politicians with it, then break into some of the chain stores or restaurants and take what they need. Such direct action would be a salutary lesson for the bourgeois vermin. Why don't I tell them to do it? Perhaps, because I am not as good a revolutionist as I ought to be and am making excuses to myself. I feel that Sarah would have done it or might have done it. Anyway, the excuses I give myself for not urging the men to riot are these. That they are for the most part demoralized and personally disorganized, that the communists and others have tried vainly to organize them, that they cannot so well physically lead them into the fight, and therefore would not myself run such a risk as they would be running, that they would be exposed through me to arrest, that the police and a club without mercy and would get little good of it. Are these ideas excuses merely? Returning again to the question of getting out of my job and into something else, in spite of everything, it hurts my anarchist pride to be working for the state. I loathe everything official even when some good comes out of it. I feel that only evil can come from government in the long run. Recently, a comrade from Philadelphia named Sarah Greenberg who is active in union work, in the I. L. G. W. suggested to me that I write to a man

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10086

3.

name d Spens e r Viller in Washington. He has charge of the workers' education which the A. F. L. is undertaking. He thinks he might take me on. I have little respect for the A. F. of L. but I feel that it might be better than a government. By the way, concerning the men with whom I work, don't imagine that I've advised moderation even if I didn't lead them into open revolt. When they make threats, I tell them to go ahead and that anything they do is justified. I keep reminding them that they are workers; that even if they should get little jobs guaranteeing security for a while, that they are entitled to more, that nothing is too good for them, and that no one but themselves can ever get it. I spread propaganda galore anyway..

Coming to you in France next spring would be a glorious experience. To be with you, that, the delight of it is beyond anything that can be expressed. Then I would meet Cassa. My life and my education will never be complete until I have really talked to him and spent some time with him. Then, France is the home of my spirit. I feel French in a way. My tradition, my early love of French literature and the French approach. Somehow, to me, la liberte et la egalite are more free and equal than their English equivalents. Mind you, I often get along better with people of other nations but there is something intimate and familiar about France. Darling, your suggestion thrills me but you see, I am completely in a muddle about carrying it out. Vous avez raison. Chances may be clearer. I imagine though that your return to Canada is more possible of accomplishment, not that I am willing to fling everything to the winds but for a kind of sense of duty which makes me insist upon becoming independent if possible. I am not at all rejecting your suggestion dearest about coming to France. Its accomplishment is just not clear to me. I note that my Goddess is not impressed with my Windsor suggestion and she is probably right. Still, I think she exaggerates the difficulties. I know, though I have never been there that Windsor is a dreadful little hole but Canada is as dreadful country and Windsor can scarcely be much worse than the rest of it. I suggested it because it is on the edge of a large American city from which I was thinking you could draw contacts either in a business way or for propaganda influence. I would be the last person in the world to want my adored Goddess exposed to curiosity seekers. Any attempt to connect her with the sensational infuriates me. Still, any place of business that she might establish would not need to be that. It could be rather an educational center. Would there be those arbitrary alternatives of catering to the idle rich or going bankrupt feeding the poor. Maybe so. The latter would be the greatest danger since my darling's heart has always been so much larger than her purse. It might be possible, though, to establish a place to which a number of cultivated people would come, the sort who are not just seeking thrills, who would probably not become anarchists but through the contact would become the sort of sympathetic outsiders we need. Dearest, I am not stubbornly insisting on these points. I see the force of your objections and I can by no means answer them. I am just trying to discover

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870922433

[Letter, 1935 July between 28 and 31, Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 6 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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10087

4.

I went off the page. I was saying that my most cherished hope is that I will again be with you, close to you, in you, as close as two human beings can come physically, intellectually, spiritually. Emma, my enchanting, sublime woman, I adore you.. At this moment,, I am savoring your lips, your breasts, all your body with ardent kisses.

You sent me a letter which I do not know whether you intended to send or not. You spoke of letters you had written to comrades.. These you did not send to me. Are they the same which you sent to Anna Olaj and want me to pass on to Jo Goldman? The letter you sent me with your letter before last was one that was written to Roker concerning the misunderstandings about the translation. After I read it, I worried, not knowing whether it had been intended for me to read. If you want it, I will send it back to you. I can sympathize with Sasha's difficulty. I remember that we had a devil of a time with Maximov's little pamphlet when we were attempting to get it in to some sort of presentable English. I wanted to break up his sentences which spoiled the rhythm of them for him. The new expressions which were doubtless quite apt in Russian but became incongruous in English and sometimes, he insisted on keeping them. For instance, he used the word moral in the most fantastic way.. Such and such an economic principle is not moral. I jammed in ethical, advisable and the Lord knows what where I could.. Still, Roker knows English far better than Maximov. I think the chief difficulty is that he and Sasha are not in a position to talk it out as the translation goes along. I think if they could working that way, agreement could easily be reached. It will be a profound disappointment to me and to many people if Sasha is not the translator of Roker's book. By the way, I have not said a word or a syllable of any of this to any of the comrades. I do not know whether you people want it known or not. Oh, you also sent Sasha's letter to the editor of Esquire. That charge looks to me like the work of some ignorant Bolshevik. Is there anything I can do to enlighten Mr. Gingrich as to who Sasha is or what he stands for? He did live in Chicago and may still. As to Sasha's birthday, I will be delighted to do all I can about it. The Vanguard would accept an article from me.. They are personal friends of mine. Do you think that you or I had better write them beforehand to suggest that I write it so that they will save the space etc.

Oh, by the way, you asked me if I would lend you Frank Lloyd Wright's book. Gladly dearest, when it comes back to me. I have an Anarchistic attitude toward books. If I own them and have read them, they become an obnoxious sort of private property to me if some one is constantly reading them. So I constantly lend them and they drift back to me after a time. Frank Lloyd Wright is in circulation just now but as soon as it comes back to me, I will send it on to France, wishing it was between the covers of it.

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10000

5.

You mentioned that you had not found much Anarchism in Hackett's Henry the Eighth. Really.. I think you will further on. It was a concrete lesson in Anarchism to me. It may be that the points which were arresting to me were so obvious - to you that you did not notice them. It unfolds the process of the organization of the modern state in the sixteenth century which Kropotkin himself emphasizes and the ruthlessness of that process. It shows how every personal interest and aspiration, the live and slender earnings of the poor, the ambitions of the rich were at the mercy of the relentless dynastic machine which existed to enlarge itself and under a changed regime has continued to enlarge itself at the people's expense to our own time. It demonstrates the inevitable abuse of power throughout history no matter what the hopes were of good results from that power. It shows how few enlightened people like Erasmus and Sir Thomas More knew the horror of the age but could do nothing about it because the power of the state was against them. In Hackett's Francis the First, the Anarchistic implications are still more striking. There is a wonderful contrast there between Machiavelli and Erasmus. Machiavelli though an interesting and even amiable person was the original fascist wishing to subordinate all of life to the state. Erasmus held that the really important consideration was a good life for people. It is like what Rokefort told us of the contrast of the ideas of Goethe and Herder. Goethe wanted a league of states to abolish war, a league of nations. Herder said that the states could never accomplish that happy result. Herder maintained that the one guarantee of peace was a union of men of good will throughout the world. That phrase men of good will as Herder applied it and as Rokefort applied it has stuck with me. I think Hackett's books are his torical treatises on Anarchism whether he knows it or not.

Emma, my sublime, inspiring, playful, adorable woman. I imagine the supremely beautiful musical instrument your voice and your body that is heaven's bliss to me and your teaching and caressing me, my Mother, my Goddess, my woman. I am always in the mood to write to you and will write again before you get this and regularly providing I am not fool enough to roast myself in the sun again or get into some other absurd muddle.

Always and with all of me, my heart, soul, and body, I love you.

Frank.

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10089

6.

D. S. Darling, when I finished this letter late at night, I did not have the right sized envelope, so was unable to

mail it which was fortunate. Before I got around to mailing it, I had a conversation with Mary which altered my whole attitude toward your suggestion. I had been over here for several days and had not had the opportunity to talk to her save over the telephone. I told her on getting home of your suggestion of your trying to get me over there next spring and of my indefinite answer to you. She said to me, "You idiot, in rejecting that, you are losing the opportunity of a life time. The things you may do there, the people you may meet there, and the prestige of having been there in undertaking any work later means more to your future than any piddling little job you may be holding next spring." Please understand clearly dearest that it was not any idea of opportunity which changed my mind. To me, the main opportunity is the wonderful opportunity to be in your arms. But what made me inclined to reject or doubt your suggestion was, believe me, my sense of duty and my feeling that for her sake and because she has supported me, I should not neglect any opportunity to be working here no matter how insignificant the work and that I should not let any desire of mine swerve me from it. Mary regarded me as wild, lazy, and the pagan of pagans and I feel guilty to all of it but I have a sense of duty, a very insistent one, please believe me. Well, well, you see, what Mary said made me feel that there is no question of duty involved, that I am not in any way required to reject your generous offer. Therefore, sweet heart, my answer about coming to France next spring is, yes, yes, if you can manage it without too great difficulty and unless in the meantime, I should get some special type of work which would make it imperative for future financial independence to remain here. Darling, I hope you will understand that it was not and is not any mercenary consideration of money I could be getting on any job here which made me hesitate. I am like yourself without commercial instincts and that is one of the facts which made me reverence you and love you. It was just the feeling of my duty about financial independence. So yes, I will come if it can be made possible. One thing I implore you. That is, not to make it a life and death matter. I mean, please do not put yourself to any extra physical strain or effort to bring it about. Remember that it is the furthest thing from my thoughts to regard it as any promise or certainty or anything of that sort. If it can be conveniently arranged, magnifique. If not, I am a bit of a philosopher and will take it in that way. In case it does not come off, you can come to Canada or I will get to you when I can, on my own hook. If I do come to you in the spring, I want to help you with the book or in any way that I can and would not be happy unless I could do that. I do not regret any help I can give you as of any importance but it may contribute something, some angle or approach and would be a real satisfaction to me. The main thing, woman of my heart, is that we would be together. Whether the place of residence, the external geography is Europe or the north pole, my idea of paradise is to be in your arms

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[Letter] 1935 July 29, New York [to] E[mma] G[oldman], St. Tropez / Marshall A. Best. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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3910

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July 29, 1935

Mrs. F. G. Colton
Bon Esprit St. Tropez Var
France

Dear Mrs. Colton:

Much as we should like to cooperate with you, it is really impracticable for us to send you review copies of our books while you are in Europe. If possible, we will send you an advance copy of any books on which a comment from you would be valuable here and I have no doubt that there will be some of these during the year. On our general publications, however, no matter how much attention you can give them in Europe, we cannot hope to profit by it because of the difficulties of book distribution; and inasmuch as our complimentary copies are limited, we must necessarily restrict them to the places where they will be of most value to us.

Sincerely yours

Marshall A. Best

THE VIKING PRESS INC.

MAB/ee

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 July 30, Holdenville, Okla. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Ben [Capes]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 15 cm.

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CAFE UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

11841

KEYSTONE HOTEL

KEYSTONE HOTEL CO.

HOLDENVILLE, OKLA.

7/30

1935

My dear Emma

This is one time I'm going to catch up. How, simply by not letting the reply linger. First of all I know you are anxious about Florence, and I just received a few lines from her wherein she says she has been at the house to dress her wound and says that everything is coming along nicely, her mouth and eye is reacting to the electrical treatment he is giving her. I know it will be months before she will completely recover, the Dr. told me so confidentially but I'm happy to know that tumor is out of her head, as we might have lost her. Murky has had the first jolt of his life.....

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ART. NEW NAME MANAGEMENT

11842

KEYSTONE HOTEL

KEYSTONE HOTEL CO.

HOLDENVILLE, OKLA.

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Out of 150 pre-med students 57 were admitted and only about seven Jewish boys and they were all in the top class. Washington U. requires very high grades. Anyway he applied to Columbia U. - in Mo. - and was accepted there. That means away from home and entails an expense I am not able to meet... Since So Ida came to the rescue..... That old trick is determined to see that kid thru, so listen to this! We are breaking up home, Ida is going out to the sunrise dormitory and the expense of keeping a home will keep Sonny in school. She solved this all by herself in her own quiet way. To tell you the truth she took me by surprise when she suggested it, for she never was much in favor

The Emma Goldman Papers

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CAFE LINDEN AME MANAGEMENT

11243

KEYSTONE HOTEL

OFFICE IN
KEYSTONE HOTEL

HOLDENVILLE OKLA

193

of the colony. That is as far as she herself was concerned. Some how she always had an idea—that the entire project would rest on her shoulders... and that she would be given the hardest work to do. But since schooling made her change her mind, and she now looks at the project in a much more rational way. So there you have the family gossip in a few words. I trust you and Sasha have that the Rocker book cleared up and that all will be O.K. in that respect and that both of you will be ready for a big time when the Halperins arrive. I should write Sasha a letter and will surprise him some of these days. Please tell him and Emmy that I think of them when I write you. My love to the three of you Ben.

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870928217

[Letter] 1935 July 31, New York [to] E[mma] G[oldman, St. Tropez] / Ann Lord.—
6 p. ; 20 × 13 cm.

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copy address file
New York City, N.Y.
Suite 701, at 53 Park Row,
July 31, 1935

14712

DEAREST E.O.:

YOUR GOOD LETTER AND ONE FROM A.B. ALONG
WITH MANUSCRIPT, ETC., ETC., HAVE JUST BEEN REC'D
BY ME. THIS IS TO ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF ALL
IN GOOD SHAPE, INCLUDING LETTER OF INTRODUCTION
TO MR. LEIGHTON, EDITOR OF HARPERS, AND THIS
IS TO SAY FURTHER, THAT I WILL CAREFULLY READ
INSTRUCTIONS FROM YOU AND SASHA AND THEN MAKE
EVERY EFFORT TO CARRY OUT YOUR WISHES FOR THE
BEST OF ALL CONCERNED.

MY JOB CRACKED PAYING ME A FEW DAYS AFTER
MY LAST LETTER TO ST. TROPEZ AND BECAUSE I HAD HAD
TO BE LOCATED ALMOST EVERY WEEK, I HAVE DELAYED
WRITING YOU MUCH OF THE NEWS IN MY HEART - I REALLY
KEEP ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR WHAT WOULD INTEREST YOU
IN EVENTS HERE- AND IT INCLUDED THE TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT IN MY NATIVE STATE- MISSOURI- IN WHICH
SENATOR CUTTING LOST HIS LIFE. WHEN I SAW IN THE
PAPERS THAT CLIFF MCCARTHY WAS HERE IN CHARGE OF
THE FUNERAL, AS CUTTING'S SECRETARY, I LOCATED HIM
OVER THE TELEPHONE, AND HAD A TALK WITH HIM ABOUT
HIS PROMISE TO ME, TO SEND YOU THE PROMISED MONEY
UPON YOUR RETURN TO EUROPE. I GAVE HIM THE ST.
TROPEZ ADDRESS, ALTHOUGH ASSUMING THAT HE KNEW IT,
I RECOUNTED TO HIM THE ABSENCE OF FINANCIAL RETURNS
FROM YOUR UNTYRING EFFORT AT LECTURES, WRITING,
ETC.; REITERATING THAT YOU NOW NEEDED THE MONEY..

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Report.

14713

Cliff McCarthy: Cliff told me that he now had about \$200 for you, that he thought he could add ^{I saw that Sen. C. C. Clegg had \$500.00} to that, and for me to write him air-mail special to the Cutting residence at Washington, D.C. (where Cliff held forth,) all the news of you that I could. I stated what I have said in the beginning of the letter, and sent it out within thirty minutes after my conversation (over phone) with him. I stressed your need, and he was as sweet as he has always been, even to say, "please remember me to Emma with devotion, love and kisses, and say that I'm returning to Mexico at once ^{the following night} to carry out various behests etc., etc., for Bronson (Cutting) and that she WILL hear from me with finances soon. That is the last I have heard. However, with your letter before me. I can write him a note reminding him that you are in St. Tropez ^{hoping it will be forwarded} because I remember that he said you'd probably stop off at Paris and visit friends before going to the southern part of France. My Son. Owing to lack of strength ^{Son} had to cancel the Meroff engagement. He has charge of Willard Robison's musical library (orchestral) and is resting and trying to recover. He is improving. This job pays very little, not enough to support him, but, I think he will get along. However, I am not making any effort to help him, as he is ^{eventually} not a "leaner" and can take care of himself. He wishes to be remembered to you. He gives a lecture, everytime he has an opportunity ^{on} the

Miss Emma Goldman

The Emma Goldman Papers

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III.

14714

unfairness of your exile. I do not live with my
^{I live alone & near by -}
son, ~~and~~ I am writing for what you call the "pulp" which are the very cheap magazines- and I'm writing love stories for shop girls. One a week- at the lowest price is \$15. and if I can devote 8 hours a day to it and improve, that is write better and with more polish, I can get \$50 soon- that is in three months or so. So I am plugging along trying to. This is only to keep body and soul together - to give me bread and butter while getting a start in New York. I intend to stay here until I save enough ~~money to come and see you.~~ By that time I might be able to have sold a lot of stories, scenarios, etc., etc., for you and Sasha, and you will be free and ready to put the finishing touches to the last draft of your next book and I would be ^{to do some typing etc. &} in a position ^{perhaps -} to get it ready for you to place. If not, I could come and see you and attempt my own book (which you have encouraged me about.) My trouble about writing is that I come from such a conservative family-backwoods hill people- who never talk, never express themselves and keep all their feelings tightly bound up inside them.

When I start to write- and want to write like Evelyn Scott did in "The Narrow House" because a girl married at 15- mother at 16 with a ^{German} child- divorced from the father of her child who could neither read nor write and then married a

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iv.

.14716

A one-act play would enable me to sell your
and Sasha's books- handle this through your
publishers, or in the manner that would net you
and he the most money, and create a demand for
articles, stories and would help in interesting
a producer in the dramatization of your book.

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"Living My Life"

I have been to see Mr. Lyuenberg, Assistant
Director, and he has asked me to ~~see~~ come in and
he will furnish me with any help I may need to
further continue building up information, data, &
etc., about your work, writings, etc. I have ~~tried~~
again to get Malmato part with those things but ~~he~~
he will not. (At this time) I wondered if I might
not get the same thing started here that
Ange Inglis has in Ann Arbor, and get the same
privilege to send material to all students all
over the world, but am not in a position financially
to tackle so big a project at this time, but first
get settled on a job that will be remunerative
enough to make it possible. Ange's brother gives
her an allowance on which she lives so she can ~~work~~
carry on this work.

Ange Inglis

My letter in May was unanswered. I feared
she was ill. I wrote again recently, and she
is the same hard-working and devoted care taker of
the Labadie collection. She is so ~~eager~~ eager for us
to cooperate in getting the New York collection

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IV

14718

millionaire, whose name was in the social register
and who later in defiance of everything worked
her way through an accreditu university and
brought up her son and a daughter (step) and a
(half sister to her son on his father's side)
and survived- especially after the rich man died-
and the family had everything arranged so she
would be left practically penniless- it really does
does make a sensational story which though truthful
seems stranger than fiction. However, enough
about myself, eventually, I can't know when I shall
come to see you. In the meantime, I shall do all I
can for you and Sasha's ^{writing} art. If you wish - or
would care to attempt it, I can make a suggestion
that would go hand in hand with my experience;
in producing plays-I've helped with 11 recently.
Write a one act or three act play and call it

"OUTWARD BOUND" or "BOUND FOR NOWHERE" or
"DEPORTEL" or "WHERE THE HEART IS" or maybe you've
got a pet title. But have it ^{depict} the experiences
of a group of deportees. If you can, and I can
sell it to a producer here for a Broadway play,
^{production} reserving the rights for moving pictures,
etc., etc., and in this way, you really could make
some money. The reason I have said very little
is that I must first get a strangle hold on a job
myself before I can make unque promises, for
promises must be kept. And, unless I CAN keep them,
I don't want to make them.

King Edward Hotel
New York
Emma Goldman

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870928217

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VI

34717

Since Mr. Malmé refuses to let us have the material, why can't we start with what I can get from Agnes^f and friends who have promised me things, and Agnes^f said she could give me a giving me all her duplicates, she says, good start on this, and since this is the heart of the U.S. and your home is in New York state why couldn't this be called the Emma Goldman collection? That is as it should be. Students could be referred to it by you, by your friends, by everyone, for that matter and it would be more fitting than to call it the Malmé collection, anyway. Maybe this is the way it should be!

She says to please remember her to you and that you are still the greatest individual she has ever had the pleasure to meet— and she has met them all in the last fifty years— she says. She says her health is better than when you were here, and that she is more deeply entrenched in the work, if possible, than ever before.

Finis.

I will write you at once in detail about everything I have in the way of manuscripts for both you and Sasha, what has been accomplished, and how, and as it will take a week to make the rounds, I can send you a letter in 7 days. But after carefully reading what I have just received, I will act accordingly and report.
Devotely,

Ann Lord

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811922947

[Letter, 1935 July 31, New York to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez (fragment)] / Ann Lord. — 4 p. ; 27 x 17 cm.

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III.

unfairness of your exile. I do not live with my son, ^{I live alone & near by -} and I am writing for what you call the "pulp" which are the very cheap magazines- and I'm writing love stories for shop girls. One a week- at the lowest price is \$15. and if I can devote 8 hours a day to it and improve, that is ~~write~~ better and with more polish, I can get \$50 soon- that is in three months or so. So I am plugging along trying to. This is only to keep body and soul together - to give me bread and butter while getting a start in New York. I intend to stay here until I save enough money to come and see you. By that time I might be able to have sold a lot of stories, scenarios, etc., etc., for you and Sasha, and you will be free and ready to put the finishing touches to the last draft of your next book and I would be in a position ^{to do some typing etc & perhaps -} to get it ready for you to place. If not, I could come and see you and attempt my own book (which you have encouraged me about.) My trouble about writing is that I come from such a conservative family-backwoods hill people- who never talk, never express themselves and keep all their feelings tightly bound up inside them.

When I start to write- and want to write like Evelyn Scott did in "The Narrow House" because a girl married at 15- mother at 16 with a Caesarian child- divorced from the father of her child who could neither read nor write and then married a

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IV (

millionaire, whose name was in the social register and who later in defiance of everything worked her way through an accredited university and brought up her son and a daughter (step) and a (half sister to her son on his father's side) and survived- especially after the rich man died- and the family had everything arranged so she would be left practically penniless- it really ~~does~~ does make a sensational story which though truthful seems stranger than fiction. However, enough about myself, eventually, I don't know when I shall come to see you. In the meantime, I shall do all I can for you^r and Sasha's ^{of writing +} art. If you wish - or would care to attempt it, I can make a suggestion that would go hand in hand with my experience: in producing plays-I've helped with 11 recently. Write a one act or three act play and call it

" OUTWARD BOUND " or " BOUND FOR NOWHERE " or " DEPORTED " or " WHERE THE HEART " IS or maybe you've depict

got a pet title. But have it/the experiences of a group of deportees. If you can, and I can sell it to a producer here fo r a Broadway ~~play~~, ^{production} reserving the rights for moving pictures, etc., etc., and in this way, you really could make some money. The reason I have said very little is that I must first get a strangle hold on a job myself before I can make undue promises, for promises must be kept. And, unless I CAN keep them I don't want to make them.

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V.

A one-act play would enable me to sell your and Sasha's books— handle this through your publishers, or in the manner that would net you and ~~he~~ the most money, and create a demand for articles, stories and would help in interesting a producer in the dramatization of your book.

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"Living My Life"

I have been to see Mr. Lydenberg, Assistant Director, and he has asked me to ~~me~~ come in and he will furnish me with any help I may need to further continue building up information, data, & etc., about your work, writings, etc. I have tried again to get Malmed to part with those things but ~~he~~ he will not. (At this time) I wondered if I ~~might~~ might not get the same thing started here that Angès Inglis has in Ann Arbor, and get the same privilege to send material to all students all over the world, but am not in a position financially to tackle so big a project at this time, but first get settled on a job that will be remunerative enough to make it possible. Angès' brother gives her an allowance on which she lives so she can ~~carry~~ carry on this work.

Agness Inglis

My letter in May was unanswered. I feared she was ill. I wrote again recently, and she is the same hard-working and devoted care taker of the Labaddie collection. She is so eager for us to cooperate in getting the New York collection

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The Emma Goldman Papers

811922947

[Letter, 1935 July 31, New York to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez (fragment)] / Ann Lord. — 4 p. ; 27 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

VI

Since Mr. Malmed refuses to let us have the material, why can't we start with what I can get from Agnes^s and friends who have promised me things, and Angess^s said she could give me a giving me all her duplicates, she says, good start on this, and since this is the heart of the U.S. and your home is in New York state why couldn't this be called the Emma Goldman collection? That is as it should be. Students could be referred to it by you, by your friends, by everyone, for that matter and it would be more fitting than to call it the Malmed collection, anyway. Maybe this is the way it should be!

She says to please remember her to you and that that you are still the greatest individual she has ever had the pleasure to meet- and she has met them all in the last fifty years- she says. She says her health is better than when you were here, and that she is more deeply entrenched in the work, if possible, than ever before.

Finis.

I will write you at once in detail about everything I have in the way of manuscripts for both you and Sasha, what has been accomplished, and how, and as it will take a week to make the rounds, I can send you a letter in 7 days. But after carefully reading what I have just received, I will act accordingly and report.

Devotedly,

Ann Lord

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115207

[Letter] 1935 July 31, Seattle, Wash. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Rose [Pesotta]. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

ELIott 2424

DRESSMAKERS' UNION, Local No. 184

6089

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

Affiliated With American Federation of Labor

LABOR TEMPLE, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

July 31, 1935

Dearest Emma:

I was almost giving up hope of hearing from you, when this morning they delivered to me your last letter. Needless to say it made a real trip around the states before it reached me. And as you see I am still here. But fortunately for me not for long: I am leaving this coming Friday August 2nd for New York. The strike is still on.

Permit me to explain the passage in my last letter: far be it for me to compare my trials and tribulations with those you had to bear for forty years, but what interest me most is this: after forty years of continuous propaganda and education nothing stuck in the minds of our free, white american working class. Although you blazed the trail in those years gone by--here comes an organizer, a perfectly legitimate organizer, backed by a powerful and rich trade union, with a president occupying a very high position everywhere, and still, and still--nothing matters to these complaisant wage earners. They shower abuse, send to jail, kick and fight with me, just like they did years ago, regardless of the years of change, regardless of the powerful organization that is here to help them. That is what bothers me most. And my question is the following: did not our dear comrades Peter Kropotkin and his associates overestimate the goodwill and co-operation of the poor and downthrotten? Was'nt it a little superficial to maintain that all the good qualities rest with the wage earners, and everything evil is part of the employing class? For years I have been working among the working class directly, not simply lecturing or writing about them. I have seen those who are susceptible to propaganda and those who have their eyes and ears shut against us. I have had all opportunities to give these people education and enlightenment, and still I find our road very, very hard. These last several years of work in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles etc. gave me enough experience and some knowledge of what our dear proletariat thinks and wants. Well enough about my troubles.

I shall be back in New York on or about the 15th of August. If you intend to return to Canada soon I shall pay you a visit there, or mayhap you could come to visit me in the U.S.A. later. For all we know things do happen. Meantime I hope that you get a good rest. Do write me on my New York address: 328 East 19th Street or directly to the ILGWU 3 West 16th Street.

My love to you,

Rose

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023175

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 1? St. Tropez to] E[mma Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 19 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

My dear, dear E. It is with much heartache that I learn of your unchanged condition. I dare not bear to think that it was aggravated by our misunderstandings. I should really reproach myself for all my sins if I did not know that your misery is of long duration, long before you know this very bad mother-in-law of yours. Still, I wish I had expressed my moods and irritations more than I did. For I certainly did not want to hurt you, or drive you out of the house. You may believe me I am most unhappy about the end of our summer which had such a promising beginning. My one desire is that you may soon be well again, as well as your stomach condition will ever let you.

Chicago friends wrote me from Le Havre that my beloved friend Jeanne Levey has given them a package containing underwear for you, Sasha and myself. I had written Jeanne about them. And of course she sent everything. Just as soon as the parcel gets here from Le Havre I will send your union suits and sashes to you. I shall probably go straight to Paris when I leave here early in Oct. and as Sasha may not come here before then I will send the underwear.

With love and heartfelt wishes for your recovery.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023187

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 1, Nice [to] Emmy [Eckstein, St. Tropez?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

B o

Nice August First D.

Emmy, my Dear. Ever since I received your letter I have been debating with myself whether to answer it or not. You see my dear, the older I grow the more convinced I become that explanations do not explain. The more I realize the German saying, "Was Du Nicht fahst wirst Du nie errathen.". That is supposed to apply only to love. But I am certain it also applies to friendship and every form of human relationship. If people lack faith in each other. When they begin with recriminations, when they weigh and measure every word and every look. Then it is useless to try to explain. In fact it only tends to make matters worse and to widen the gap between them. I feel therefore it would be wiser not to answer all the charges you have laid at my feet in your letter. At the same time I hate to make you think that I do not consider your letter important, not worthy of a reply. That is not the case. Truth to tell I consider your letter very thoughtful as I did with most of the letters you sent me to Canada. And so I have at last decided to try once more to answer your letter.

Among other things you stated was the one that you live in fear I might use your letters against you. I confess I don't know what you mean. Is it possible that you still know me so little as to suspect me of such a breach of confidence that I would ever use your letters with Sasha or any living soul? You have made me realize these last few months that you still know little of my inner being. Still, you can not be so lacking in perception as to seriously charge me with indiscretions in the sense of using your letters. I can only assure you that you need have no misgivings about that score. But while I would never divulge a single word of what you have so often written me I do not think it a discretion or breach of confidence to call your own attention to some of them. I do so merely to show you that it is one thing to write wonderful things. It is another to carry them out in one's daily living. Now, I am as sure as I can possibly be that every friendly and loving letter you wrote me came straight from your heart. That you believed every word you say.

For instance, that you have changed towards me. That you understand me now. That no matter what happens you would take everything in the right spirit. That in fact it would not matter since the principle thing is your realization of our friendship. I say, I am certain you felt and meant all that when you wrote it. But you know yourself that your nervous state is such that you rise to the heights so often only to come down with a thud. To see how when your stomach bothers you what was white to you when your physical condition was bearable. Proof for that is the fact that you began to misunderstand and misinterpret everything I said, did or did not do almost immediately after my return from Canada. You flew up because I made the innocent remark about the expense of paint. Far from realizing that I referred to it because of our straitened economic condition, the hopelessness of our material future, you throw ingratitude into my face. I will come to this idea of gratitude later. Now I only wish to say that your indignation because I spoke frankly about the expenditure was mere the proof that what ever assurance you had given me of your affection for me and your willingness not to misunderstand simply

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 1, Nice [to] Emmy [Eckstein, St. Tropez?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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2

operated when confronted with our daily life. And it has continued all through the months since my return. Thus it was possible for you to charge me with rank inconsistency in the way I lived in Germany. In fact you actually had taken the liberty to judge me by the appearance of the Postkamer Appt. Nor even to keep your impression gained so light to yourself? but to rush off to your mother to say that E.G. lived like a bourgeois. If you had given the matter a moment's thought then, or since you would have known that Sasha lived in the same Appt and shared with me whatever I had as indeed we have shared and will to the very last breath all our lives. And that for this reason alone you should not have been so ready to condemn me on mere sight. ~~Amputations~~ However, I am willing to grant you that you were carried away by appearance in 1922. Since then you have had occasion to know me better. How was it possible then for you to revert to the opinion you held then if it was not for the fact that your old antagonism against me has remained buried in your being? And that you really have not changed towards me though you had earnestly tried? Well, you say in your last letter it is because I do not appreciate your gaiety, because I indulge in "Stichelein", and because I am tactless. I am sure you feel these charges to be the cause the main cause of the wall between us. Well, my dear while I am willing to concede that these may be contributory forces they can not possibly be the driving motivations. For the reason that even if they were true they are too trivial to permit anyone whose letters were so permeated with affection and assurance of friendship to act so differently as you have thought you would.

No, my dear Emmy, my Stichelein, or my tactlessness do not represent the insurmountable gap between us. It is something much deeper, something more exclusive of all else. It is your inordinate, almost pathological sense of possessiveness of Sasha. It is this which colors your every thought and action. It is this which simply can not bear that anyone, especially I should have any part in Sasha's life, his thoughts, his work, in fact in anything pertaining to Sasha. Of course, I know how bravely you tried to emancipate your self from that feeling of complete ownership, that monopoly of, not only a human body, but what is more deadly the human spirit. Every one of your letters breathed your brave effort. How could you have assured me that Sasha needs me, needs the intellectual inspiration I can give him. You do remember don't you dear how often your repeated Sasha's need of me? Sasha is ill you wrote, he is depressed, he does not eat, he goes through tortures with the translation and ever so much more. You believed all this yourself, and you were determined to be free and big about me and what I can bring Sasha. But when I arrived and you were face to face with the need of my part in Sasha's life and work it was too much for you. It was too much for you that Sasha should consult me on the Machno story and accept my suggestions and opinions. It was too much for you that in any important issue as relating to our social attitude we should speak the same language. Of course you were not even aware of the dominant cause of your irritations. Hence you ascribe all our trouble to my tactlessness, or to the lack of capacity in me to be gay or jocular. Pardon me Emmy, my dear, I really have no desire to hurt you, but I must say these ideas are childish, childish and what is more they are not true. I admit that I see a world wide difference between gaiety and childishness. You know yourself the German as well as the English language have different terms for Kindlichkeit and Kindisch or childlikeness and childish. Not only do I understand and love childlikeness

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2

As tactlessness, my dear girl have you any idea how very tactless
tactless you have been? I am sure you do not, nor do I intend to innuendate
all the things you say to me or try to make me smart under. I only wish to
point out your violent objection to my energy, your constant complaint that
I feel the house with gloom, your reiteration that Sasha is more wonderful
to you than he had ever been to anyone else, this to a woman who has shared
forty five years of hell itself with the man. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xx~~. What do you call all this
dear Emmy, if not tactlessness. What did you do in your recent attack of mood
when for days you ran in and out of your room brushing me by, never saying
a word as if I were nonexistent. Didn't you fill the house with gloom, did
you not say bitter things only in a much louder and harsher way than you ever
heard me use. Yet you knew that I had infinitely more reasons for my mood
than you. Yours is of course your poor stomach, I appreciate that. Mine is
my loneliness, the fact that I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ put three thousand miles
between me and the man who means the last greatest experience in my life
only to find that every word I say and every look are being weighed by
you and unfortunately also by Sasha as to whether I am treating you right and
just. Tactless, my dear are you aware of the fact that since I came back

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 1, Nice [to] Emmy [Eckstein, St. Tropez?] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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4

I have felt as if I were walking on glass. I was so used to freedom of expression my feelings for these expressions to me stifled everything in order not to hurt you. How ridiculous therefore to charge me with tactlessness! But as I already wrote in the beginning, explanations to not explain. In your case it is doubly hopeless because you are blinded by your sense of possessiveness to see anything pertaining to me in the right light. Unfortunately I was already in Sasha's life when you came. Nothing can change that nor the place I have in his life whether he shows it or not. During my stay in Canada I had begun to hope that you have actually come to reconcile yourself to that and accept me as your friend as well as Sasha's companion, comrade and friend. I evidently expected the impossible. So let's make the best of the situation Emmy dear. The summer is nearly over. In the Fall you will go back to your own little Apartment and have Sasha again all to yourself. You can rest assured I will not intrude on your yill. If I can be of any help to Sasha in the original work he will have to do now that the translation is free, I will remain in Nice and take a room somewhere. If not I will again go on tour. I really am out of place in domesticity. So let's hold together as long as we can and must economically speaking.

One more thing, indeed you are right when you say that the highest phase of the ideal is to make people happy. But that we can only do if we do not burden them with the sense of gratitude, if we give because giving expresses us to the highest. Whether it is the simplest thing we do for a perfect stranger, or those we love we must take care not to make them feel that they are in duty bound to appreciate our gifts because we did it for them, because we sacrificed ourselves for them. And not because we gained supreme joy in the giving.

Your apology for your outbreaks was unnecessary dear Emmy. I was not angry. I was only relieved and unapologetically sad that you continue to see in me if not an enemy, at least one whom you have to fear, even in regard to Sasha.

I enjoyed being in your little Apt. I think it awfully nice except for the frightful noises from the street. I am so glad it was not given up. We all must have a corner of our own. And I am glad you have that to go back to in the autumn. I myself feel more of the exiled Jude than ever before. So I mean to go my way when the time comes. As you say yourself you like me so much better from the far.

Thank you my dear for all you have again done for Bon Espirit. Never think I fail to appreciate everything even if I do not express it all the time. I will see you Saturday, and I will again try hard not to impress you as tactless and bitter.

Affectionately

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919230

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 1?] Atoka, Okla. [to] E[mma Goldman, St. Tropez] / Ben [Capes].— 1 p. ; 23 × 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

MODERN

COFFEE SHOP IN CONNECTION

Jefferson Hotel
ATOKA OKLA.

11844

EUROPEAN PLAN

ATOKA, OKLAHOMA

Dear E. I should have enclosed
this clipping in the letter I sent off
last night. If ^{all} this is true I would
really like to know more about
it, so if you happen to get
any information and can send it
on please do.
Love
Ben,

The Emma Goldman Papers

861114140

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 2, Nova Scotia [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Christina Ross Barker. — 2 p. ; 24 x 16 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

seemed like a boy
to me. a clear thinker
this. Arthur Heydell
was another. We used
to have great discussions

Now. do take care of
your health. That is
the principal thing.
Go slow at the book. Don't
let yourself get over-
tired. This stupid old
world is getting madder
& madder.

Love to you
Christina Ross Barker

In Nova Scotia } 926 Avenue
Sept 2/35 } 5364 Toronto
Aug 2/35
Dear Emma

It was lovely of
you to send a card
to Mary. She was
so proud of it.
She is at Algonquin
Park counselling a
group of children at
a Girls' Camp. and
I am here in Nova
Scotia at my brother's
farm. Having escaped
from Toronto's heat.
All ell

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 2, Nova Scotia [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Christina Ross Barker. — 2 p. ; 24 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5365

I got in ² touch with
Mrs. Gischer and like
her very much. She is a
good worker & has youth
and strength. I hope to
help some in my slow
way. If ^{radical} people would
only understand what
they owe you — apart
from lectures. I mean —
they would consider it
a privilege to pay a fraction
of one percent of what
they owe you.
What, by the way, is your
birthday? but never mind
I will find it in Living
my Life when I get back.
Did you hear of the
death of Frank Stephens?
A dear fellow, but he always

The Emma Goldman Papers

840306071

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 4, St. Tropez [to] Arthur [Leonard Ross, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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St Tropez Var August 4th 35

Dear Arthur. So glad to get your letter of July 17th. I would have cabled the straks had I not forgotten the number of their Apt. You see I was in Nice visitng Nellie H. for a few days. ^{She} She forwarded my mail containing also your letter. so I had to wait until I got back here. I have just written Fan giving her all particulars and telling her how happy I would be to have her here. But as the letter will not reach her before the 15th I am also cabling her. I confess cables from France are a luxury. They cost about one dollar more than from A. or Canada. But Fan has been so lovely to me I feel I must get word to her quickly in case she should decide to come over this month. So I will do it tomorrow.

The situation is as follows, St Tropez is marvelou until about the end of Sept. Then the mistral, a disagreeable and depressing wind sets in and it also rains much. So unless Fan comes soon it would hardly be worth her while to come to St Trope at all. Later in the autumn she could come to Nice when the actual winter season begins all along the Riviera. In either case I could give Fan most of my time until Jan. when I may have to go to England to lecture. I have written Fan all this.

As to hotel accomodations, we have a very swanky one right opposite where Bon Esprit is. But this place is only open until the end of Sept. Then there is a cheaper one ~~with~~ also quite modern and very much cheaper. Thats open all year around. The cost of living and the drop in the dollar makes living in France much higher than in the past but it is still cheaper than Fan would have to pay in Florida for instance. I hope she does come over. I will be most happy to have her

The Emma Goldman Papers

840306071

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 4, St. Tropez [to] Arthur [Leonard Ross, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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2

and help make her stay interesting.

I am so glad you and Mattie were able to get away for a visit to the Starks. I don't know much about Mr Stark as I saw him only twice. But Fan is splendid, so generous and so fine. I am glad you liked "My boy friend", Gordon Whitehead. I can't tell you how dedicated he was to my work and how hard he tried to get people interested. And that in spite of his illness which makes him an inválide and in pain most of the time .

As to Ann Lord, well she is the most marvelous of my new friends. Yes, I wonder why you had not met her before. I hope she is doing nothing about Sashas story which badly needs reworking. But Sasha has sent her another ~~st~~ory, much more vivid and drmatic which she should not find it difficult to place. We are waiting to hear from her.

Give my love to Mattie and Bell, affectionate greetings to your boys.

As ever with deep affection for you.

Emma

The Emma Goldman Papers

870921379

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 4, St. Tropez [to] Arthur [Leonard Ross, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

3087

St Tropez Var August 4th 35

Dear Arthur. So glad to get your letter of July 17th. I would have cabled the straks had I not forgotten the number of their Appt. You see I was in Nice visiting Nellie H. for a few days. Ssha forwarded my mail containing also your letter. so I had to wait until I got back here. I have just written Fan giving her all particulars and telling her how happy I would be to have her here. But as the letter will not reach her before the 15th I am also cabling her. I confess cables from France are a luxury. They cost about one dollar more than from A. or Canada. But Fan has been so lovely to me I feel I must get word to her quickly in case she should decide to come over this month. So I will do it tomorrow.

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870921379

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 4, St. Tropez [to] Arthur [Leonard Ross, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2

and help make her stay interesting.

3008

I am so glad you and Mattie were able to get away for a visit to the Starks. I don't know much about Mr Stark as I saw him only twice. But Van is splendid, so generous and so fine. I am glad you liked "My boy friend", Gordon Whitehead. I can't tell you how dedicated he was to my work and how hard he tried to get people interested. And that in spite of his illness which makes him an invalid and in pain most of the time .

As to Ann Lord, well she is the most marvelous of my new friends. Yes, I wonder why you had not met her before. I hope she is doing nothing about Sasha's story which badly needs reworking. But Sasha has sent her another story, much more vivid and dramatic which she should not find it difficult to place. We are waiting to hear from her.

Give my love to Mattie and Bell, affectionate greetings to your boys.

As ever with deep affection for you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023017

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 4, St. Tropez [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St. Tropez Var August 4th 35

Dearest Modest,

I was talking to Sasha last night about writing you a greeting to Villefranche to reach you on your arrival. And this morning your letter of the 20th arrived giving the horrible news about your renewed illness. To say I was shocked is only mildly to express my feeling when I read of what you had to go through. Poor, dear Modest you are certainly persuaded by the furies. Sasha and I were simply ill with the account of your operation and your suffering. S. Will write you himself. As to my state of mind I can't tell you how very rotten I feel that you were again stricken. I will not give up hopes however that you will be on deck again soon and come to us, never mind if it is the end of this month. The main thing of course is that you should get well. It would be folly to venture on the trip unless you were feeling first rate and the wound completely healed. You know how inefficient French physicians are. It would not do at all to come only have well. And then have to rely on French medical treatment. Believe me I had looked forward to your visit. But after all, your health is most important. So you had better wait until you feel right again and quite fit to travel.

Dear, I wrote in my last letter which must have reached you the first of this month that Sasha and E. are here. Just at present E. went back to Nice where she and S. have their permanent Apt., 101 Boulevard de Cessole. She has been in Nice since the first of May and since she never quite grew enamored with St. Tropez she really needed a change. I suppose she will be back soon. Sasha and I were also in Nice for a week. He to see about his papers, as usual.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023017

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 4, St. Tropez [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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08

I hope my dear this will find you very much improved and
on the way to complete recovery. I will be very anxious until
I hear from you again how you are and if there is still hope of
your visit to us.
With love.

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a continuation of the letter, discussing health and the possibility of a visit.]

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Postcard, 1935] Aug. 4, Walberswick, England [to] Emma [Goldman], St. Tropez / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 7 × 11 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.



The Emma Goldman Papers

[Postcard, 1935] Aug. 4, Walberswick, England [to] Emma [Goldman], St. Tropez / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 7 × 11 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

18001
 100 Cottage,
 100 Road,
 Walberswick,
 Suffolk,
 England. Aug 4th
 Emma, dear: Where are
 you & how? I lost
 Stella Bullantine
 when she moved for
 entertaining and
 charming. I asked
 her to my studies to
 say goodbye & find
 it like a loss. I was
 sure she was not
 more Charles St. So
 names of her & you to
 changed me. My love,
 Evelyn

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023176

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 4? Nice? to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez?] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 18 cm.

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Sunday,



Emma, dear--

hier liegt vor mir Ihr langer Brief.....
Um ich sage Ihnen offen, you had better done if you had followed your first desire not to answer it..... But with these 4 pages of fullwritten accusations against me you tell me one thing:

THAT I HAD TO GO.

You fill your letter of how I am jealous of Sasha re you etc...
Emma, my dear don't do such breaks.... Because that makes the situation ever so unpleasant...

THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD FARTHER from me than this.
I, my very heart knows that...

Every word I wrote you to Canada was meant, with all my heart.

And I WOULD HAVE NOT CHANGED IF MY EYES WOULD NOT HAVE SEEN YOU THE WAY THEY ARE.

Emma, as long as I will breathe, if I will kill myself with devotion for you, werde ich ein Stachel in IhrermAuge re Sasha sein. DAS IST DER WERT. Und nicht MEINE Eifersucht.

Es ist a yoke, if it would not be so terribly sad. That you tell me now, that I "cannot bear that you should have a part in Sasha's life". My dear, dear Emma, how far are we both from knowing each other. That is the only consolation for both sides.

Well, my dear -- but you did not answer the MAIN point of my letter W... WE CAN'T LIVE TOGETHER!!!

weil wir zwei verschiedenen Welten angehören.....
OUTSIDE OF SASHA....
THAT IS THE MAIN REASON

If never that great boy had existed I would run away from a person who macht alles misse, die sich an nichts erfreuen kann, die so bitter ist, und so hart ist wie Sie, meine liebe, liebe Emma..... Ja.

Keine Liebe fuer Tiere. keine Liebe fuer Pflanzen,
keine Liebe fuer den privaten Nachsten..
Sie haetten, Emmachen, mein Emmachen, ja so warm gebettet sein koennen, in dem Herzen Ihres grossen Lebenskammeraden und in meinem ---- in tiefer Erregung und Bewundern

Aber ----- sagen Sie es sich selbst, Have you ever given me the credit I deserve (outside of helping you that is evident) ?? Have you given me the credit of my devotion to you, my putting myself in the background whenever there was a chance to give you SOME JOY??? Emma, if there will be a woman who would try to do it harder, I congratulate you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 4? Nice? to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez?] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p.; 24 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

2
 Now, if ever in your proper youth or age, I mean IN YOUR
 life you can tell me that you behaved, in case of the
 same situation we live in -- AS I HAVE DONE..... *or better*
 you are in the right to condemn me like that...

Darling ----- finished.

Good bye, my beloved friend. In spite of everything.
 There is, I know, deep down within your very heart
 the great desire for justice. And see, knowing that I
 feel happy. Why, dear, outside of my outbreaks who were
 out of place, because if I was too full, you know.....

there is NOTHING, nothing, nothing, I have to reproach
 myself....

Emma, darling, you know what I want out of life???

To give affection.....

how wonderful, how blessing and how lucrative. *But with you*
here was no chance

And see, being away from you, by and by all these
 stupid accidents of life will pass. There will stay
 a strong feeling the TRUTH. In your very heart.
 And that is, that I WAS GOOD.

Good bye, dearest. See, as I told you, far from
 you, I love you. No, I do even know that there will be some
 hope that you will be NEAR us, when you will be in Nice.

I hope to see you, to see you, from time to time,
 whenever you feel like --- to be helpful if ever I can---
 o assure you, that all my "jealousy" for you" re Sasha
 is such a NON SENSE.....

I am not in love, but I am well, and I will go to Atlanta
 to help her with typing..... So be sure that I am well.

Listen, darling, it is not fair to reproach me my childishness.
 Did I ever reproach you your just extremely opposite ways???

And you tell me that Sasha is getting tired of my DEMONSTRATIONS
 LOVE?? Emma, darling, if every woman has a lover so
 tired of her ways as I have, I CONGRATULATE HER!!!!!!

It does not seem to me, dearest friend, that you with your
 "gravely seriousness" as I call it, could play the men
 better than I do the "childishness".

But you see, I really think that ^{my} my and Sasha's own business.
 I did not ask you how to attract Sasha, but asked you to
 understand that our ways are so different that there is
 no meeting possible....

Emma, SCHWARTZ DREIBER..... it means ANYTHING to you,
 I will tell you, that whatever you will do or feel, I will
 soon be on the point again to love you --- as the great,
 woman fighting for justice.... AS EVERYONE'S FRIEND

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928215

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 5, St. Tropez [to Jeanne Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 22 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 5th 35.

14768

Darling. It always makes me happy to hear from you. This time my joy was somewhat marred by the sad news of the sudden illness of the son of our dear friends and their temporary cancellation of their trip to Europe. Knowing how long it takes to recuperate from double pneumonia I dare not hope for the visit of Julia and Aaron any more. I hope though that the young man is out of danger and on the way of recovery. I would write his people direct, but a letter to Oak Park I had written them was never answered so I am afraid the address was not complete. Will you please tell our friends I am deeply sorry I am that their son was stricken, and how very disappointed that they could not sail. Of course, if they should be able to get away late this month I shall rejoice. But as I said I dare not hope any more. The stars seem to be against my having a few dear friends this summer. A very old friend of Sasha and mine was also to come. In fact he had booked passage for the third of this month. Together with your letter I received one from him that he had to undergo an operation for some growth in the groin and that he does not know now whether he will be well enough to get away at all this summer. Last but not least came the shocking news of Florence's illness and operation, all in one day. It left me pretty spent I can tell you.

This has been anything but a joyful summer. As they say it was one damned thing after another. I suppose that's why I cling to the expectation of the few friends who had announced their visit. My disappointment is therefore doubly great. Well, one must not give up all hopes. Perhaps Julia and Aaron will yet get away. That would be great not alone because I long to see them both and I want Sasha to know them but also because it would prove that their son had recovered. Also I do not give up hope about our other friend. You will know him through L.M.L. Edya we called him though that is not his name. You will agree he is an old friend. And we do look forward to his coming. The poor man has had a veritable inundation of illness. I am naturally most anxious about him.

Well darling we have heard from Rudolf in reply to our letters. You will rejoice with us that he has found some one who seems to please him better than Sasha. I mean as far as the translation is concerned. The man is on the Los Angeles coast who is working hard for subs. His name is Dr James. I have an idea it's the same James who had been so active in the Sacco Vanzetti case and had taken Sacco's son to Europe. If it is the same he is a nephew of the great James. I don't know whether his father was the writer or the philosopher. Anyhow one of them Rudolf writes the man had translated his book THE SIX CHARACTERS and had done it entirely to his, Rudolf's satisfaction. And that he had also reinserted the parts in the first half of his present work which Sasha considered had better been left out. And James has done it without charges and will also translate the second part. Believe me the news took a load off my mind. Of course Sasha would have kept his word as he had written Rudolf. But it would have been hell to resume working feeling all the time that R. will not be satisfied. It is for the best this way. And while time has been lost it will prove that much had been gained.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928215

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 5, St. Tropez [to Jeanne Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 22 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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14709

I am certain that whatever publisher will take the MSS will insist on cuts. But its better he should do it than Sasha. Anyhow Sasha is free from the ordeal.

He has not been idle though. He rewrote almost completely a story he had written some years ago about Machno who was a picturesque and vital peasant leader of revolt. It is already in the hands of Ann Lord who is to submit it to several magazines. Lets pray she will succeed. For it would encourage Sasha besides giving him a living if he could return to original writing. A man of his literary ability should not have to waste his talents on other peoples works.

Outside of you I have heard only from our group in Toronto about taking 50 copies of Sashas Memoirs. They will send \$25. I am waiting to hear from New York. If only I can get part of the cost of the three hundred copies which will come to about \$160, or a little more including freightage and cartage I will send for them and have part mailed to you, the rest to Canada.. You will not misunderstand when I say it is difficult for me to invest the whole amount with the little of the fund I have left.

The London comrades have asked me to come to England which I will probably do next Jan. But some of them actually suggested I should not touch upon Russia. It is fantastic and I don't mean to submit to any such a thing. Meanwhile they are trying to organize a tour. I hope they succeed. I simply can't sit back and lead a private life. It is not for me. But of course I will have to until next year. I have not yet made up my mind as I must wait to see what writing S. will do and in what way I can be of help to him.

Marling you are a bad girl. I specifically wrote you that I want to foot the bill for the underwear I asked you to get. With your and Jays ~~business~~ business not going so brilliantly I don't think its fair to let you pay as you already have so many times. Really dearest if you want me to feel free to accept you must let me pay the whole bill, or at least part of it. So be a dear please.

Give the Halperines my love and tell them I still cling to their coming. I hope their son has recovered or is rapidly on the way to recovery. Give dear Jay my love and a chunk of it. As to you I dare not overdo my part. But you know how deeply I have you in my heart. Never mind about the brochure. It will be time enough to do it during the winter.

I embrace you tenderly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920213

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 5, St. Tropez [to] Fan [Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 5th 35.

My dear Fan,

A letter from Arthur dated July 17th gave me the grand news that you and Mr Stark were planning your coming to me. Arthur also wrote that Mr Stark was very well in the hotel accommodations in St Tropez. Unfortunately I was away in Nice when the letter came last week, also you will not hear from me sooner. To day I will send you a cable to the effect that this is the finest time of the year in St Tropez and that I would be overjoyed if you came along without delay.

You see then, the weather here is good until way into Jan. Except for a strong and rather depressing wind called the mistral which blows for a week at times. It is for this reason that the actual season in St Tropez is between July and the end of Sept. But even if it is not pleasant to be on, the mistral is not permanent, it blows occasionally. Still, unless you could come soon it would be better to postpone your visit until late in Oct and then come to Nice where I will also be. If you come I will remain on the Riviera until Jan when I may have to go to England to lecture. Otherwise I may go to Paris the latter part of Oct. I am most uncertain about that. I only want you to know that it will, make me very happy to be with you as long as you want if only you would come along.

Now about the hotels in St Tropez. We have one, recently built and almost opposite my place which can easily compare with the best in Cannes or the station. That is open only until the latter part of Sept. Then we have one open all year much cheaper, also with private bath if you wish to. All hotels here are with pension and vary between \$2 and six dollars a day.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 5, St. Tropez [to] Fan [Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman]. —
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2

The village is ancient and very charming and the view sublime. Of course I wish my place were not so primitive. I'd love to have you with me. But it will hardly do for one used to certain comforts. But we would be together most of the time and as much as you wanted to even if you stopped at one of the hotels. Now, don't you think you might come this month? It would give you full six weeks of St Tropez and after we could go to Nice, or any of the beautiful places on the Riviera. There we might take a small Apt together, have a taxi to change come in for an hour or two and have a grand time.

In any event I would suggest that you take the ~~Italian~~ Italian line because it will bring you right near Nice, at Villefranche only twenty minutes from Nice and would save you the expense and bother of a long trip from Paris to St Tropez. What ever you and Mr Stark decide do let me know right away, please.

From the enclosed you will see that I have not begun to do any serious writing. And it is not likely I will this year. My readers are not standing in line waiting for my works. Besides I have always maintained that writing which does not flow from within is not worth much. I simply can't force my self to write and never could.

I am so glad Arthur and Letaie could pay you a visit. They must have enjoyed every minute of it. No one could help enjoying your sweet hospitality and the presence of Murray and Beverly. As I met Mr Stark and your other daughter so little I can't speak so fully about them. But I am sure they must be splendid also you they have you as mother and wife. See how diplomatic I am? Give my kindest greetings to Mr Stark and your daughter. Love to you, Beverly and Murrya. I hope they are having a grand time.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861028320

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 5, New York [to] Emma Goldman, St. Tropez / George [R.] Leighton. — 1 p. ; 24 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Editorial Rooms

3726

HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers



49 EAST 33rd STREET
New York

August 5, 1935

Dear Miss Goldman,

Miss Lord brought in Berkman's manuscript two days ago. We cannot use it, and I confess that I am at a loss to know what to suggest to Miss Lord. The theme, a biographical sketch of the dead leader of a forlorn hope in a far country, is not an unsurmountable obstacle, though it has difficulties. The style of the writing, however, makes the problem doubly difficult, for it seems to me old-fashioned and gone by. I hate to disappoint you but this is the truth as near as I can see it.

Miss Lord says that you are now engaged in writing a companion volume to LIVING MY LIFE. I wish you all success.

Sincerely yours,

George Leighton

Miss Emma Goldman
"Bon Espirit"
St. Tropez, (Var)
France

GL: F

One of the things that made this so good, I thought, was because it was persistently written in the vernacular. So few people are able to do it — and I don't know why. Its virtues are so obvious

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870921324

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 5, New York [to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / Arthur Leonard Ross. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

ARTHUR LEONARD ROSS
COUNSELOR AT LAW
ONE CEDAR STREET
NEW YORK
PHONE DEERMAN 3-9346

2996

August 5th, 1935

Mrs. E. G. Colton
"Fon Esprit"
Chemin St. Antoine
St. Tropez (Var) France

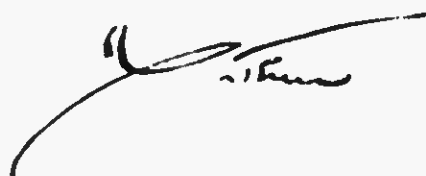
Dear Emma,

I am enclosing herewith the Royalty Report of Alfred Knopf covering sales from January 1st to June 30th, 1935.

I have not heard from you for a long time. I hope that everything is in order and that you are happy.

With love from everyone at home, I am,

Very affectionately yours,



AIR:R
ENC.

The Emma Goldman Papers

840305673

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 5, New York [to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / A[rthur]
L[eonard] R[oss]. — 1 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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August 5th, 1935

Mrs. E. G. Colton
"Bon Esprit"
Chemin St. Antoine
St. Tropez (Var) France

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ENC.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

3781

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

TITLE Living My Life



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SALES from Jan. 1
to June 30
PAYABLE Nov. 1
PRICE \$ 2.00

ROYALTY REPORT

TO: Arthur Leonard Moss

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023186

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 6, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 6th 35.

Emmy, my Dear. We agree at last on one thing. I should not have written the letter. Knowing as I did that my feelings and motives would pass you by I should ~~not~~ have followed my instinct. I should not have written. I am sorry and I ask you to forgive me for having done what I felt had been best ignored. I don't intend to go into another explanation. I only want you to know that I did not mean to reproach you of anything. Surely you must know that there is a difference between expressing ones impression and reproach. I could not possibly have reproach you because I know that we all do as we must, as our complicated natures dictate. Besides, I am too convinced of your genuineness in your affection for me to reproach you. I have told you in my letter that I believed implicitly that you felt and meant every word you wrote me to Canada. I would not have returned with so much joy in my heart as I did. In former years I used to dread to come back to Sasha because of your antagonism to me. This time I was carried away by your assurance of love and even more so by your assurance of understanding. I wanted that because I always believe that understanding is of the utmost importance between friends who live in close proximity. Even now I do not for a moment doubt your love and your innermost desire to do everything for me. Believe me my dear I do not doubt that for a single moment. I do however doubt your understanding. But that is another matter its hopeless to discuss that.

My dearest Emmy, I did not say Sasha is getting tired of your childish ways. How could I say such a foolish thing when I don't know anything about it. What I said was that "men of Sashas intellectual caliber grow tired of such demonstration of love". That is entirely a different meaning. I will grant you that Sasha could never stand such things in other women and that he used to ridicule the men of our circle who stood such demonstration. But again I must repeat what I have said in my last letter. I hope nothing human is alien to me. I know Sashas love for you my dear and I know that he may not even notice in you what he had formerly condemned in others. But thats certainly your and Sashas business. I never have nor do I intend to mix in that or in any bodys affairs. But is it such a frightful crime for me to say that it grates on my nerves? You did not hesitate to say very emphatically how my energy affects you. Why should you take offense when I point out the difference to me between childishness and childishness?

"Keine Liebe fur Tiere, keine Liebe fuer Pflanzen, keine Liebe fur nur den Menschen". You should tell this to my fellow prisoners who went bitterly when I was released from the penitentiaries. You should tell this to my companions in the factories I had worked and the people I had nursed, and the tramps and prostitutes who flocked to me. I am sure they will believe you. My dear, my dear you simply know nothing about me.

However, thats all nothing. Much more painful is your running away. Is you love so short lived that it fails at the first disagreement? I had expected more of you my dear.

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2

I suppose it never occurred to you how terrible I will feel your escape and how deeply sorry. I can only hope it was a mood that made you do it. And that when you are through with your visit with Auntie you will come back to Don Esprit. I can't consider it as much yours as Sashas and mine. Believe me my dear, it is foolish of you to think you are a Stachel in my mind because of Sasha. I want nothing but his happiness and I know you are giving him your very soul. Could I begrudge the man anything whom I have cared about ~~sax~~ for forty five years and have also given my very soul? So don't say such foolish things my dear they are not true even if they impress you so.

And so I ask you to come back when you are ready and let us try once more to finish the summer in harmony. Be as you are. I am not asking you to change for my sake.....

Dear Emmy will you try to get Aunties waist measure. She liked my belt Evas friend made. I would like to have the girls make me a belt for Auntie for her birthday which is the 22nd of this month. Please do it soon and send it to me. It must be done so Auntie suspects nothing or she will kick up a rumpus.

Sasha and Brutus Reitman went to the beach. I to had intended to go. But I was down the village early this morning. Then made lunch for five people, Ann and the child she takes care of and us three. Then help Marie. I was too awfully tired. But Ann is taking us to Pampillon, I hope I spell that right on Thursday for the whole day. I'll make up in "swimming" then.

Goodby dear Emmy and come back like a sensible girl. I'll try not to make everything "mess, bitter" and all the other nice things you think about me. Poor Auntie, poor Nellie, poor all my friends who have to put up with ~~such~~ such an awful person as your ~~Emma~~. Never mind if you can no longer love me for my own sake. Love me for Sashas sake, or at least be patient with me.

In spite of everything I have you deeply in my heart
With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 7, St. Tropez [to] Marjorie Goldstein, [Westmount, Canada] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

St Tropez Var August 7th 35

Dear Marjorie Goldstein,

This time I have been tardy. It was not even lack of time which made me delay writing you in response to your kind letter of July 9th. It was partly a number of disagreeable and disturbing events and mainly a state of restlessness that has taken hold of me since my return from Canada. I suppose a life time of continued tramp up and down the land, and many countries has left its mark. But somehow I seem to have been more affected by my recent stay on the American continent. Or is it the feeling of growing age which makes one want to do more and go about more? Whatever it is I have been so restless I often wanted to take the next train out for I know not where.

Worse luck this feeling of restlessness has made any attempt of writing quite impossible. I find it even hard to concentrate on my correspondence. As to any serious writing, I have done nothing. And I am ashamed to admit I shall not get to it in my present state of mind. I console myself with the knowledge that the friends who have contributed to the publication fund will not feel that I have disappointed them if the proposed book will be written some day. They surely will understand that works forced out of one's spirit are hardly worth writing. Besides, I have pledged no definite time. And I wanted that I could have found some publisher to advance me some royalties. But I simply have never been able to submit to binding agreements. Anyhow, you will know why I am rather delayed in writing you.

Yes, of course my dear correspondence is no criterion of one's affections or thoughts of those we care about. If I seem impatient it is only because I feel so cut off from

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 7, St. Tropez [to] Marjorie Goldstein, [Westmount, Canada] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

2

my old moorings, my work and those who mean so much to me. Mainly I feel so gagged in Europe. You have no idea what that means to one who had been forced to burn all her bridges. Fact is my correspondence is the only link with my past, with all that has color and meaning in my life. But I certainly understand that others can not feel that way. Their life is filled with their own affairs, small or large, which leaves them no time to keep up correspondence. Then too some people simply have not the ability to write even a simple letter. Others again have a complex against my own precious brother had that even when he was well. He'd write about once in six months. So I do understand and I do not judge my friends by their tardiness.

Yes, I know Mrs Zahlers mother is in a precarious condition. But then the Zahlers are by habit bad correspondents. Thus Mrs Z has never answered a letter. And Max Z. only the most urgent ones. I therefore have not expected much from them in the way of letters. I have heard from Mrs Schwartz since I wrote you last and from Miss Jaffee. From no one else. But it does not matter anymore. One must adjust oneself to inevitable things. Else one could not live at all.

I am frightfully sorry that Mr Whiteheads vitality remains so static. When I wrote that he probably ^{was} ~~is~~ exhausting himself more than he can bear I do not mean that he has gone back to ~~his~~ the strain of his social duties. I think I got the impression from something you wrote that he is giving some of his energies to it. Yes, I know that Mr W. gave up his social connections when he was so ill. But also I understood him to say that some of his friends did not show friendship when he

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 7, St. Tropez [to] Marjorie Goldstein, [Westmount, Canada] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

3

needed it most. Friendship is such a rare and delicate plant. The very fewest know how to cherish and take care of it. Well, the main thing I grieve about is that our friend does not pick up more strength. I wonder whether he will be able to get to the country for a bit. I suppose the need of a livelihood keeps in him in Montreal and to the grind stone. I am deeply sorry.

A letter from a very dear friend of mine, Mr Arthur Lenoard Ross who is also a friend of the Starks tells me that Mr Ross has met Gordon Whitehead at dinner at the Starks and has been very much impressed with him. "I found him to be a very generous soul and a fascinating fellow" Arthur writes. I am so glad. I always hope my friends will like my friends whom they meet through me.

While I have not been able to write I was not idle. I have kept busy with correspondence in England, friends and comrades who want me to come there for a tour in Nov. And also with Holland. I am not sure I can get away in Nov. But I will probably go to England first in Jan. I confess I am not looking forward to much success. For some unaccountable reason I have never succeeded in taking root in England, or making many friends. The present situation is even less favorable than the past. I mean the attitude towards Soviet Russia which makes it almost impossible to do any public work along that line. Being beset by the possibility of war and fascism everybody seems to think that R Russia should not be touched. Yet I do not see how one can ~~completely~~ seriously avoid the issue. I can't anyway, now less than ever because of the harrowing things going ~~on~~ under the Soviet regime. You can readily see that I will be between the fire

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417033

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 7, St. Tropez [to] Marjorie Goldstein, [Westmount, Canada] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

4 ~~flashed into the sky, and~~

the flying pan and the fire. However, I hope to contact some of the Playgoers societies and concentrate on literary lectures more than on social topics. I'd rather do that much as social issues are important than shrink speaking on Russia. Anyhow, I mean to be active again this winter. More and more I find I am not made for a private and retired life.

One in my position can make no plans too far in advance. But I may come back to Canada some times next year. That maybe sooner than my friends may want me. Don't you think? It is not definite of course. But if I should return I mean to get a small apartment and ~~and~~ contact people before I begin any lecture work. Perhaps one could organize a private class for the study of the drama. The Drama group already in existence should prove a basis to start from. Let me know what you think ~~and~~ after you have talked the matter over with Gordon and some of the others you meet.

My dear, I have to ask you for the Soviet plays. And also would you be good enough to tell our friend that I will have to have the book on O'Neill I lent him. You see if I should go to England in Nov I must begin revising my notes not later than next month. I will therefore need both books as soon as possible.

acuplane Thank you for the stamp for Mr. Berkman, yes he collects them, mainly special kinds like the jubilee stamps ~~or envelopes~~. The difficulties have fortunately been adjusted. So there is nothing more to be said about them.

Give Gordon my affectionate greetings. Remember me kindly to everyone of the group when you see them.

Affectionately.

I don't think I want to intrude on Mrs. Estall during her summer holiday. She would feel in duty bound to reply. And I think she is better off if she rests.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029101

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 7, St. Tropez [to] Marjorie Goldstein, [Westmount, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 7th 35

Dear Marjorie Goldstein.

This time I have been tardy. It was not even lack of time which made me delay writing you in response to your kind letter of July 9th. It was partly a number of disagreeable and disturbing events and mainly a state of restlessness that has taken hold of me since my return from Canada. I suppose a life time of continued tramp up and down the land and many countries has left its mark. But somehow I seem to have been more affected by my stay on the American continent. Or is it the feeling of growing age which makes one want to do more and go about more? Whatever it is I have been so restless I often wanted to take the next train out for I know not where.

Worse luck this feeling of restlessness has made any attempt of writing quite impossible. I find it even hard to concentrate on my correspondence. As to any serious writing, I have done nothing. And I am ashamed to admit I shall not get to it in my present state of mind. I console myself with the knowledge that the friends who have contributed to the publication fund will not feel that I have disappointed them if the proposed book will be written some day. They surely will understand that works forced out of one's spirit are hardly worth writing. Besides, I have pledged no definite time. Had I wanted that I could have found some publisher to advance me some royalties. But I simply have never been able to submit to binding agreements. Anyhow, you will know why I am rather delayed in writing you.

Yes, of course my dear correspondence is no criterion of one's affections or thoughts of those we care about. If I seem impatient it is only because I feel so cut off from

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2102

2

my old moorings, my work and those who mean so much to me. Mainly I feel so gagged in Europe. You have no idea what that means to one who had been forced to burn all her bridges. Fact is my correspondence is the only link with my past, with all that has color and meaning in my life. But I certainly understand that others can not feel that way. Their life is filled with their own affairs small or large which leaves them no time to keep up correspondence. Then too some people simply have not the ability to write even a simple letter. Others again have a complex against my own precious brother had that even when he was well. He'd write about once in six months. So I do understand and I do not judge my friends by their tardiness.

You, I know Mrs. Zahlers mother is in a precarious condition. But then the Zahlers are by habit bad correspondents. Thus Mrs. Z. has never answered a letter. And Max Z. only the most urgent ones. I therefore have not expected much from them in the way of letters. I have heard from Mrs. Schwartz since I wrote you last and from Miss Justice. From no one else. But it does not matter anymore. One must adjust oneself to inevitable things. Else one could not live at all.

I am frightfully sorry that Mr. Whitehead's vitality remains so static. When I wrote that he probably is exhausting himself more than he can bear I do not mean that he has gone back to him the strain of his social duties. I think I got the impression from something you wrote that he is giving some of his energies to it. Yes, I know that Mr. W. gave up his social connections when he was so ill. But also I understood him to say that some of his friends did not show friendship when he

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3

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While I have not been able to write I was not idle. I have kept busy with correspondence in England, friends and comrades who want me to come there for a tour in Nov. And also with Holland. I am not sure I can get away in Nov. But I will probably go to England first in Jan. I confess I am not looking forward to much success. For some unaccountable reason I have never succeeded in taking root in England, or making many friends. The present situation is even less favorable than the past. I mean the attitude towards Soviet Russia which makes it almost impossible to do any public work along that line. Being best by the possibility of war and fascism everybody seems to think that R Russia should not be touched. Yet I do not see how one can ~~comon~~ seriously avoid the issue. I can't anyway, now less than ever because of the harrowing things going ~~mark~~ under the Soviet regime. You can readily see that I will be between the f iro

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Thank you for the stamp for Mr. Barman, yes he collects them, mainly special kinds like the jubilee stamps or Europeans. The difficulties have fortunately been adjusted. So there is nothing more to be said about them.

Give Gordon my affectionate greetings. ^{on} Remember me kindly to everyone of the group when you see them.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417032

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 7, St. Tropez [to] Mill[ie Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman]. —
1 p.; 28 x 22 cm.

Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.)

St Tropez Var August 7th 35.

Darling Milly. Thanks a lot for your letter and the copies. As usual your help is very great. I only wish it would not take so awfully long for letters from Canada and back. But it can not be helped. In my next letter to Stella I will ask her to send you a few dollars. Aside of your labor there is paper and postage that costs a lot. Its little enough I can give you.

Carrie, it was good of you to make me copies of Mrs Mesirov's letter. I can always use ~~it~~ them. Inclosed is a copy of my letter to Haynes Holmes of which I want a lot of copies. And in addition the excerpts of my letter to Baldwin as marked. Send or give both copies to the following, ~~to the~~ the Seltzers, Langords, Steinsbergs, Mrs Laddon and send them also to Mrs Barker with a note that I asked you to do so. Also copies to the Zahlers and Bernstein. I am sending copies to Whitehead via Miss Goldstein. Then send the rest to me.

You will see by the inclosed copy to Miss Goldstein that Gordon is by no means well. That accounts for his silence. Mrs Schwartz has written and Gussie Jaffee, No one else.

I had a letter from Arthur Ross saying he had visited the Starks and Mr Stark was seriously planning to send his wife over to me. I cabled her suggesting she should come now. To day I had a reply that she may come in Jan. Unfortunately I will then be in England. Fact is I may go there in Nov.

Nothing else of interest. I am still waiting to hear from Tom and Dein whether they are coming or not. All my other friends have disappointed me. So it has been a very quiet and uninteresting summer for me.

With loads of love.

Emma
The original came out too
pale to send you.
Send copies also to Gordon
Whitehead. Stratford Hall
Mc Gill University

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920209

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 7, Montreal [to] E[mma] G[oldman], St. Tropez / M.T. Stark. —
2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

TELEPHONE 664

A978

STARK BROTHERS RIBBON CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

GRANBY, QUEBEC

Montreal, August 7, 1935.

Mrs. E.G. Colton,
Bon Esprit,
St. Tropez, France

Dear Friend:

It was marvelous of you to send your Cable, and of course am pleased, and very happy to have heard from you, but at the same time, we are very much, shall I say put out, about the trouble that you have taken and also the expense of sending the Cable, as we well know that unnecessary and special expenses of this kind come very hard to you, however, we are awfully pleased that you think enough of us to take the trouble and the expense of sending the Cable.

I have cabled you in return as follows:

"MR. STARK CONSIDERING BUSINESS TRIP ENGLAND JANUARY
AM HOPING ACCOMPANY HIM COULDN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE NOW WRITING

FAN"

By the way, may I add, that I am temporarily acting as Mrs. Stark's secretary in writing this letter of acknowledgement to you, of your Cable, and the Cable that I have sent.

Mrs. Stark has been daily putting off the pleasure of writing you, as a matter of fact, she has started a letter on various occasions, but unfortunately, she has not been very well of late, as her knee seems to be giving her quite a good deal of trouble, and therefore has not felt exactly in the necessary spirit that she feels she should be in to write the type of letter that you really deserve, in reply to your very wonderful letter to her, and she now tells me that she is going to definitely write you a nice long letter this week, in the meantime, I am really getting off this short note in acknowledgement of your kind Cable.

As explained in our Cable, I consider that it will be necessary for me to come over to England on business. the latter part of January or the early part of February, and I will have to spend most of my time in London. and we are hoping, that if Mrs. Stark feels well enough, that she will be able to accompany me on the trip. We had in mind that she would spend a few days with me in London, and then that I would bring her over to the south of France to your place, and thought that she could arrange to visit, spending some of the time in the resort where you live, and then perhaps some of the rest of the time to be divided between Italy, Switzerland, etc

The Emma Goldman Papers

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2.

4979

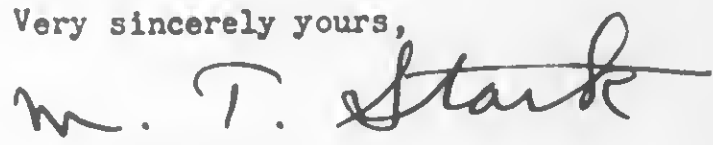
We had in mind that if it would be possible to arrange so, that perhaps you could accompany her on some of the trips that she wants to make. At any rate, Mrs. Stark is going to write you very definitely about all this herself.

I am wondering if January, or most likely, it would be February would be a nice time to come over, and just what the climatic conditions are at that time. Mrs. Stark does not enjoy cold weather at all, and the main purpose of the trip would be where it is nice and warm. I wonder if you would be kind enough at your early convenience, to tell us something about just what the climatic conditions at that time of the year are.

Kindest personal regards and very best wishes from each and every one of us here.

I am

Very sincerely yours,



M.T. STARK

Please address your reply to:
Mrs. M.T. Stark,
c/o Stark Bros. Ribbon Corp.,
P.O. Box 320, Station H,
Montreal, Que.

The Emma Goldman Papers

870928172

[Letter, 1935 Aug. between 7 and 12, Nice to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / E[mma Eckstein]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

PLEASE NOTICE THE GOOD PAPER!

14610.

Emma----- you are my dear, dear Emma!

I KNOW MY FAULTS. I am sure I am getting on people's nerves through my terrible nervous ways.

I am ----- very easy excited and know NO LIMIT. For the moment.

I am ----- if you believe it or not SURE that I love you.

From far----- because, when you come near me and we go on each other's nerves I am getting worse like on groceries Hotel auf Deutsch gesagt....

Further ----- I always told you and will tell the GREAT LINE IN YOU is JUSTICE. Otherwise, who could a woman be such a great woman?????

Weiter.

I am at home again. My stomach is on the bum-bum.

I had to leave our auntie.

I got just as nervous as with you when I am sick. (Though of course there were no arguments that way, but being on the bum as I am, I have to go to bed and rest AND NOT run about.

You were very soothing to-----, she said.

My nervousness upsets her.

There, listen, my dear, you want more frankness????

By ----- I am back.

I AM VERY HAPPY AND DON'T WANT SASHA BACK UNTIL I AM WELL OR I WILL COME OUT, because I don't want to look.

I want to be ^{at} late.

My dear Emma, if I am so terribly bitter sometimes! IT IS MY STOMACH (From him)

auntie gave me a batch of work (I insisted on it) because I cannot live or even be sick without work (that you know.)

I am your boy. INSPIRE OF ALL THE THINGS WE BOTH SAID.

I would not want Sasha at all, if you were not in his life.

THAT YOU MUST BE SURE ABOUT.... because I am.

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Now, between us and the lamppost:

I wonder how auntie with those many people will ever get the book ready.

Her business, but I doubt I told her how you both had to work for 2 years on the book and STRAIGHT.

Now

Dearest Emma --- what a luck I am back home (oh, my how clean everything is!!!) because otherwise I would not have found your sweet letter.

Damn it, I always said so : IF ONLY YOU WANT TO YOU CAN BE SWEET! Even the doctor in Venice said you are very youthful and so on. He may come over to you.....He is so fine.

He gave me all kinds of prescriptions which I will follow, and examined me and so forth. Emma, dear, I did not want to go because they can't do anything for me, but he said it three times and so auntie and it would have been not polite. So he said the same as the others.

TERRIBLY NERVOUS and my heart also nervous.

Damn that! Otherwise I suppose I were a nice girl.

Not my fault. But you will see I'll be better soon.

BUT PLEASE I feel better alone until I AM BETTER then I will come out or You in or so.....

Emma, now, listen here! WHAT I NEED IN LIFE IS AFFECTION.

I want to give it and I am abnormally hurt if I can't find an echo..... And I can feel distinctly in my heart that I am so devoted to you --- and anyhow and so forth.....

But, that is life : hinauf hinunter..... Augenblicklich geht es wieder auf. Damn! Da müssend niemals vergessen dass Sie alle in dem Leben nicht sein kann.

I will make him miserable if I am not good with you.

So, now, I go to bed.....

I am the Happiest girl in the big wide world....

P.S. Didn't I tell you, Emma dear, that I love you from far? But, dear that is no joke. I do. And I know if you will have a small play of your own --- it will be perfect..

If John has enough of my craziness he comes to you and when he has enough of you, dear, take it in the right sense!! he comes to me And then we should look still for somebody in case he wants a change!!! eh?

Do write me. And for heaven's sake, ich bin sehr glücklich allein..... ich muss ruhig mich pflegen....

I cannot tell you auntie a word. But I know that she is a very kind and helpful.

I'll come to you if you want.

Here is a line from a very dear friend.

Send me things to read for you. I'm sure you'll see my letter. I'm sure you'll see my letter. I'm sure you'll see my letter.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919134

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 8, Brussels [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. - 2 p.; 26 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

11621
Cher Mr Nobels
Maison des Remises
Bruxelles
8.VIII.

Dearest Emma, excuse my involuntary
not having answered at once. As it seems now to have
written you I have been invited to travel to
D.C. by the only organization which does not boycott me.

After years of unemployment and practical
starvation, I have the possibility - owing to the change
and to the very low price of food here - to enjoy a
few weeks of "rest" - I am in Brussels for my work just now,
but have already been here for a few weeks in a
small village - this is the reason why I got your
p.c. only 2 days. As I imagine, you don't want to
send the money directly to Trinidad (Avia 3,
20 2a Baveln), but please wait a few days
before we find a way out. It is a pity to charge the
money into Belgium and then afterwards into Spain.
One loses so much by it, besides I am not
living in the office I am addressing my mail and
the money could easily be sent back!
I shall write you very soon, but we shall for
now leave, for your deep and constant solidarity
I am sure Trinidad shall be overhappy.

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11622

Dear friends, as I am in Belgium I want to try once more to go over to the States. You know how it was the whole time. I had no money and relied upon the Insurance. But now they declared that they don't feel responsible for the accident — and refuse to pay. It makes no sense. Having promised me to anticipate me here, if my "knowledge" I could perhaps have enough to buy a cheap ticket if I get the money. But I am so heartbroken, I see everything and everybody dying around me that I do not know whether it is worth while as much as I have no enjoyment and am not fit at all as you know to arrange things in a more or less practical way.

Will you kindly give me an address? Shall you tell me how you are going on with your work — and how your health is, and how about A. H. Her very recovered — she did not feel well when I last met her.

Love and my hurry dear friend!
Greetings to all! Angelica

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920211

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 8 [Montreal to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Fan Stark. —
5 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Dearest Emma

1 Aug 8th 1935

It was just grand
to get your cable I can't begin to tell you
how deeply I appreciated your doing so.

Let me start from the very beginning
I received your letter a month after its
arrival in Montreal, I was in the State and
it caught up with me at Long Beach L.I.
I of course was delighted to hear from you
and my intentions were so good if immediately
was going to be answered. — but like
a lot of good people who mean to do the
right thing. They say "Hell" is paved
with people who had good intentions, and I
guess I'll be one of them these days.

At the time I was busy trying to fix up
two houses that I have on Long Island they
were too sick looking places and I had a
session with painter carpenter roofer and all
the way down the line to bring back a house
that needed doctoring, besides I had Mrs
Seniarty's sister who needed a change but
got no rest and Belle she was the one who
bored the job in one place while I

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was on an other. ²

4982

We were three busy women trying to keep the place clean as we lived in one of them and getting on our meals. I of course had Leslie the black boy he was my man Friday. We really had a good time and then planned to take a trip Master Bill, Blanche Bangs & Edith's sister and your truly, and if any one didn't do their share of work or stayed too long in the one and only bathroom. Why? The punishment was that she could not go on the trip to see Emma, it was not of fun for any one wants to go and so we did try to be good sports and in our share.

But dear you must by this time say to yourself Jan but why didn't you write, the story is that a old trouble some knee started to worry me again as I was to deliver and it has been giving me loads of pain therefore dear I rest in the mood. — but when you called well you just pulled me up by my boots. By this time you know that

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Mattie and Arthur were my house guests for
about 10 days I wish that ^{that} could have stayed
longer. I am sure that they had a nice
time, and we all enjoyed having them with
us. Of course we talked and talked and it
was Emma and then again Emma and
dear I feel that I care and was as close
to you as they were. And they do love you a lot
and so do I. Again we talk trip and then
M. T. said that I could go this winter if every
thing was right. And while I never had any
strong decision to go abroad. I knew no one &
felt that I was thousands of miles away from
anyone. But today that feeling is no longer
there. And I am ready to go to you, as I do go
to Florida every winter. I just would go to the
South of France or some warmer place. I really
want to go to write you all this all much later
because having a family I am no free lance
and have to be governed by family ties. But
Arthur thought it was to good to keep.

I figured I hear that if I do come over and
if I can't stand the climate of your town, you and
I would go to Italy or some where where it would
be interesting. And all I ask is for the love to share
with

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and a nice bathing beach. perhaps go
to some watering place. Emma dear
I figured— if it won't do you any good
it won't do your health any harm
I'd love it and I figured that with your
knowledge of things, the "old story" that
two can live as well as one, anyway I feel
that I'll enjoy my Holiday ~~just~~ if you
will share it with me, and will let it
go at that.

Montreal is very beautiful right now, I
fixed up my Terrace in a grand way.
with a coat of white paint I made a
old set of Proulx's furniture look
like a million dollars with blue leather
cushions. I made the sweetest Bar out
of an old dresser and no amount of
money spent on a new one would have
given me greater satisfaction. flower boxes
loads of plants and trailing vines have
made a black place look like a garden.
besides having the most beautiful view
in town everyone loves it and so would

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You I wish that I could have you
here now to enjoy it with me. 1935

Subject while read I had him here
twice. I find it very hard to do anything
for him, because he is a "man" who
he is so much I could get closer to him
and do some thing. I and also M.T. has ask-
ed him to come here at any time for dinner
without a invitation. just to say he was
comming that. but I can't do but I can't
see my way clear, its down right hard for
me to say direct things to him and if so I can
offer him money and what if I did offer him
some where would it get him. dear you are
better at this than I am what could I do?

I hope that you are able to read this, I
could go on and on, if I had interesting news
to write about. I promise to write sooner if
not such a long one as I did now.

Hope this find you in the very best of health
do think up some interesting places to go to and
let me know so that I can dream about them.
M.T. Beverly Minnie and I send you our very
best love.

Lovingly Fan Stark.
My boy is on a farm he wants to be a farmer

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 12, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].— 3 p. ; 30 x 21 cm.

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25481

St Tropez August 12 35

Frank, my Own.

Your letter reached me Friday. But there is no fast ship until wed. So there was no need to write in an hurry. Besides, Sasha was ill, a bad heart attack which not only kept me busy but also very worried. He is still in bed. But there is nothing immediately serious. Only it gave me a fright. Please don't refer to it should you write him. Sasha hates for people to know that he is no longer so vigorous and strong as in the past. No one can go through his ordeal for 16 years and retain his original physical powers until the age of 65. That is really the cause of Sasha's heart trouble. He will not face it and discontinue to drudge. He loves the soil passionately and can keep digging from morning until night. He loves swimming and once in the water there is no holding him. That's exactly what happened. He had worked hard repairing our water pump. Then we went to the beach to picnic. And so Sasha overexerted himself. In the evening came the attack. But as I said it's alright now. Only I was worried and busy.

Regarding it is alright about the copies of our letters to R.R. I wanted you to know about the unfortunate misunderstanding in re Sasha's translation. But you did well not to show the letters to the comrades. It's alright for Mary to read it. Well the matter has been adjusted. A man by the name of James who is on the Los Angeles Rocker Committee has reinscribed the parts of Rudolf's original MSS which Sasha had left out because he knew that ~~it~~ they would sound badly in English. It was really that which upset Rudolf. He has written S. repeatedly that he considered the translation as good as the original. Any way this Mr James who has translated a book of Rudolf's seems to meet with R's approval better than S. and he did the job. Most likely he will also do the second part. I rather think this James is the same who had played such a conspicuous part in the Sacco Vanzetti case and had taken Sacco's boy abroad. Anyhow he is supposed to be a comrade. And as he has independent means he has charged nothing for his revision and mostly likely will also do the second part for nothing.

For Sasha and myself this is the most satisfactory solution. It would have been hell for S. to go back to the translation feeling all the time that Rudolf may be dissatisfied. Besides S. should really go back to original writing. It is preposterous for a man of such literary talent to waste his time on other people's works. The Machno sketch which Sasha re wrote and sent to Ann Lord to place with some magazine came out splendid. Having been away so long it took a month to do the one story. But once Sasha would get back into the swing he could do a story in two weeks. Of course the main difficulty is

The Emma Goldman Papers

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25452

Placing the stories. Well Sasha must keep on trying. ESQUIRE asked for more when it took the Dictator. The trouble is that magazine pays little. ~~any~~ anyhow no one will try harder than Ann Lord. I will let you know eh we hear what she has accomplishe

Darling mine, I understand perfectly how you feel ab about your independence. And I have no desire to interfere with your efforts. Besides, it is insanity on my part to make any definite plans for next year. I have definitely given up hopes t to get at the proposed book this year. I am too restless for writing. In fact I don't remember the time when such horrible rest lessness was upon me. It is only by sheer force of will that I keep from taking the next train out I know not where to. I like to be honest with myself. And so I must admit that the cause for my sickening state of mine is not only my mad longing for you. It is also that in getting back into active service I feel more than ever unable to sit back in retirement. If only I could raise my voice and pen in France. It is so necessary here with all that happens almost every day, the latest the massacre in Roulon and Brest. Imagine being here and forced to silence. It is mad ning and I can't stand it. That alone is cause enough to be restive and unhappy. And there is another matter about which I can not write since it concerns Sashas sweetheart. She is a good kid, but also she comes from a family of aristocrats and she is ill. In the city one does not tread easily upon each others toes. In a small house with no distractions of any kind it is difficult. I am so eager for Sasha too have all the love he can get and needs. But its been trying beyond endurance to harmonise the ~~idiotic~~ various disonances. Anyway, I have not been at peace or contented since I returned and so I am determined to get away. My only dread is Sashas poor health. Well, I will see. I do not intend to leave here before sometime in oct.

About next year, I may not have Bon Esprit any more then. ~~xxxx~~ I will be compelled to sell it if Sasha can not place his stories. It will be a sorry day for me and for S. if it has to be done. But after all we are neither of us clingers to property. If it must be sold we will do it without whining. In that case I will come to Canada next autumn. I mean around Oct 1936. But if I still own Bon Esprit and I have the means for your trip I will be exalted to have you. But only if you feel free to come and remain a few months. I am delighted to see that Mary is as big as ever and as understanding. She is quite right the gain you would have through your visit to France would be much more valuable than some job which in the present state of affairs is never certain or pays much. It is true that in St Tropez you'd have to content yourself only with me, and Sasha when he would visit us. Formerly many interesting people used to come to St Tropez. Not now any more. So you would have to be content with me. Do you think you could stand it a few months? After that we might go to Paris where you'd meet all kinds of people. But as I said it is silly to make plans too far in advance. It is only my yearning for you that makes me forget how little I dare plan. So lets not build castles in the air any more. The plunge is too excruciating.

Frank, my beloved it is a year this month or will be the 18th when you came to me. When you brought with you a world I had no longer hoped for, such beauty, such ecstatic happiness, such peace. Only a year yet it seems so long ago

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 12, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].— 3 p. ; 30 x 21 cm.

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. The scar your departure left is more poignant now than it was while I was still on the American continent. And yet I know I would be ~~xxxx~~ poorer by far if you had not come into my life. Just think missing the two marvelous weeks. I admit the price is high. Some days it even seems much higher than the joy. But that is only when my longing for you overcomes my reason. In my sane moments I feel convinced that what you gave me was worth more than the pain of separation. And I have not seriously regretted it for a second. I want you to know that my darling. To my last breath you will stand out as the miracle worker, as the prince charming who has reawakened the old tempest of my being. For the rest we must let the future take care of itself. Naturally, I cling to the hope that it may bring you to me, or me to you. But if that should not be you will remain in my heart until the very end. Every moment of our two weeks together including your marvelous talk at the Sacco Vanzetti memorial meeting is graven on my mind and spirit never to be eradicated. You are with me always my own tender and also violent lover.

I hold you clasped in my arms in complete abandon and forgetfulness of the ugly realities of life.

With Love

Emma

M
Please ~~re~~ remember me affectionately to Mariett and Mary. Tell L. I admire her fine judgment in everything, and her large and free spirit in her sweet relation and comradeship with you. Give the comrades my fraternal greetings.

Destroy the copies I sent you.

The Emma Goldman Papers

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10090

St Tropez August 12 35

Frank, my Own.

Your letter reached me Friday. But there is no fast ship until Wed. So there was no need to write in an hurry. Besides, Sasha was ill, a bad heart attack which not only kept me busy but also very worried. He is still in bed. But there is nothing immediately serious. Only it gave me a fright. Please don't refer to it should you write him. Sasha hates for people to know that he is no longer so vigorous and strong as in the past. No one can go through his ordeal for 16 years and retain his original physical powers until the age of 65. That is really the cause of Sashas heart trouble. He will not face it and discontinue to drudge. He loves the soil passionately and can keep digging from morning until night. He loves swimming and once in the water there is no holding him. That's exactly what happened. He had worked hard repairing our water pump. Then we went to the beach to picnic. And so Sasha overexerted himself. In the evening came the attack. But as I said its alright now. Only I was worried and busy.

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Placing the stories. Well Sasha must keep on trying. ~~ESQUIRE~~ asked for more when it took the Dictator. The trouble is that magazine pays little. ~~anyhow~~ anyhow no one will try harder than Ann Lord. I will let you know when we hear what she has accomplished.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870922434

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 12, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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. The scar your departure left is more poignant now than it was while I was still on the American continent. And yet I know I would be ~~much~~ poorer by far if you had not come into my life. Just think, missing the two marvelous weeks. I admit the price is high. Some days it even seems much higher than the joy. But that is only when my longing for you overcomes my reason. In my sane moments I feel convinced that what you gave me was worth more than the pain of separation. And I have not seriously regretted it for a second. I want you to know that my darling. To my last breath you will stand out as the miracle worker, as the prince charming who has reawakened the old tempest of my being. For the rest we must let the future take care of itself. Naturally, I cling to the hope that it may bring you to me, or me to you. But if that should not be you will remain in my heart until the very end. Every moment of our two weeks together including your marvelous talk at the Sacco Vanzetti memorial meeting is graven on my mind and spirit never to be eradicated. You are with me always my own tender and also violent lover.

I hold you clasped in my arms in complete abandon and forgetfulness of the ugly realities of life.

With love

Please remember me affectionately to Mariett and Mary. Tell M. I admire her fine judgment in everything, and her large and free spirit in her sweet relation and comradeship with you. Give the comrades my fraternal greetings.

Destroy the copies I sent you.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023185

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 12, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 12/35

My, my dear sick child, I can't tell you how very rotten I feel to know you ill and far away from us. I console myself with your assurance that you really like to be alone for a while and that you enjoy your apt alone. I am sure your present attack must have been coming on for weeks, hence your nervousness and your fretfulness. Whatever the cause I should hate myself if I thought

I had in any way contributed to it. I too love you and nothing is farther away from me than to add to your usual misery of the stomach. I hope with all my heart this will find you much, much improved and on deck again.

I have enjoyed Brutus. He is really a rare youngster. Quite unlike his father, he is so shy, so thoughtful of others, so very considerate. And though he is only 17, he is singularly mature and thoughtful. I think Sasha too has taken the boy to his heart of which I am very glad. Brutus is leaving Wed, or Thursday to sail next Saturday on a freighter for N.Y. I will really hate to see him go.

Wed, my Dutch comrades who live in Toronto and have been so fine to me are due in St Tropez. I was looking forward to their coming. But now I am a little afraid because the Neelises, the young anarchist couple are bringing her mother and sister along. I had not expected that. Of course the two will have to stay at Sandstroms if I can get their room. The bed in the boudoir is too narrow and the mother can not be put in a tent, besides all that cooking. Well we will manage somehow since it will only be for a week or ten days. After they go I hope you will come back my dear and let us try to have another month of real holiday during Sept. In Oct we will have to leave

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 12, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
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...because the rains begin and also because it is
not fair to let Ann have the house since I promised it to her for
six months.

My dear, my dear, of course we will be together much
even if I have a separate apt. I had never thought of anything
else. You know that a complex I have about sharing a room with
others, even my most beloved people. I would never impose myself
on you and Sushas place. So we will be much together, if I go to
Nice. But unless I can be of help to Hasha in anyway I mean to go
to Paris for a few weeks and then to England for the rest of
the winter. Don't think it has anything to do with you my dear.
It has everything to do with my restlessness, my need for act-
ivity, my need to forget my personal miseries. However we will
talk about all that some day soon.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 12, New York [to] E[mma] G[oldman], St. Tropez / Harry Weinberger. — 2 p. ; 27 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4882

HARRY WEINBERGER
COUNSELLOR AT LAW
20 WEST 104TH ST. NEW YORK
LUNGA 81 5-3589-3583

August 12, 1935.

Mrs. E. G. Colton
St. Tropez Var
France

Dear M. G. :

Your letter of the 11th is taking almost as long to obtain a reply as you delayed in your writing. However we'll both throw ourselves on the ignorance of the court.

I know when one wants to do certain work and is stopped through health or inability to function like not being able to get into the United States to find audiences, or where one does not have a press of his own to print one's articles, it goes back into physical ailments.

I certainly wish I could get over to the south of France and spend a few days at St. Tropez, get a car and travel around with you and change the humdrum to at least a chameleon existence.

I return herewith your John Haynes Holmes and Roger Baldwin letters. I know you will be glad to learn that Holmes has written a very fine anti-war play called, "If This Be Treason", which was tried out at the Country Playhouse at Westport. Lawrence Langner tells me that the Theatre Guild will probably do it. It was quite effective though it had the God end and it had one line that the president was being led by the hand. The usual religious bunk.

I enclose herewith copy of article by George Currie and also a letter from Miss Tallentyre showing that she wrote the famous Voltaire quote, though it does give his principles.

I am glad to hear that A.B. is feeling better. As a matter of fact, I think that if 90% of the doctors were dropped in the middle of the ocean and they had their places taken by women with your sympathy and your ability to cook, most of the illness in the world would be eliminated especially if added to that was the elimination of poverty.

Let me know if Esquire takes one of the stories, and give A.B. my best regards.

Let me know when the translated story will get published. I look at Esquire only now and then. I don't believe I saw the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920005

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 12, New York [to] E[mma] G[oldman], St. Tropez / Harry Weinberger. — 2 p. ; 27 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

A683

E. G. Colton

page 2

Lyons article in Harpers, but will look it up.

I send you a copy of Bruce Calverts "The Open Road" with the argument letter on Voltaire. But what can you expect when someone like Robinson goes crazy with the idea of the Nazis, and liberty in this country should be destroyed and the Nazis in this country should not be allowed to propagandise. In the last paragraph of my letter is the slogan that I will continue at my masthead, as I know you too, will.

There is practically no chance of my coming across because I have to keep my nose pretty much to the grind stone. There is no business taking me across but I do hope that next summer will find me there. I promise myself that if you do come back to Canada before then, to look in, assuming that I cannot entertain you at the old Brevoort, at the Rainbow room in Rockefeller Center, up and down the country, in and about the City of New York.

I am with all best,

Sincerely,



EW:BN

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880817112

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 13, St. Tropez [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Paul Avrich Papers.

St Tropez Var August 13th 35.

My dear Minna. Its months since you wrote me you would see about the proposed copies of Sashas Memoirs. It was in response to my letter asking you how many you and the other friends of the committee would take from the lot of three hundred still to be had from the British publisher. He has three hundred and I can get them for fifty cents a copy. The very least the book should sell for is \$1.25. It occurred to me that it might be even more if some copies were announcees at the affair planned for Sashas sixty fifth birthday. I think I explained to you that I do not mean for anyone to pay out \$1.25. All I had in mind was the actual cost and cartage, ~~on the~~ as well as shipment of the copies. In other words fifty cents a copy. The rest could go to Sasha when the copies have been disposed off. Now, Toronto has ordered fifty copies and will send \$25. Chicago wants 75 copies and will probably also send the amount for it. I must therefore know if the committee would take some copies and send me the amount so I can at last write to London for the Memoirs and urge the publisher to ship them to America and Canada at once. Please dear Minna do not delay seeing the committee ~~and~~ about the matter. I must have a definite reply as soon as possible, else the book will not arrive in the states in time for Nov 21st.

Sasha has received some money from Kap and has acknowledged it. Hundred of that had to go to the dentist. As I have already written you the cost of living in France now and especially this place is terrific. If at least S. would not need to keep up his place in Nice we'd manage somehow, but he was not permitted to move to this district. So he simply is forced to have his permanent domicile in Nice to avoid trouble with the rotten French authorities. And that means a double expense, unfortunately.

Sasha has revised a sketch about that peasant rebel Machno which he had written some years ago. It is not in the hands of a dear friend of mine who is a literary broker. We are hoping she can place it. That would mean an opening for Sasha and a livelihood, because once ones stories or articles are accepted it creates a demand. Nothing would make Sasha more happy than to be able to earn his living by his pen. It is just tragic that a man of his literary ability should ~~not~~ be denied the chance to live by his pen. I hope fervently his sketch will be accepted.

About myself there is really not much to say, or perhaps too much to write. I may go to England in Nov for the winter and also to Holland to lecture of course. My last tour has completely unfitted me for a retired and private life. So I will have to follow the call of the wilds and end as I began on the firing line.

I understand you are working hard. I therefore hate to burden you too much. But you will forgive me I know since it is about Sashas Memoirs I want you to write me by return mail

Affectionately

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 13, Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p.; 21 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Mein liebes Emmachen ---

Ich freue mich sehr mit Ihren so liebevollen Briefen.
Danke schön fuer Ihre Besorgnis um mich --- es tut
mir sehr wohl.....

Ich bin davon fest überzeugt, dass Sie mit Ihren Ge-
danken bei mir sind -- und oft -- und so sollte es auch
sein.....

Diese Krise ist eine Jahr ernstesten, die ich jemals
hatte. Es scheint schon ein Fluch auf mir zu liegen. Aber,
wenn ich still zu Hause bin, so gebe ich mich nicht dem
Jammern hin. Ich lese -- augenblicklich wieder The Bolshevik
Myth and I find it so beautiful in its truth and aim...

I read of course one paper, but I wished I had better ones.
May be our boy will send me The NEW YORK HERALD FROM TIME TO
TIME. I have to stay in contact with the happenings, as good
as I can form myself an opinion of the situation, *I want to do it.*

Dearest girlie, ich will offen mit Ihnen sein: sehen Sie,
ich liebe Sie jetzt so innig --- und ich will das nie wieder
zerstören. In den kleinen Häuschen dort, da geht die Ge-
schichte nicht so glatt ab. Und es ist Niemanden's Fehler.

Ich verwirkliche, dass ich mit einer Krise hier und da
rechnen muss, und dann bin ich sehr empfindlich -- und
es kommt zu Reibereien...

Ich weiss eines: Dass Sie, wenn es zu grossen Dingen
kommt stets gerecht sind. Und so werden Sie dieses in rechten *Sinne*
Licht verstehen.. Ich habe zwar geschrieben, I come over.
But, dearest, I am on the way, and NOW! You never saw me
like that. There you are!

Ich liege im Bett und esse Suppen und wenn es mir besser
geht, so sehe ich Nelly hier und da. Sie ist ja ruckend in
ihrer stillen, reinen Weise. Ich fühle mich in Ihrer
Gesellschaft sehr wohl.

Emmachen, meine liebste Freundin, wenn die Freunde ver-
lassen haben --- dann müssen wir uns wiedersehen. Wir werden
das alles arrangieren, geht? My dear. You know, I am longing
for eating a good meal again. Just now I am always full.

Dearest, I am sure you will *prepare* *for me*
as we will see each other. You know, dearest, I really think
everything is very cheap in Nice now (Tomatoes 35 centimes a
kilo.) Think of that work it gave me! It is not worth while.

Listen, dearest, Nelly loves to have you all the *of my time*
time. She even said that you may come in again!

So, dear first of all I MUST get better soon, because
it is high time, isn't it? With unchanged love, *Emmy*

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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[illegible]

.....
 mit der Wahl.

Ich bin davon fest überzeugt, dass die 11. Internat-
konferenz mit Erfolg -- und oft -- und so sollte es auch

[illegible]

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 I read of course one paper, but I wished I had better ones.

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...and the fact that the ...
...and the fact that the ...

But, honest, I am on the way, and how! You never saw me like that. There you are!

Ich habe in Best und seine Gassen und war es mir besser
geht, so habe ich nicht die Zeit zu verbringen in
dieser kleinen, kleinen Gasse. Ich habe mich in drei
Gassen bewegt, aber nicht.

for setting a good example. I am glad to see you are all well and happy. I am looking forward to seeing you again soon. Love from your mother.

...I am sure you will find it interesting. I have been thinking about you a great deal lately. I hope you are well and happy. I am still working hard at my job, but I always find time to think of my friends.

7

10-10-68

... ..

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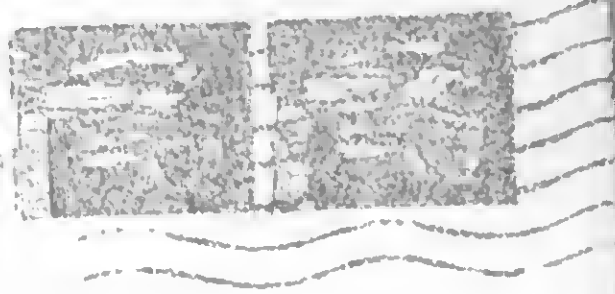
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881010464

[Envelope] 1935 Aug. 14, St. Tropez [to] Frank G. Heiner, Chicago / E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 14 × 17 cm.

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Aquitania
Cherbourg
Le 14 Aout



Dr Frank G. Heiner
5704 Harper Avenue
Chicago, ILL
Etats Unis

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I.G. Colton St Tropez var
France

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811022044

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81-10-2244
St Tropez Var August 14/35.

Dearest Ann. It is terrible that one so able and efficient should have such a desperate struggle to exist. Just what happened with the work for the C.L.U. or its particular branch you were looking after? I knew that you were being paid barely enough to exist, since \$25 is little enough. But that even that had stopped and you left dry is certainly more than I had expected. I wonder why the payment ceased. Tell me if you care to.

My dear, my very dear what would I not give to have the means to put you on a salary. You are more valuable than most people who had acted as my representatives. I know there are a hundred things you could do, rousing peoples interest in my continued existence for one, devoting your time to a better way of interesting them in the writing I want to do. I never liked the letter sent out. I hated the term sustaining fund and indeed the whole spirit of the letter. I am not surprised it brought poor results. People have to be personally approached and who is there so competent as you dearest Ann? If only I were not so poor I would put the whole thing of raising a publication fund in your hands, at a salary enough to keep you from going hungry or being underfed. I am certain the results would justify the investment. But it is out of the question now. It is madning to see possibilities for touring and writing and yet to be bound hand and foot. It was different in the past when I was in America. Not only did I never have to worry so much for myself. But I could and did help many, many others so much less worthy than you my dearest. I now cling to the hope of a miracle. Your success in placing Sashas sketch and still more in rousing the interest of some film people in the possibilities of the Machno sketch. You bet A.B. would see to it that you should have a considerable part in such an eventuality.

Dearie, it is wonderful of you and so thoughtful to get after Cliff. Yes, he is sweet and kind when in ones presence. But easily side tract if one is out of his sight. Of course I have heard nothing from him so far. He must think I am in funds to suggest I would first visit friends in Paris before proceeding here. I remained in Paris just three days. I could not afford the exence or the time because I was determined to be with Sasha on the 18th of May and I landed in Le Havre the 14th. Perhaps Cliff is head over heels ~~in~~ on the job that took him to New Mexico. Perhaps also he is still under the horrible shock of Bronson Cuttings end. I did not know the man yet even I was shocked with the news. One of the few Liberal men in Wash and he had to go in such a senseless way. It was decent of him to provide for Cliff. If only the boy would now write. He has very considerable poetic talent. But will he?

Yes, dearest Ann you have tremendously rich material for a book. I really think much richer material than Evelyn Scott described in ESCAPE her most impressive work I think. How happy I would be to have you with me here and relieve you of your material worries and anxieties so you could do some writing. You see, no matter how little one has in an household one can always feed an extra person without much extra exence. Besides, the little extra your living would cost is insignificant as compared to your companionship and the knowledge that you are working on your book. Of course my dear, if next summer I still own Bon Esprit I will be very happy to have you with me. But I dare not cling too much to my place for f

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2

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You are the same lovely optimist and devout believer in miracles. This about the one act play. Its a grand idea darling. But in the first place I don't think I can write it. In the second place no Broadway theatre would take it. Maybe such dramatic organizations as the Theatre Union or the Group Theatre, or possibly the Guild. But certainly not any Broadway house. Another thing is, the material of our deportation is too vast for a one act play. What I think is that some of the cinema people might see the possibilities of a picture of that part of Living My Life, especially the deportation, the voyage with its daily dangers and our arrival in Russia with our burning faith. Of course our experience there and our final departure would also add much to the scenario. What more dramatic material ever appears in American smx cinemas? I don't think Sasha or I could make it more dramatic or more poignant. So try your luck with some film companies. By the way, Knopf has nothing to do with the dramatic or film and radio rights to my book.

I am awfully sorry to hear that your son had to give up the idea of going abroad. But perhaps it is just as well I should think it would have been a frightful strain on him perhaps even fatal. So if he can rest and yet earn enough for himself it is perhaps for the best. No, he does not seem to be a leaner. Anymore than you are. That's another proof for the damnableness of the present system, it grinds the bravest and the proudest souls. The cringers and leaners manage somehow. It is most kind of your son to speak about me in his lectures. Please give him my kindest greetings and say thanks for me. Perhaps if a great many people who say my deportation was a crime would voice their ideas I might be readmitted. But the protest was very faint indeed.

Malmed, he is a terrible stickler for property and a sentimentalist to boot. He clings like a leach to his collection though he knows it is rotting away and what will remain after he goes will be thrown on the dung heap. I have no patience with such avariciousness, or the assurance of friendship that never raises a finger to be of help. I do not even correspond with Malmed anymore. I don't think you need waste your time either. He will not give up the collection. Its lovely of you to want an E.C. collection. But where are we

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3

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Ann my dear use the inclosed \$2 bill for stamps. With all my heart I wish I could make it two hundred dollars. In any event I am going to send you something from time to time for postage at least.

I embrace you tenderly.

with love.

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195

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St Tropez Var August 14/35.

14718

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14719

for that it maybe harder to give it up. Yet, if Sasha fails to break through ~~that~~ some American publication that pays well Bon Esprit will have to go. Not so much for my sake, for I can always realize enough from lectures in Canada to support my physical needs. Had the response to the appeal for my proposed book been adequate it would have saved Bon Esprit for another two years. That or the success of your efforts with his story. Well, the appeal did bring some money, over a thousand dollars. But I am not alone and living is high in France. However, I am going to hang on to Bon Esprit as long as I can, at least over next winter. So if we can scrape up enough for your trip across you must come my sweet Ann and write your book. I'd be happier with that than having to write myself.

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Calmed, he is a terrible stickler for property and a sentimentalist to boot. He clings like a leech to his collection though he knows it is rotting away and what will remain after he goes will be thrown on the dung heap. I have no patience with such avariciousness, or the assurance of friendship that never raises a finger to be of help. I do not even correspond with him anymore. I don't think you need waste your time either. He will not give up the collection. Its lovely of you to want an M.C collection. But where are we

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14720

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Ann my dear use the inclosed \$2 bill for stamps. With all my heart I wish I could make it two hundred dollars. In any event I am going to send you something from time to time for postage at least.

I embrace you tenderly.

with love.

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870216085

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 14, St. Tropez [to W. M.] Yaffe, [Los Angeles] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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6453, 1

St Tropez Var August 14/35.

Dear comrade Yaffe.

C.V. has written me what a splendid worker you are on the Rudolf Rocker Committee. ALSO COMRADE Berkman tells me if the generous showing in his behalf the Kropotkin group has made which I am sure must be your desire is the most active of the comrades. I am delighted we have such good workers in Los Angeles. I am especially happy to find that the comrades have remained so interested in and devoted to comrade Berkman. He deserves it all though I am sure he does not demand it from the comrades. Still it is gratifying to him and very much so to me that our grande Sasha is not forgotten.

So now I am writing you about Sasha's Memoirs. The British publisher still has three hundred copies which he is willing to let me have for fifty cents a copy, with cartage and shipment about \$1.25. It is a ridiculously low price since it can easily be sold at \$1.25 a copy which would mean about \$150 for comrade Berkman. I am very anxious to import these copies but am too hard pressed to invest the amount. I have already before written to our group in Toronto, to Jeanne Levy in Chicago and to a most active comrade in New York about the matter. Now I do not mean that the groups should pay the full amount in advance, \$1.25 per copy. I only mean the actual cost. Thus Toronto has ordered fifty copies and is sending \$62.50. Jeanne Levy ordered 75 copies and will no doubt also send the cost \$7.50 dollars. I hope New York will do something. I therefore want you dear comrade to bring the matter up before the group and let me know as soon as possible whether it cares to also order some copies. In that case and not to delay the importation from England perhaps the group will send the amount for whatever number of copies it decides to take. I am very keen that the comrades in America should have copies of Sasha's Memoirs as near the 21st of Nov as possible. Our comrade will be sixty five then and it would be appropriate to try and sell copies ~~for~~ as a sort of birthday gift. Of course, I know you and the other comrades in Los Angeles have already celebrated our comrades release from the hell hole in Allegany. But I do not think anyone will object if the Memoirs are offered for sale for Nov 21st. Especially as the American edition is entirely exhausted and only three hundred copies of the British are left. Anyhow let me hear from you soon.

About myself and my plans you will gather from the enclosed. There is nothing to add except that it is definite now that I will go to England for the winter. The comrades there have organized a committee that is trying to arrange meetings for me. I am not going with a light heart because some comrades have already written me that to have successful meetings I will have to forgo speaking about Russia. Anti Fascism and war they write would draw large crowds. I don't see how one can very well talk about Fascism and not Russia since Fascism prevails there only under another name. I don't mean I ~~will~~ ever specialise on Russia. But neither will I shirk it. Well, as I can not be inactive I will do the best I can while in England.

I can't tell you dear comrade how bitterly I have

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I regretted that I did not fly to Calif from Chicago on my short and painful visit to the States. You understand that I would have done it had I not been saddled by a manager. Of course, the friends who had wished the run on me meant for the best. His offer looked enticing and as I only had ninety days they thought it would save me and the comrades much anxiety and labor and send me out of A. "rich". Well, it proved the worst thing I had ever experienced. Aside of the disagreeable stills with the man I would have had to borrow to get back to Canada. Arrived it not been for Chicago where my meet was arranged by the comrades were so successful. I wanted to go to Calif the worst way, but my manager would not risk it. And so I wasted my strength and voice on small towns in wretchedly ~~organised~~ organised no things and lost the chance of Calif that had always been my richest field.

I wish I could hope to be readmitted again. But as long as the present action continues there is no hope whatever. Especially not if Roosevelt should get out of office which he probably will. However, I intend to return to Canada, perhaps next autumn Oct 1936 for an indefinite stay. For if my friends should try again to bring me to the States again, I will not properly make the effort easier. But as I said there is no use hoping for it although one always hopes. I am sure one will not go on with life.

Give my kindest greetings to all the comrades.

Fraternally.

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*copy address
file*

5th Argyle Avenue, Westmount,
Thursday, August 15th, 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman:

You have been constantly in my thoughts of late. While fully aware of the extent of your correspondence, you have usually been so prompt in your reply to my mail that I have been somewhat perturbed lest all is not well with you. And two or three times lately Mr. Whitenead has phoned to ask me if I had any news of you. On each occasion his disappointment and his anxiety were quite apparent. And at the same time they were a reflection of my own.

When I playfully suggested that he write to find out for himself, he said that that would be out of the question now because it was so long since he had last written you, that nothing but a letter of "decent" length would do. In his present circumstances, he said, that would be impossible.

A few weeks ago he moved into an apartment with the idea of bringing all his things in one place. When his belongings did arrive, he found the more valuable parts of them missing. All his spare time since then has been spent in trying to check up what his actual losses were in order that he may be sure of his facts when he takes definite steps against the people responsible.

In addition to that he has been trying to arrange his business affairs so that he may leave on a business trip of three or four weeks' duration with one of his firm from New York.

Both because of my own anxiety, then, and because of my promise to let you know from time to time about Mr. Whitenead's health and progress, I am writing you to-day.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 15, Westmount [Canada to Emma] Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Marjorie Goldstein. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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My summer has been quiet but busy. Owing to my Mother's ill health she has gone out to be with my sister in Vancouver for a much needed change and rest. As I am all alone the necessary housework and cooking devolves upon me in addition to my lessons which have continued throughout the summer. Usually I am very busy from mid-August onwards; this year, however, the fall supplemental preparations have begun very early indeed. I like it, for it prevents one from feeling too lonely under the circumstances.

I have been unable to transmit your message to Mrs. Estall as I have not heard from her. I did ask Mr. Whitehead if he had heard and he answered: "I haven't written her a line since she left!"

I wonder if you have recovered sufficiently from your strenuous efforts of this winter to make a start on any of the various plans a busy person like yourself always has in mind.

I often think of Mr. Berkman and how he is getting on.

It is hardly necessary for me to add how pleased I am whenever I get a line from you.

Very sincerely,

Marjorie
(p. 12) stm /

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 16, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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St Tropez Var August 16th 35

Dearest Emmy. Thanks for your loving letter. Of course my dear you must do only as you feel best about. Not for worlds would I want you to force yourself to return here or stay. I merely suggested it because I wanted you to know that I am glad to have you provided you do not feel oppressed in Bon Esprit. I understand it only too well how difficult and trying it is to be within close quarters for two people of such different habits and tastes. One so ill as you and the other in such a mental and spiritual turmoil as I am. With the best of will and intentions one is bound to get on the nerves of the other. Still, I think if we were alone without S. the friction would not happen so often. S. has a habit of mixing in the conflict which is always exasperating. However, you will admit that I have written you how I feel about being on each others necks as it were. Perhaps I am too much of an individualist. I will gladly give away my last shirt. But it is extremely difficult for me to be in close quarters with others. And the more I care for a person the more difficult it is. However, I still hope when you get well again you will come for the last few weeks here that are often very lovely. But in any event I want you only if you feel like coming, freely and not for Sashas or my sake.

You will wonder why Sasha did not go to you right away when he knew you were so ill. Well, dear now that he is alright again it is not breaking confidence when I tell you our man was quite ill, laid up for a week. It was a bad heart attack and scared me considerably. After much persuasion he consented for me to call in a physician. I sent for Anna's friend Dr Fayo. The Sandstroms recommended him highly. You will be happy to know that Sashas heart condition is not grave. He does have a weak heart and he must take care of himself. No swimming any more, no climbing of hills or stairs. Lots of rest. The Dr prescribed something for the heart and also something for some pain under his ribs which the Dr told us was neuralgia. Please Emmychen don't let Sasha know I wrote you about his attack though he may have written you himself. I have only done it to reassure you about Sashas failing to come — knowing as he did that you are so ill yourself.

My Dutch friends came in a car so we are taking Sasha to St Raphael tomorrow that will give me a ride as well. And it will save S. going so much ahead of his train to Nice.

My dear, my dear I hope with all my heart this will find you in much better condition and that you may soon be auf dem Damm again. I'd give my last sou if some remedy could be found for you my poor, suffering child and you could find relief for the rest of your life.

Devoted love.

Yes, Nellie is very kind and tender. Give her my love,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 18, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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St. Tropez Var August 18th 35.

dearest Bash. To day is the 18th. Three months since I came back from my tour. Strange isn't it that in all this time you and I had not a single friendly or intimate talk. Indded less so than when I was far away. Then you could at least write tender and understanding letters. I suppose distance lends enchantment. Doen't it dear old neout? Of course I know talk does not signify anything. Still one does miss closeness, if not in words at least in deeds with one so interrelated as you and I. We had nothing in all the three months except our past which is a bond I will admit. I was particularly sad that you never once broached the proposed book I was supposed to write. Now, I know you are interested. But it seemed strange that you never asked what I intend to do, if anything. And so it was with other matters concerning me or my thoughts. Yet I know you wanted me back. You certainly made me feel you did. As you made me feel that you really needed me. But as I said we all can imagine more than we actually want. I am not complaining. I only want you to know how terribly I felt the wall that seems to rise between us when we are together. Or if not a wall, something that makes us both tongue tied.

I hope my dear you found E. much bet or than she was. It is too awful that she must go through these horrible attacks. I would give much if some specialist could be found who would know what to suggest though E. will never have patience enough for a regime. Perhaps your presence will help some. I know how much she longs to have you with her. And I'm glad you felt improved enough to go. I hope you will not forget your own condition. I mean that you need rest. You should be able to rest now that this holy terror with more energy than anyone wants away from you both.

I had a lot of mail to day each letter containing painful news. The biggest shock is contained in Stella's letter which I am inclosing. It is to laugh about the charge that used to me to be mad against modern women. She will not want or care for a child. Ruth was getting on furiously, never a days had health, working and having a good time in her married life. But nothing would do. She had to have a baby. What a horrible price to pay. He von only knows whether she will get well. Anyway, the news just staggered me. Poor Stella being the eldest she carries the whole brunt of all the family trouble.

No less of a painful surprise is the inclosed from the Harper man. He is stupid to say that your style is "old fashioned and gone by". ~~Whatever~~ Whatever he mean his refusal made me sick. I had been so sure that he would be interested being rather more advanced than the ordinary editor of American magazines. I suppose Ann was also refused by the Saturday Eve Post if she went to Brighton. No doubt we will hear from her.

My dear Bash, we seem to be hopeless with our writing. I still feel that INQUIRE might take the Maohno story because the editor had asked for more. Even the little they pay will be better than nothing for you and E. And you may try translating some of the German stories. But as I told you I'll have to write to The Malik

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 18, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Writing for permission. I have disappointed them so often I hate to write for the rights unless you plan to go ahead with some of the stories. Perhaps we'd better wait until we hear from Ann.

As you can guess I don't feel very happy with the days letters brought. And there are many other things that add to my cheer. To day is also a year since Frank came to me and led me off to a magic world for two weeks. The return to reality has been exoruciating and accounts for my grief and unhappiness since I came back here. Your seeming indifference to my state of mind has made it so much harder for me. More than all else is the awful restlessness in my bones since I left the American continent. And the confusion what to do. I know I have not the peace of mind to concentrate on writing. I know also that you really do not need me, that far from bringing you peace or inspiration I become a bone of contention and strife. I suffer deeply under it all and yet do not help you in any way. So why hang around? If only I knew where to go and to what to apply my restless spirit. As a hell of a state for a lady. And so I will probably go away to Paris and England ~~about~~ ~~about~~ some time in Oct.

A letter from the Starks, friends of mine in Montreal contains an invitation to join Fan Stark as her travelling companion through the South of France, Italy and Switzerland. At her expense of course. But that is not to be until Jan when Fan and Mr Stark are coming to England. I may accept it because Fan is very fine and it will give me a chance to travel without being bound by lecture dates. But there is no use in planning so far ahead.

I am taking our friends to Pamillon, or rather I will show Tom the way. It will be my second chance to bathe and possibly the last this summer. I had intended to give Tom this letter and the inclosures. But on second thought I think it is better to mail it. One never knows what delays there might be going in a car. And I want E. to have her letters. So Tom will drive me to the station to mail this.

Goodby my Sarah. We maybe separated by more than thousands of miles but you remain in my heart just the same. A foolish heart I admit, but a loving one. Too much so I fear.

Write me how E. is. I am most anxious.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919225

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 18 [St. Louis, Mo. to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Florence [Burnett]. — 2 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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11832

August 18th

My own dearest Emma:

I know you will be surprised and happy to have an answer to your letter written by me....and this makes practically the first attempt at writing, so I warn you not to expect too much. Your dear letter filled me with that wonderful warmth within which comes with the knowledge that one is loved so much by another. I have thought of you so many, many times, and I've known that you must have given me up completely. But now you understand that it was not thoughtfulness, nor neglect that caused my silence.

You've undoubtedly had all the gorey details from Dad and besides all of that is behind me and I want to forget it. The thing you will want to know, I'm certain, is that I'm definitely on the mend again. This has indeed seemed like an endless siege to me, and hell holds not horrors anymore, for I feel as if I've been there and back, not once, but several times. But, dear, I really love life and living too much to be downed. It has taken a terrific amount of spirit this time to convince myself that I'm a lucky devil and should thank the stars for the fact that I'm still here. The doctor who performed the operation was so happy that he kissed me tenderly when he discovered what I had in my head. A tumor-like growth that would have undoubtedly been fatal within another three years. But all of that is over. Now I'm occupied with the business of trying to get my face into shape again. The partial paralysis that twisted the entire left side of my face as a result of the operation will be a long time in healing. But, as I told Bob, I've wanted to smirk at a great many people, and this is my opportunity. I do it so effectively, and broadly. The wound itself is not healed as yet, but the doctor is pleased with the progress it is making. Really, I'm almost feeling like myself again, even though I do not look like the Florence you remember.

Sometimes I shudder to think what my darling Dad had to go through with me. The first experience, fifteen years ago, turned his hair gray, and this last time was even worse. He was the only one with me, for we had kept it a secret from Bob and Mother....the operation, I mean. The mental agony that they all suffered was certainly as great as the actual pain & experience.

But somehow life has a way of bringing up events which dispel all worries and gloom. And the Capes household is in a state of nervous, happy excitement these days. For one thing, Nardy was admitted to the Medical School at the University of Missouri and his every fibre is atingle with the anticipation of what is before him. The poor kid went through a frightful period early in the Spring when it seemed that he wouldn't be admitted. That experience probably has done more toward awaking him mentally and emotionally than anything could have possibly done. Now he is ready to throw himself into his work with everything he has. You know what

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 1935] Aug. 18 [St. Louis, Mo. to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Florence [Burnett]. — 2 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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I have always wished for that brother of mine.

Then there is Ida Capes, who is completely unrecognizable these days. She is literally pitching her furniture, her obligations toward her family (the Fishmans, I mean, not her own progeny) her everything, and she is going out to the Cooperative farm to pioneer. Her spirit and independence, her decisions and her disregard of all obstacles, leaves Nardy, Daddy and myself with our tongues hanging out. Needless to say, this move has given Dad new spirit and it seems to me that he is enamoured anew with Mother. As I wrote to him, he must have suspected all these years that "the old girl had it in her", but even with that knowledge, it is revealing of almost a new individual. Personally, I'm happy for all of them as you know, but more than I can say for Mother. She needs just this, the breaking away, for she has been completely submerged in other people all her life, and now she can do for herself.

This is more of a letter than I thought I could write. Even now I still become fatigued very easily and I'm unaccustomed to handling myself carefully.

Bob left for California yesterday, and it was with quite a lump in my throat that I kissed him goodbye. I would so loved to have gone, but the damned ear and face need constant attention and the doctor could not allow me to leave. The fact that I had to miss this trip, has strengthened our determination to make it Europe next summer.

Dearest, I do love to hear from you, so find time to write to me occasionally. Now that I'm well, you shall have letters more often. My best love to you....to Sasha and Emmy, whom I think of very often.

Always,

Florence

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920138

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 19, St. Tropez [to] Mi[ldred Mesirov, Philadelphia] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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St Tropez Var August 19/35.

Dearest Edg. Your letter of July 30th inclosed in Stellas was of course most welcome. I admit I did miss hearing from you. But I understood the cause of your silence. Though I myself have lived more than half of my life in trunks and trains, often having to pick myself up at short notice I know what it must have meant to you changing your abode so suddenly and getting adjusted to a new town and new surroundings. I therefore did not grow impatient. I knew you would write when you will have been settled. And I also knew you had not cast me out.

Well, darling I had planned to write you a long and newswy letter but a letter from Stella today conveying the awful news of the nervous breakdown of her sister Ruth just shocked me silly. Of all my sisters children Ruth was the strongest and most level headed. The shock is the greater that the breakdown should have happened to her. You can imagine how rotten and worried I am about my youngest niece, her baby and no less for Stella who as the oldest of the family must carry the whole brunt. Aside of everything Ruths condition and sudden appearance at Stellas must have broken up everybodys holiday. Still, I am glad Ruth had so much presence of mind that she came straight to Stella. With me so far away our younger kids have no one but my own darling Stella to turn to in every trouble. Of course this is the deepest calamity. Anyhow I am really too distressed to write as I had hoped to do in reply to your letter. On the other hand I do not want to delay writing you.

No, the appeal did not meet with our expectation. That is the fault of our optimism. We forget that most peoples memory is short lived. And also that people interested in me or my work are too hard hit to afford helping me. Well, as I wrote Roger Baldwin and John Haynes Holmes, no one is standing in line waiting for my new literary creation. So why should I put my heart out because I have been unable to begin on the new book? I never could concentrate on real writing having to fret about every sou. I realize if I were a real writer by the grace of the muses I should be able to pour out my very soul. But I am not. Writing is a painful process to me and I have found my daily existence since my return too painful to add the pain of writing. so there is no way out the book will simply have to wait.

I don't see why you should be so disappointed in Charlotte Barber, or Worthington or Seabrooke. After all they are but chance acquaintances and they have really not entered my life to the extent of caring about it. Charlotte gained a lot of interest. But she loves her own comforts and good life too much to bother to give me much thought. Not so Virginia. In her case it is her own financial difficulties. I happen to know that the Hershes lost her quite considerable income. They must therefore be hard pressed. Still she should at least have written. But as I said human memory is too short lived.

You are right my dear activity is the very essence of my life. I sort of shrivel up when I lead a so-called "retired" life. The trouble is I am gagged in France and pretty much in all European countries. England would have to endure me and in case of intensive

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870920138

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 19, St. Tropez [to] Mi[ldred Mesirov, Philadelphia] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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activities could only lock me up. Well, it would not be the first time, and it would be some change for my so called security. It is not this which troubles me in England. It is the icy, blood freezing indifference of the English. And now I have tried time and end to penetrate their icy layer. But I have failed. The Britisher rides himself on being so "only individualised". But in point of truth he is a hard man. He goes with his party, his organisation, his club. No chance for free lancing in England no matter what you can offer. Of course, if I still had many years to live and an income I'd start in England for some years. I have no doubt I could build up a basis. But I have neither money nor buyers nor not choosers. Since I can not write, or sit around in France idle I plan to go to Ireland for a while. It's hell of a time to go there now at such a period in the nation's English weather. But it won't kill me. I will be active during the winter. I may also get to Holland though I was disabled two years ago. My Dutch friends may get me back to lecture before and discuss and try on American literature. Then in the spring if I still own son Mauritz I'll come back to present my lecture on the subject of the future I mean to do next year.

A Montreal friend of mine is coming to England in Jan. She has invited me to her house to travel through Switzerland, the South of France and Italy. A marvelous chance to realize the one of my dreams of my life, to travel for pleasure and without dates to meet. If I can manage to be free in Jan or Feb I will grab the chance. She is a charming woman and very fond of me though you may not believe it. And she is able to foot the bill for my trip. Wish me luck.

~~Information about~~ Stella's last and more personal letter in re the fund to be sent out in Sept. Unless she will move to

New York it will not be worth doing it. In fact I doubt whether it should be done since I am not likely to buckle down to writing soon. In any event I feel you ought to be relieved. Living in Philadelphia it would be too inconvenient to bother you. Well, its up to Stella who intends to consult Roger B. when he comes back from Europe. However, Stella will be unable to do anything until there is some chance for the letter in with.

About the money you still have. You can send me your own check of 100 for the amount. Or better for 100. The balance maybe necessary should Stella decide on another letter. I can deposit your check payable to E. E. Colton in my Paris bank. Grand isn't it to speak of my bank?

Yes, David is a wonder. I know you would find him all we told you and more. I hope though he won't turn out like all child prodigies, usually mediocre. Just now he is indeed a genius.

Give my love to Nic and Jim and take loads of it for yourself.

By the way, send me Barbara's address in ~~London~~ England. I might write her when I get there something in Nov.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920212

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 19, St. Tropez [to] Fan [Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St. Tropez Var August 19th 35.

Fan, my dear. It was indeed a good letter day to receive not only your letter, but also ~~the~~ from your blessed husband. Please tell him I was delighted to get it even if I don't intend to reply to it to day. I do want to write you without delay because I happen to have a little time between the departure of Dutch friends of mine who left to day and the arrival of two young women whom I expect tomorrow. At least I can do that much for some of my poverty stricken friends let them enjoy Bon Air rit and feed them up on potatoes from my own grounds and tomatoes from our own stalks. My Dutch friends are fortunately not among those on the dole. The two girls I expect have not even that. So it is but just I should share my "riches" with them.

Charlie, it was nothing at all to cable you. I was so excited about the possibility of your coming to me now I could not wait until I would reach you by letter. You see Arthur gave me the impression that ~~the~~ Stark wanted you to go abroad right away. Well, I am sorry. But of course you are right in not leaving what must be your lovely roof garden and the fine weather in Montreal. The winter is the time to come over, and I hope fervently you may carry out your plan to join Ar Stark in his business trip.

Your offer to have me as your travelling companion sounds too grand to be realized. It is the very thing I wanted to do all my life travel and drift without having to prepare lectures and keep dates. You can see that you could not make me a more wonderful offer. As I have written you St. Tropez is out of the question in the winter. Too much wind and rain though not very cold. It would have to be Nice, or still better Menton or Monte Carlo all with twenty minutes of each other. Or Spain, for instance ~~Majadahox~~

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920212

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 19, St. Tropez [to] Fan [Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman]. --
4 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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Malloren where I understand one can live well cheaply. Italy too is cheap, but in my case it would have to be for a short visit. A long stay might make Mussolini aware of the identity of E.G. Coton and that would just about kill him. Not that I should weep tears over his departure, but I should hate to have you annoyed in any way. However it would be rather pleasant for short stays. Switzerland is the dearest country in Europe. I have always maintained that the only thing the League of Nations has done is to enrich the Swiss going to the tremendous influx of visitors and curious travellers. Its served no other earthly purpose. For warmth and beauty the south of France is every bit as wonderful as Italy. But then it is also expensive. However once you are in Europe it will not be easy to decide where you will enjoy all the sunshine you want.

I had planned to go to England in Jan. but I can just as well arrange to go in Nov. by the time of your arrival especially if it should be Feb I could arrange to be free to return with you to the south of France or wherever you wanted to go. but I ~~have~~ would have to know pretty definitely whether you really mean to come over. It is because of the dates my English friends are trying to get me. I should hate to be tied up when you come. Talk it over with your nice husband and see if he or you could let me know soon if I may expect you the end of Jan or beginning of Feb. Then we will meet in London. But before everything make sure that you really want me. You may get tired of me you know. Lets therefore agree that you can give me short notice to go any way. I will understand and not love you any less.

About Gordon Whitehead; dearest run you misunderstood me. I did not want you to do anything for him. Least of all to offer him money. He would never accept it and it would hurt him to the

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870920212

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 19, St. Tropez [to] Fan [Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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quick. I had in mind an occasional friendly invitation to dinner, or a drive. I don't suppose he can afford to get away to the country even for a short time. A drive would do him good. In any event he must not know I have suggested anything. He is very sensitive and self-conscious.

Now I wish I could drop in on you and sit on your roof garden ~~with~~ or stand at your hearth with your kindly husband or Ronny or some other person who believes in the antiquated notion that nothing changes in the world. Or go driving with you so soothing to tired nerves. Well I may yet do that too. I may go back with you to summer after you have left north of Europe. These Dutch friends of mine who left to day are really hard on people. They want to work very hard to get to work. And I want to go. It's not America I admit, but it is nearer to it than St. Tropez. And with all my heart and thought there can be less much here because of that and not for its own sake because to what I can give.

Give my greetings to Mr Stark please, love to your fine trio and lots of it to you dearest Fan.

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 19, St. Tropez [to] Fan [Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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allorka. Italy would be grand for short stays, also Mussolini might get hold of the identity of A.G. Colton. I don't think he could survive the shock. Not that I should mind his going. I should mind very much your remaining without my precious company. But for short stays it would be perfectly safe. Switzerland is among the most expensive countries in Europe. There too I should advise short trips for economy sake. All for a stay during the w

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 20? St. Tropez to Alexander Berkman, Nice (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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I suppose something will come from you sometime.
I am most anxious to hear about Rodin and also the letter from you
which I sent I forwarded yesterday.

Will you want cartoons too when I've gone into them?

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881209191

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 20 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Aug. 20th 1935



Dearest Em, I am very sorry you feel so disappointed with you home-coming this time.

I am surely not given to emotional expressions, particularly not orally. There is no change whatever in my feelings to you, and they cannot change. But the atmosphere in St. Tr. was rather heavy, mainly due to your state of mind, your longing for Frank, etc.

Why I did not speak about your intended book. Simply because it was not the time for it. You were tired out, more psychically perhaps than even physically, and you said yourself that you would not think of any writing this summer. Moreover, you also said that the comrades were so negligent in writing to you since you left Canada that it did not seem as if they were much interested in a new book by you. I am certainly interested in any book you might write, and my services are always at your disposal, but I did not want to breach any subjects that you did not breach yourself.

The same applies to Frank. It is certainly not my habit to question people on their heart affairs, or to breach such a subject, unless the subject is breached by the other side.

But all that is not the important part: we had a 'mood' at Bon Suprit. I think the real situation is due to your general dissatisfaction with things, which is part of your nature, and to the fact that a "ménage à trois", as the French call it, is never a success.

We have tried it for years now, and surely it does not work. My experience is that it never works properly. Every person, especially such three very definite natures as we three, must have his or her own atmosphere. If you are put in an atmosphere not your own, you will not fit into it and not be content. The same applies to everyone.

I know that your explanation will probably be that Emu is jealous of you and that that is the cause of the trouble. But nothing is further from the truth in this matter. In the past E. may have been jealous of you, in a certain way, but that is long past. Nothing is more certain that all last winter she was dreaming of nothing else than of your return and planning to make life beautiful for all three in St. Tr. That was the reason she went down to St. Tr. two weeks before you came, to prepare a surprise for you, renovate the house, etc. And she was determined to make YOUR stay there happy, as happy as possible.

Well, it proved a failure. Now, my dear, I surely know that E. has many faults. But I prefer to see the good sides in people. And since I was in St. Tr. all summer and I could observe how things were working, I must tell you that she exerted herself to the utmost to make things pleasant for you. Well, as I have said, it did not work. It's probably nobody's fault, but the fact must be recognized.

You will admit, I hope, my dear, that you are not a very easy person to live with. I think your very best friends will tell you that if they are frank with you. And a person cannot always permit himself to be suppressed and not break out now and then. By suppressed I mean more the atmosphere you create than any

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881209191

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 20 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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words you utter. Do you realize that it came so far that E. was afraid even to laugh or to express her native joy of life because it disturbed you and even was resented by you, as I myself noticed on several occasions. Well, surely people cannot live together under such conditions.

And I must tell you, my dear, that I myself was often oppressed by the atmosphere you created. Now, I am not high-strung like E. I can stand a good deal, in most every sense. And yet your frequent heavy moods and bad humor were oppressive to me and often I could not even work because of it. You can imagine then how such conditions must affect a woman of a nervous and over-sensitive nature like E. No wonder she exploded several times.

All this simply shows that a ménage à trois does not work. At least not in this case, though I believe it works in no case. It is unfortunate, but a fact.

Now as to work. I mean my sketches etc. It does not surprise me much that the ordinary magazine will not want the Makino sketch. After all, the man is entirely unknown in the U.S. May be the Esquire will also not want it. As to the style it is written in, Leighton is of course a fool in this regard. But it seems that magazines and papers even books are now written in the colloquial. Yet that is a passing fashion and literary English will surely survive it. I am reading that Fully Armed and in his right mind. Written the same as that other book, "Waiting for Nothing". Well, of course, certain things can be written in that style, but surely not a sketch of Makino. Moreover, I don't like that style --- except for a book where it really fits, such as Waiting for Nothing. Anyhow, I don't write in that manner.

As to Malik, I left the copy with you. May be you can look it over and see whether there is anything that would be advisable to translate. Only THEN it would have any sense to write to the Malik Verlag. Incidentally, what is their address?

As to your work. If you have encouraging news from America in the matter and decide really to do the book, then I want of course to talk the matter over with you. It is a question of deciding WHAT you are to write about. I see from Leighton's letter that the impression is you are to write a "companion volume" to LIVING MY LIFE. Now, I understood from you that it is to be about People you have met, which is an entirely different thing. If it is to be about people, the first thing is to decide about WHAT people and to secure material about it. But all this we can talk about only when you really decide to undertake it.

Incidentally, Leighton says your autobiogr. was "persistently written in the vernacular." Well, I wonder whether he was not drunk when he wrote it. There is absolutely no vernacular in your book. If anything, your book is LITERARY and by no means vernacular or colloquial. I can't understand how an intelligent reader can say such a fool thing. It is enough enough to make one think he never really read the book.

I wonder whether you got the sketches back. They said they'd mail it next day.

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881209191

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 20 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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And how about the pump. Is there any word when it can be expected? It's hell to pump water all the time. The tomatoes must be getting pretty ripe now; here they are getting scarier already. And the grapes?

Well, the girls are there by this time. Poor Eve had trouble with her teeth and was in treatment here. But I know they will be good company and help you with things there.

About what Sanya wrote. Yes, it might be easier in Paris, but for that purpose a VISIT to Paris will not do. I'd have to move there for good. I don't intend to do it. I could not stand the climate there. You remember when you were in that Warshawsky studio I could hardly walk a block. And last time when I was in Paris I felt the same feeling in my legs. No, Paris won't do for me, nor for E., either, for she must be quiet and not see many people. Too exciting. And I myself am tired of many people and also need rest.

Anyhow, if I can to Paris only for a visit, I am sure that if I made an application for Hansen they'd ask me where my residence is and then they'd tell me to make the application in Nice. However, I'll find out from S. about it. But such a visit to Paris, even if advisable, would take considerable time, for these people cannot be rushed in such matters. And that would require a large expense which we cannot afford now.

On the other hand, I don't want to apply in Nice, for obvious reasons.

Well, we'll see about it. This matter does not require haste.

Enough for this time, dear. Am feeling better and am resting much. E. does not seem to improve much. One day all right, the next in bed with pains. Specialists can't help her. Just needs rest and proper diet. No bread etc.

The folks left this AM at 10. Enjoyed, they said, their stay in Nice. They liked the city and the big Promenade and the palms. Very fine people, particularly Tom and Dean.

It is just awful about poor Ruth. I hope it is only a temporary trouble. And Stella seems to take it very hard -- I think it is her favorite sister.

Affectionately,

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881209/192

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 21, St. Trop[e]z [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 29 x 21 cm.

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SG Be

St Tropez Var August 21st 35.

Dear, I received a letter from America but nothing from Modska. I don't know has he sailed on the Conte di Savoia last Saturday as he had planned or not. I may get something tomorrow. But in any event I would suggest that you find out when this ship is expected and go over to Villefrance to meet it. If Modska is on it it would be a grand surprise to see you and Amy at the docks. If he is not nothing but the expense of the trip will be lost and that is not much. If he should arrive send me word so I can engage the room at Snadsbröms for him. He will be comfortable there and near to us for meals.

Of course he will want to visit with you and M. Naturally he will miss having you in Bon Espirit. But he might stay with you for a while and then come to me. Whatever way he desires will suite me.

I had a letter from Hollie today saying she and Benai expect to leave for St Tropez the 5th or 31st of this month. I think May will help M. and her friend to find a cheap room for Sept. Meanwhile they are wild about this place and eat like troopers. Poor kids are starved. No wonder they are so ravenous. Well, I am making a large pot au feu. That will feed them up.

Imagine dear the machine left by our Dutch friend already has something the matter with it. It would with me just looking at it eh? It worked splendidly yesterday. But this morning I found the regulator did not work. I tried every way. But you know what an awful botch I am in mechanical things. Well, I sent it over to Sandström. He will probably make it work. Worse luck I had an accident yesterday, the machine we bought in Uniepris cut fire and the handle came off as well some of the side supports for pots. Lucky I don't easily lose presence of mind or Bon Espirit would have gone up in smoke. As it is my dish rag caught fire and flamed up in grand style. Perhaps it would have been a solution to let the damned thing go up in flames. Anyhow, it didn't. But the ~~machine~~ stove can not be used until someone sunders the handle. I admit I am helpless in mechanical matters. I am thoroughly ashamed to be so stupid. But its too late to mend, isn't dear old scout.?

I saw the wife of the electrician who had ordered our pot. She told me a letter from the Paris house that the pot had been shipped. So we may get it this week. I hope so because I discovered yesterday that my back would not hold out much porring.

I hope you have not overstrained too much with our friends. Yes, it is easier in the city as far as comforts are concerned but it costs very much more. I hope M. is improving. This has been a long siege. She should have peace for some time.

Give M. my affectionate greetings.

With love

I hope you have not forgotten Aunties birthday. In case you have there is still time to send her a wire.

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860115064

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 21, St. Tropez [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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5776

St Tropez Var August 21st 35.

dearling Dorothy. I know I am a truant. Your short letter of July 15th should have elicited an immediate reply if only to let you know how deeply I feel your sorrow of your departure. Who is there to feel with you intensely as much as I who have come through maddening heart hunger as it had yet it was impossible to write. It would take long to tell you all the reasons. Suffice it to say that I have been in the throes of such sickening restlessness I had to hold on to myself by sheer will never not to take the next train out to I know not where. You will understand my dearest that the naive turmoil of heart and mind are not conducive to writing letters, much less anything important as a book. I drag on the days feeling busy and very tired at the end of the day with homework. There will I have done this letter. All this by way of explanation why you have not heard from me.

Present time I am delighted to know that you had if only a brief moment of blissful in love and work. Such bliss is so precious to make it memorable for the rest of ones life. I am so glad that you will live in the distance in your life of the closeness with me. I mean that you feel it was worth the pain of separation to have had a short time of complete abandon. I hope though someone else may come into your life ~~that~~ who will give you all your rich and true loves. That would enhance your desire for action and for advice to our cause.

The 18th of this month was just a year since something magic and beautiful had come to my life only for two weeks. The return to reality has been so exasperating I haven't yet gotten over it. In fact my sickening restlessness since my return is due to the fact that I had to leave a magic world behind. It did not feel quite so magical while I was absorbed in activity for what has always been my misadventure of life. But since I came back I have been sick with longing for the man or figure who shone blind to the outer world in a rich and wonderful in his inner light. So you my darling I can feel deeply with you even if I have neglected you.

Our friends Ellen and Tom came for four days and have already left. It was a short visit but I was happy to have them. Their only real little quarrel because they had missed mother and sister with them. Not that they missed it. They are simple but love life. But as they do not speak anything but Dutch I was conscious all the time that they were bored. Otherwise I enjoyed Ellen and Tom's visit. They are on the way to Paris now where they will be until October. Then headed to Holland.

I had a long talk with you and Ellen about my plans this fall and next year. Most likely I will go to Paris for Oct and then to London. I mean to stay in England until Feb trying to hold French if the committee can organize some meetings. But I am not very gay about England. I have never succeeded in rousing interest. And I don't suppose I'll be more successful next time. Perhaps even less because one comrade wrote me I will have to keep silent on Russia if my lectures are to rouse interest. Yes, anti-fascism and Russian would draw, but not Russia. How to speak about the one form of dictatorship and not the other

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is a problem. But of course I do not mean to shirk Russia. Anyhow I will go to England only because it is the only country where I can speak straight from the shoulder. But I am not looking forward to it with much joy.

In Feb. a friend of mine from Montreal is coming over. She wants me to go with her to the South of France, also Italy and Switzerland, at her expense of course. I would like that very much. It would fulfil a long cherished dream to travel leisurely and without fixed dates. When if I still own my spirit I'd come back here for the winter to give a new series of lectures for Canada and return there in Oct 1936. It is this part which I discussed at length with Ben and Tom. I told them that I would like the publication fund whatever was raised so far turned into a fund to bring me back to Canada. I hate the idea of accepting the hard collected pennies. It's too humiliating. I feel confident that the people who had been approached for the publication fund and gave so unwillingly would be much more interested and willing to contribute if they knew it is for my return to Canada. I would therefore ask you to talk the matter over with ~~Muriel~~ Nesbit. The amount so far gathered to be used as a starter and the people asked to contribute say \$25 a month for a year. That would not only pay my trip but leave a little capital to organize lectures.

In addition I have two other plans, one is that you get in touch with the birth control clinics in Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor and possibly Chicago. The idea is to offer them a tour all through Canada to speak on birth control and organize groups. The man who has been backing the birth control lectures is ~~maybe~~ interested to help finance a tour. But of course it must be understood that I could not let his agent though I would be willing to refer to his method. Then I would want some organizations approached for bookings. I think Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Pollock and Mrs. Addison might induce Eisendrath to include me in his list of lecturers just as Robbins has done and would do again. Last but not least Mrs. Barker might suggest a way of reaching the Canadian women's writer clubs. Of course all these organizations would have to pay a fee. That would enable me to have my own meetings with free admission. Naturally I will want you to approach all these groups and see what can be achieved in the way of preliminary work. Indeed I have a dream of having you go with me from all through Canada to do advance work. I have been convinced all these years that I could have good lectures if only I had someone to do advance work. I would not want for anyone better. And it would also be of great value to you. Do you not think so?

These and other matters I submitted to Tom and Ben and they were very much impressed. But as they will not be back until the first week in Oct I thought I might just as well write you all about my plans. As I already said it is alright to talk this over with Nesbit. I mean about the fund. But about the rest of the Committee you will I suppose have to wait until everybody is in town again. I strongly suggest that all the committees should be drawn into the work of raising the fund for my return. I am sure they'll be only too glad to help in that because it will bring the fund close to Toronto hence will appeal to their interest in local activities.

I want to answer Ben's letter and inclose a copy for you. I confess I am not hopeful of convincing the dear man. He

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5777/1

It seems to be too steeped in the Marxian ideology to get away from the faith in dictatorship if not political, certainly economic. Well, I will try to show him how little difference there is between the two.

I know Liza has written you all about their visit and their impressions of Ben, spirit, of John and of everything else. They are most genuine and so deeply devoted to our movement.

Well, darling, I wish you were here. I long to see you and take you in my arms. I can't tell you enough how happy I am to have discovered you.

Devoted love.

Please remember me most kindly to the Nashits, to Mrs Laddon and the Messers. What is this about Joe having gone to New York?

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 21, St. Tropez [to] Ben [Taylor, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 29 x 21 cm.

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St Tropez Var August 21/35.

6309

Dear Ben. You have all reasons in the world to lose faith in me as a correspondent. Judging superficially I have failed you both in Toron and since. Of course, I have ~~given you~~ a good explanation as regards my failure to write you while I was in T. I was told that you are expected back almost any day. Naturally, I thought it will be so much easier to talk to you in person and thrash out our various differences than do so on paper. That really is the only reason for neglecting you while still in Canada.

Now as to your letter of July 7th. I should have replied ages ago. But it was just impossible. A number of very disturbing events and my own rather excessive state of restlessness made writing sheer torture. That also explains why I have not been able to concentrate on my proposed new book I had hoped to begin this summer. I have always felt about letters as about any kind of creative writing that it can not be coerced out of one's system. Unless it represents a positive inner need for expression it should not be done. Of course, if you had been here it would not have been difficult to exchange ideas. But to write when one simply can not concentrate only results in mediocre stuff. I did not wish to impose that on you.

Well, to day I definitely decided to answer your letter though I can not promise that you will find it interesting. To begin with I feel sorry that you are still so steeped in the Marxian ideology both as regards power and your sectarianism in regard to the channels of human development towards revolutionary ideas. For instance your regret that Dorothy had "approached her conversion to Anarchism from her disillusionment in the political field from the intellectual angle only, and not ~~from the economic field~~" as the logical result of practical experience in the economic field" How very Marxian that is. And yet Marx and all the other leaders in the social field have come to their ideas not from economic experience. But from the intellectual angle. What is more to the point is this: very few of the intellectual leaders have gone back on their ideas so often as the very people who came to their revolt by and through economic experience. Have you ever tried to find out why it should be so? Well, I did. Forty five years in the labor ranks have convinced me that revolt merely through the stomach is not a safe guaranty for continued interest and revolutionary devotion. Invariably many workers when they succeeded in bettering their condition ceased to be rebels often becoming rank reactionary. And so I insist there never has been a greater fallacy than the Marxian stress on the economic impetus of revolt as the only motivation. No my dear I can not agree to your regret in re Dorothy's process of development. I even go further. I say it is fortunate that she came to Anarchism through her disillusionment in the political farce and by her intellectual hunger for something that would enable her to prepare herself for her place in the movement.

Surely, dear Ben the "workers will demand freedom, consciously and militantly only when when they are satisfied that they can exercise with discretion and beneficially to themselves. That is precisely the Anarchist position. That's why we

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And that is what we have in the past and always will work for. The difference between you and me is only that so very much under the Marxian sway though you may think you have developed out of it and me is that you insist that the workers must first have their economic experience and then learn to understand the meaning of freedom and their own initiative. And I together with all Anarchist insist that the masses will learn nothing from their economic experience if they do not know that the basis of the new order must be freedom. Else the masses will again become easy prey to every one who can talk them into almost anything. I have a feeling dear Ben that you yourself really do not believe in freedom. Else you would not speak of "a little power" There is no such thing as a little power. It is like taking small steps when you slide down a precipice. "a little power" has always ended in the whole hog. Read Lenin's speeches before the Oct. And you will see that he also spoke only of "a little power" He ended up by dominating hundred and fifty millions. And Stalin merely continues what his master had begun.

Am I opposed to direct economic action, to the management by the workers of the means of production and distribution? Certainly not. I have fought for the 45 years and will continue to my last breath. Only, I do not believe that the economic factor though a tremendous driving force is enough to guide the masses. The intellectual and spiritual force, (I do not mean it theologically or course,) are as vital and must not be overlooked. In this must again refer you to Lenin whom I know you greatly admire. He tried rebuilding Russia without the intelligentsia only to realize after three years of confusion that it can not be done. Now if the intelligentsia is indispensable then it seems to me the height of sectarianism to lamen the intellectual angle that lead people like Dorothy and others like her into the revolutionary ~~work~~ ranks.

~~Remember~~ I can't go into your other statements as it would take more time than I have and I could hardly convince you because as I said you are still in the meshes of Marxian dialectics which makes it as difficult for most adherents to that school to see any other social theory as the catholicism does the Catholic. Don't be provoked me dear. I do not mean to hurt you. I am merely pointing out that though you imagine yourself emancipated from the belief in the state and every form of dictatorship way down deep you cling to both for the workers of course, not for their parasites. As if workers may not become parasites, or capable of betrayal as those coming from the middle class. I am sure my whole life has been dedicated to the masses. But I refuse to attribute all virtue to them. I know they are also human, and hence only too prone to tyrannize over their own fellow workers when they have a chance.

My Chicago comrades plan ~~to publish my Place of the Individual in Society~~ to publish my Place of the Individual in Society, and the New York

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boys my Tow Communisms. When they appear I will see that you get a copy. I know you have heard both themes in my lectures. But you may get more out of them in reading the pamphlets. I am rather surprised that you got so little out of Berkman's Anarchist Communism, or his A.B.C. For he answers everyone of your contentions in your letter of July 7th. I really could not be plainer, more painstaking or clarifying.

Yes I have been informed about the doings in Canada. But I don't think it is exactly fascism. I believe the mistake is being made on the American continent, America as well as Canada to call every reactionary sign fascism. The latter is something very distinct and different both in its political and social aspect. But of course reaction leads to fascism. But so does Communism of the Bolshevik brand. Between the two trends Anarchism has a hard and trying stand. Yet it is the only social philosophy which is the deadliest foe of every form of dictatorship, hence the only sign post labor will have to follow, if it is ever to emancipate itself.

I am glad the I.W.W has sent a delegate to the I.A. I.A.A or rather the I.W. N.A. It takes place in Paris next Sunday the 25th. I wish I could be there. But I am 16 hours from Paris and the fare is about thirty dollars there and back. I can't afford such an expense.

I can appreciate your getting away from your home life. I have my own menage. And yet I never chafed more than since my return from Canada. With all the forces arrayed against the last vestage of human dignity and individual recognition it seems criminal to lead a private life. Besides, I have been on the firing line too long for retirement. And so I mean to take to the road again. First England and possibly also Holland. And next year perhaps back to Canada. Perhaps we will meet again, perhaps too you will have come to see that one can not trifle with power without being swallowed up by it.

St Tropez remains my address until further notice.

Fraternally.

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870928205

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 21, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Jeanne [Levey].—
2 p.; 22 × 17 cm.

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IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ 36 S. State Street
CHICAGO

August 21, 1935.

Emma, dear:

I have just received your letter of August 8th and I was very happy to get word from you. I was very sorry to have had to write about Julia and Aaron, but since I wrote you last they have sailed on the "Manhattan." By this time they are somewhere in Europe. Sent the package for all of you with them and they will mail it from some point in France so you will not have to pay duty on it.

Julia asked me to tell you that it was so difficult to have any time at all to write because she was burdened down with so many cares. Her son was critically ill for weeks, she was in bed shape herself and Aaron was not at all well. So all in all that poor creature had more than she could possibly bear. That goodness she is away now and I think she will forget all her troubles. At least I hope so. She plans on visiting you sometime on her trip. Whether it will be at the beginning or end, I do not know. They were undecided as to just when they would go to France. They want to spend some time in Russia and when they see you they will no doubt have some news about it for you.

In reference to the translation, I am glad that is off your mind now so you will have no further worries about it. About the money they sent Sasha, do not worry about that. Everybody knows he has no money to give them. Do not say anything about my writing this, but we will try to struggle through some way to get the book published. Sasha put in a great deal of time and if they change their minds it is just too bad for them. Do not be so ready and eager to return the money at once. There is plenty of time when you are a little better fixed financially.

In reference to Sasha's books, I will try to sell them as fast as I can. I wish our business warranted my sending you a check for the outlay, but at this time it is very difficult for us to do this. If you want to send part of them, I will sell what I can and send you the money. When you can send the balance. This might make it easier for you.

About the underwear that I sent with Julia for all of you. I hope you wear them and enjoy their comfort. Do not worry about the cost. It is a pleasure to do this for you and you can use the money towards the outlay for the books. The underwear is our gift to the three of you. I wish I were able to do more, but I do not have the explain that. You know it goes without saying that "those who would

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14691
Telephone HARbora 0400

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

31 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

Aug. 21, 1935.

love to do things are always handicapped."

About your going on a tour through England, that is not a bad idea because I know how it affects you to be tied down to a quiet home life. The trip there also will probably help you out some financially as well. At least I hope so. For heaven's sake do not attempt anything about Russia.

You will be happy to know that Florence is well on the way to recovery. Ben came out to the country and spent a week after Florence's operation. He was a wreck, poor fellow. You know how anything wrong with Florence affects him. Do not worry, dear, she is getting along nicely and will soon be herself again. The whole St. Louis bunch are more or less in the dumps as most of us have been for some time. I hope that things will break a little bit soon and brighten before long.

Write me, Emma dear. Soon you will be enjoying a visit with the Halperins. I know it will be a treat for both them and yourself. I wish I were with them, but I am happy that Julia and Aaron will be there with you. She will give you a good hug for me.

Jay joins me in sending our love to you, Sasha and Emy. Write me soon.

Always,

Your Jeanne

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881209201

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 22? St. Tropez to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Nothing from you to day. Its alright. Just so I know you are feeling better. I wish you could tell me the same about Amy. The in-
closed from Florence Wapner should help E. to get well. Such stoicism,
such courage. Simply marvelous. Please let her read the letter.

I also inclose one from Minna addressed to you, and the one from
Dien Meelis. You see what a wonder our comrades think you. But then
who has such an advance agent as you? I am very happy indeed that
our friends find you so marvelous. Would you believe it I sometimes
also find you splendid. Not always though. Perhaps if you were so per-
fect as our comrades think I could not have stood it all these
years.

Parent, E. is going in Friday because I want a few things
from Uniprix which have to be bought on the day of her departure.
~~xx~~ If she goes Saturday and leave
Sunday you could not get the things. I am sending a small list as
I do not want you to drag a lot to the station and E. from the bus
here. There is one thing you might get in advance, a ribbon for
my machine. I am sure it is that which causes me trouble. Its alright
if I keep the covers off. The ribbon gets stuck when they are on.
so it must be the ribbon. I am sending you the catalogue to purchase
the exact ribbon and send back the catalogue with E.

The pump works fine. alas the toilet began to leak again
yesterday I filled the tank three quarter full. This morning it had
all run out. the same story at the toilet. I went to Snodstroms to as-
ake that he send me the plumber he knows. I can't bother S. any more
and of course I can do nothing. Incidentally S. is having
trouble with his pump, no water whatever. But do you think he'll order
a new one? Catch a Frenchman to spend a lot of money. He will work

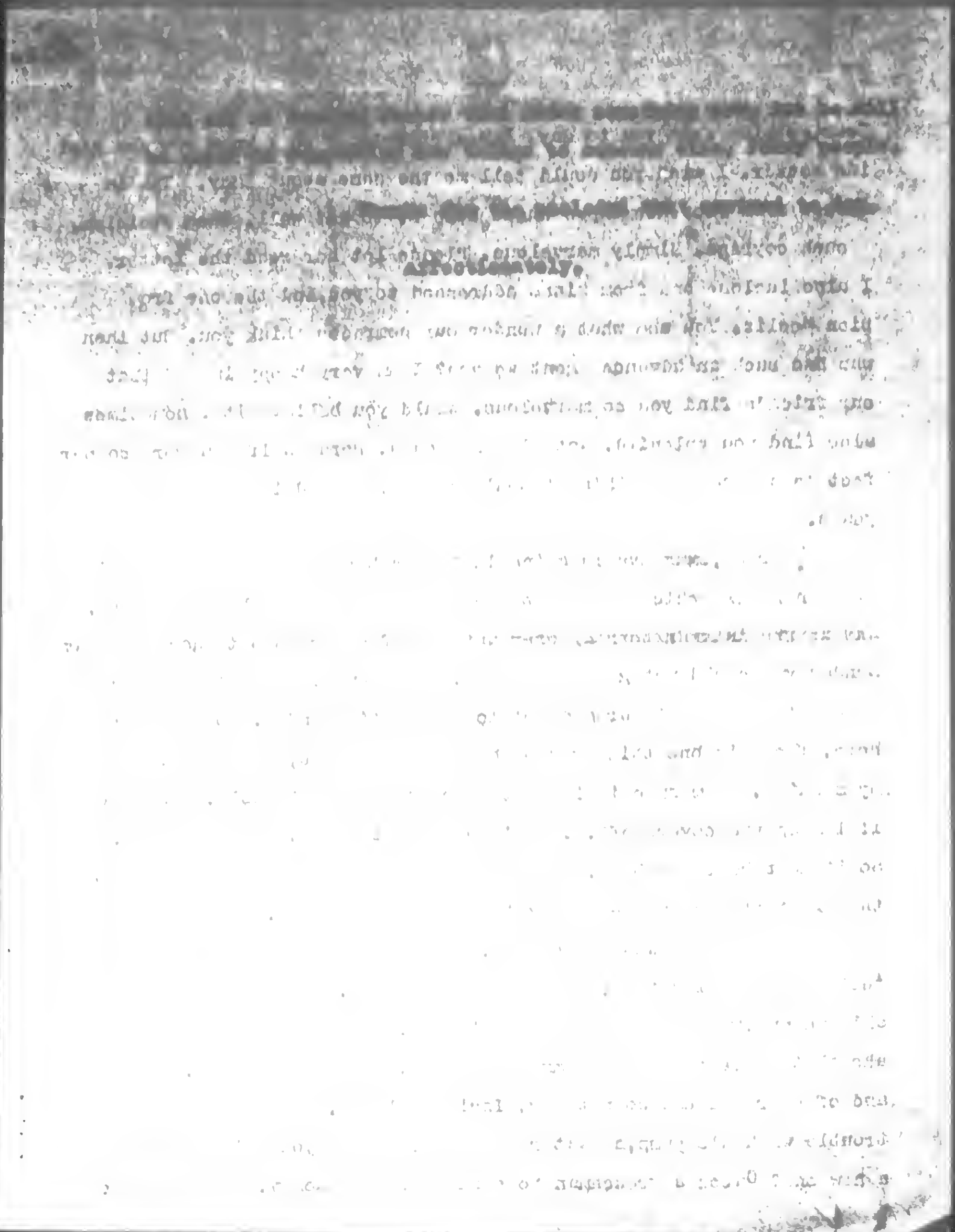
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The Emma Goldman Papers

881209201

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 22? St. Tropez to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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881010335

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 22, St. Tropez [to] Rudolf and Milly [Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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St. Tropez -ar August 22nd 35.

Roc

Dearest Rudolf and Milly. Sasha has written you in answer to your letter so you know that we have received both letters to him and me. There is no reason to blame yourself for writing me as you did. If there is to be no frankness among real friends. Where is it to be found? Even friends are not always big enough and understanding to permit one to express ones innermost thoughts and feelings. But people so bound by every tie as we are should not feel they must hide what they think. I admit it was a shock that you are dissatisfied with Sashas translation, especially after you had praised it on several occasions and had written Sasha that you have all the confidence in the world in him. But it would have been more painful had you kept your dissatisfaction from us. After all, it was your lifes work. How could you be expected to permit any sentimental consideration to deter you from letting S. know how you feel about his work? Besides, it would have been too awful for Sasha to find out later that you wanted someone else to make the revision of what he had tried so hard to do to the best of his ability. No, it is for the best as it came out.

I can't tell you how very relieved we both feel over the arrangement you have made. Of course, Sasha would have gone ahead with the second part had you wanted him to. But I can tell you now it would have been an awful task in view of the fact that S. could no longer be sure you'd be satisfied. And so we are delighted with the outcome. Especially as James seems to be very able, at least to your satisfaction. And also ~~that~~ and that is most important, there is to be no additional expenses for the translation.

Dearest Rudolf, you say you could not endure the thought that I wanted to sell Don Asprit should Sasha have had to return some money. My dear good Rudolf, how do you suppose we would feel about the matter, knowing as I do how hard it is to raise money these days, can you imagine I would have submitted to see your book unpublished because of the extra expenses for a new translator? Not a minute would I have been able to rest. Naturally, I feel delighted that the committee will not sustain a loss. Not only because there will be no further expense for the second part. But also because in making up the account Sasha found that he did not receive more than he was actually entitled to. Anyway, the new arrangement is for the best for all concerned. And that means a stone off my heart.

As to Don Asprit, my dear it is reasonably certain that I will have to sell it anyhow. Neither of us have any means of support. The few dollars raised for my new book have nearly been used up, including some money sent S. by his committee. Life here is so prohibitive, try as I may I can not reduce expenses more than I already have. Anyway, we can't go on for long with the small sum raised for my writing. And it is not likely that S. will get his stories accepted. Fact is Harpers have already refused his machno sketch which by the way turned out very graphic and moving. But machno is unknown and he fought a lost cause as the editor of Harpers wrote me. So how are we to continue? I am not worried about myself. But I do worry a great deal about Sasha and S. as you know they are neither of them too well and they have no way of how to help themselves when down

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 Roc

to the last sou. In fact no one can help himself in France. All our American friends are gone. And no right to any kind of work even if A. could hold down a position. She has the equipment for a good secretary. But who will put up with her stomach attacks and her hysteria. No one but Sasha, and even he sometimes grows impatient.

At least we would not need two menages. But we do. First because Sasha was not permitted to move to the Var region and he must have a permanent domicile. Secondly because neither Sasha or A. could stand the winter here. And thirdly it is impossible to live harmoniously with L. whom Sasha is also on the scene in so small a place as Don Asprit. I am sure A. meant all she wrote me to Canada. That she feels no jealousy, that she loves me and that she is looking forward to my return. I know she meant every word. Perhaps it is entirely my fault. I have lived too long in our world to stand conservatism that is bread in A.'s bones and that she will never outgrow. When her possessive sense that clinging vine which does not permitted the beloved out of sight. Anyhow, there was no harmony and there never can be. So why hang on to Don Asprit. However, I am hanging on for the present.

I said the fault of the awful friction this summer is probably all mine. My last tour has convinced me, if I needed proof, that I do not belong in retirement. I have been haunted by the worst kind of restlessness I have known in years. Often enough I wanted to take the next train out, if only I had known where to. I would rather not go on with life than spend the years left me in inactivity. ~~xxxxxx~~ I really came back from Canada because A. inundated me with letters about Sasha's illness, and L. pleaded as he never had before that he needed me and I should come back. It was all in his and her imagination. While L. is not strong and has a weak heart his condition is by no means grave. I have had him examined by a very good physician. And as to needing me. That's nonsense. He needs only L. and no one else.

Anyhow, I have decided to go to England first, perhaps around Nov for a few months. I am not deceived about my chances there. I have not made it go before. And there is no reason to assume I would next time. I rather think it will be more difficult to get anybody's ear because the entire British intelligentsia has gone over to Moscow. Thus one friend wrote me that, if I would concentrate exclusively on anti fascist and war work I would draw large audiences. But if I mean to also treat Russia I would get no one. How to do the first and ignore the second is beyond me. So I have no intention to keep silent even if I will also not go out of my way to drag in Russia. Nothing will induce me to go back on my attitude. Now less than ever. I have been reading the ~~Times~~ and the PRAVDA. They fairly ooze ~~poison~~ and hate. It is appalling to see how infected and infested the young generation must be by this kind of gangren. Now then can I keep silent. Well, I am going to England. The comrades have organized a committee that is to raise some money for my fare and organize some lectures. One of our Dutch comrades is also trying to get me some dates ~~me~~ from some literary society ~~de~~ Zigt is heading. That is if they can get me back to Holland after my expulsion two years ago.

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 22, St. Tropez [to] Rudolf and Milly [Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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3.

Roc

then next spring if I can sell mon Esprit without too much loss I will go back to Canada for an indefinite stay. if I can't I will come here for the summer and go to Canada in the fall. in anyevent I am determined to go my way and forget my own inner void in the work that has always meant more to me than anything else. there is also the foolish hope that being in Canada I may also get back to the states, for six months at least. Yet next year during presidential elections, or if Roosevelt should be defeated and a Republican get in. Perhaps in 1937. Its childish to cling to a forlorn hope. But what else have I to cling to. Knuff or me.

What about you my darlings. I hear you dearest Rudolf were in Washington. I am terribly anxious to know the result. I hope you will write me whether you received an extension and for how long. if you do, I suppose you'll go to the Coast. You should since you have made so many friends there and the field is so good.

And youmy dearest Milly how do you feel. I hope improved since your stay with your sister and the quiet of the country.

In our family there seems to be one tragedy after another so that I am almost afraid to open Stellas or Jax's letters. The latest is Ruth's nervous breakdown. She was the huskiest and most normal of my sisters children. It is appalling that the break should have happened to her. Of course, such nervous states are not unusual after child birth. What surprises me is that it should have happened more than two months after the baby's birth. I hope fervently it may prove a temporary condition and my sweet youngest niece will soon be per poised old self again. Meanwhile my darling Stella must carry the whole brunt. I hope her strength will hold out.

The only bright news I received in a long while is about Morris. He writes he has improved so much that he has actually paid him a visit and that he is working full time on his job. In fact Moe told him he had not felt so well in a long time. That is simply marvelous.

Now I wish you could be here with me. It is so beautiful. And your presence has always been so reassuring, so encouraging like balm to my aching heart.

I embrace you both with love. Love to remain.

Emma

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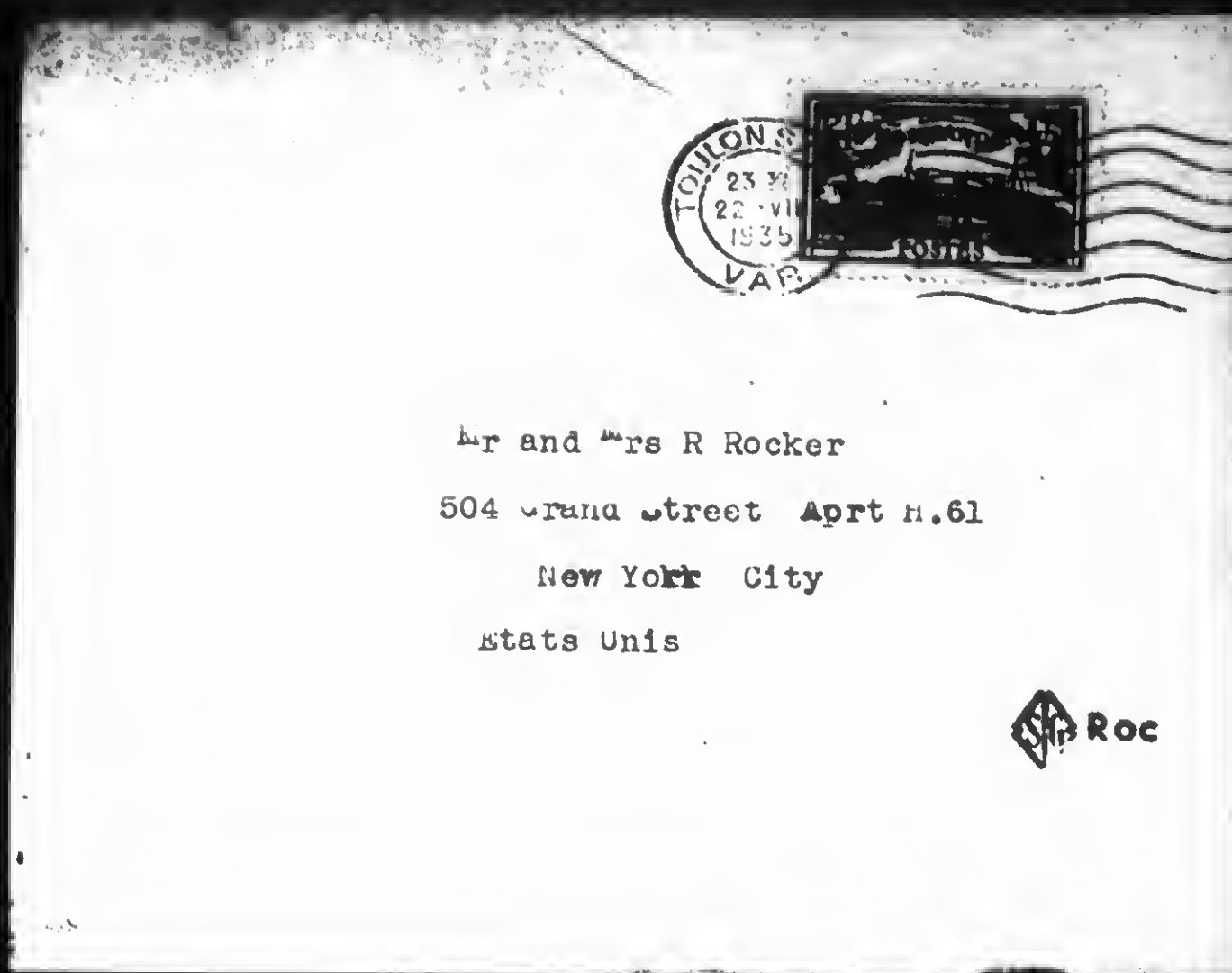
231

The Emma Goldman Papers

891109046

[Envelope] 1935 [Aug.] 22, St. Tropez [to] R[udolf and Milly] Rocker, New York /
E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 12 × 14 cm.

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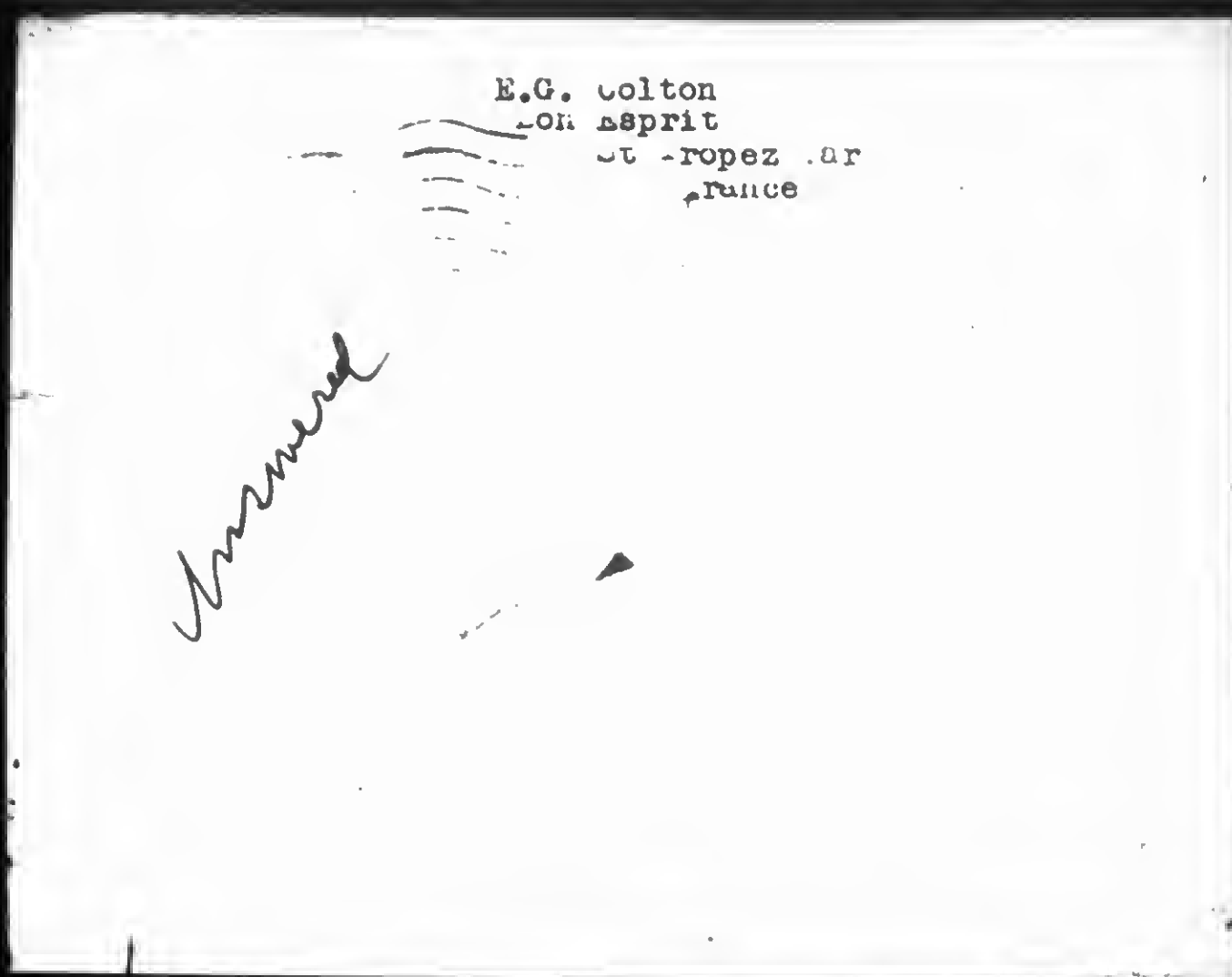
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E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 12 × 14 cm.

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861114227

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 22, St. Tropez [to] C[assius] V. [Cook, Los Angeles] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5566

St Tropez Var August 22nd 35.

Dear, dear C.V. No greater friendship has any man than to write a whole book in one letter. Or was it several letters? Well, I was glad to get it. I did with it what I also do with my important reading. I left the letter for bed time. Because then I am undisturbed and I can give all my attention to it. Well, my dear it is about your detailed description of how to put over the plan of an annuity for me as it is with the family story about my brothers shoes. He came one day with a lovely looking pair of shoes he had but for 60 dollars. They had every virtue, soft leather, fine ~~stitching~~ ^{shape} bargain. But they lacked one thing, they did not fit his foot. Your plan is also great. But it has overlooked one thing ~~Emma Goldman~~. You forgot that what can be done for everybody else can not be done for me. It is of course sweet of you to think that I have so many friends in all ranks in America who would jump to the chance to contribute for an annuity. But you are mistaken. I am hardly remembered in American Labor ranks. And the Jewish labor ranks are divided into hundred sections of whom the communists would work their heads off against the scheme. It is the same with the liberal ranks. If at least the old single taxers were alive. But they are nearly all gone. And the new liberals all run with the soviet hounds. You will appreciate this when I tell you that when the appeal was made to enable me to write Living My Life some of the liberals wrote H.G. was a carbon copy of her former self and they would not contribute. Of course this was due to my stand on Russia.

I admit that the temper has changed somewhat. Many people who scorned my first critical attack on the Moscow gang have come to see that I was right. Yet the moment I heard brought my article on Communism, garbled of course, ~~the~~ the very same people refused to have anything to do with the new appeal. Anyhow, I am convinced that except as you are, or halfway you would meet with very little response.

Another thing is, I can't bear being commercialized as much as the campaign would necessitate. It is one thing to raise money for others. It is another to have anyone do it for me. Besides, when I applied for ~~the~~ ^{the} I.O.G., they were in prison. People will always give a dollar to fight the courts than to feed the victims they want to get out of the clutches of the law. It is the same about the funds for ~~the~~ ^{the} those who contributed got something in return. But was different than securing Emma Goldman who can not even be near enough to give them something in return. It is a hopeless undertaking. However, one idea you have might be workable, and that is to raise a purse for my seventh birthday. I may be dead by that time, but it is worth while to try how many would respond. Of one thing I am certain you'll never raise ~~enough~~ enough for an annuity. I don't mean to be a wet blanket. I only want to save you the bitter disappointment, and my self the very unpleasant feeling of being put up ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ a position.

Please don't blame Mrs. Zenkoff for the poor response to the appeal. She had nothing whatever to do with the matter except to lend her name as treasurer. The letter was drawn up by Roger Baldwin and all the work was done by my niece. I confess I hated the letter, especially the heading "Sustaining Fund". But

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5567

after all one can't dictate to people when they try to help one. However, the response gave more than five hundred. Some money came in since I wrote you over seven hundred in New York, 250 in Chicago, 150 in Montreal and hundred in Toronto. That is not so bad in this world time. And yet I could not begin a book on that amount. The reasons for it are that to write I must be relieved of all housework, that means an expense for some one to do the work. And life in France is so expensive I can not afford such luxuries. There are a lot of other reasons why I have not been able to begin writing. Mainly a sickness restlessness that prevents concentration. And a lot more. And so I have decided to go to England in the fall, and possibly also to ~~unlike~~ Holland. Then if I do not sell this place in the spring come back here and try to write during next summer. Or if I do go back to Canada for an indefinite stay. Its foolish to ~~negotiate~~ in advance. But I must have some thing concrete to hang on to or I am lost altogether. It will be a sorry day when I have to sell this lovely retreat. But what right has E.C. to property. ~~than~~ than he commercialised I'd give up the spirit. The trouble is I'll probably not get half its cost. And the friends who helped to buy it for me will think me the worst ~~in~~ ingrate to sell it. Well, I will see.

Thank you very much for your confidence in me. I admit your confidence. But my sympathies are with her. You men have everything in life. Women live so far so much. What else is left to most of them than a child. Don't forget every woman is not so constituted that she can give up all for an idea even if she feels it ~~is~~ is. A child means her fulfillment. So I can not write sympathy on you my dear. I am deeply sorry you two went apart. But it is better and cleaner to do that than live in friction.

The enclosed copies of letters will interest you. I don't think I have sent you this before.

Write again soon my dear, and don't feel I am unappreciative of your phone to secure me. I am ever so grateful what you even thought of it. You were the only one among all my friends.

Affectionately,

Give my love to Edie. Tell her I wish she were here. If I had as good a secretary I might begin my book after all. Kind greetings to Charlie. And also to Holloway. It is sweet of him to want to help raise so much money. I hope his health is better. As to Lucy Robbins I should not want her to do anything for me. First she probably would not. Secondly she and her man have discredited themselves by going into the rotten fascist ~~four~~st papers. Lucy would only do harm than good would she plead for me.

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861114141

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 22, St. Tropez [to] Christin[a Ross] Barker, [Nova Scotia, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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5366

St Tropez Var August 22nd 35.

My dear Christine Barker.

Thank you for your letter. Stella had sent me a clipping containing the announcement of Frank Stephens death. I wanted to write you but I disliked send you the bad news. Yes, he was so boyish and so fine. The old guard is going one by one. And so far there is no young guard to equal the old in breadth or fellowship.

As you have seen Dorothy Winsocke you will probably know all there is of interest about me. In any event I am inclosing copies of recent letters I wrote. They will give you an idea about my state of mind and why it has been impossible for me to concentrate any the proposed book I was to write. I have given up the idea of doing it this year. But there is no such hurry, really dear. As far as one in my position can make plans I intend going to England in the late autumn. I shall not do it with joy in my heart. I have found the Britishers blood curdlingly cold and unresponsive. And I do not expect to find them different on my forthcoming visit. It is only that I can't be inactive. So I will go.

I could like to return to Canada next year. In fact I have written Dorothy Winsocke to suggest to the friends who are raising some money for me to turn over what they had gotten so far into a fund for my return. People are always more interested in local activities by one whom they care about than any personal support of the same person far removed from them. I feel therefore that a substantial sum might be subscribed that would cover my return and leave a small working capital for lectures. Don't you think I am right?

In addition, I have suggested to Dorothy to get in touch with ~~several~~ different liberal groups in Canada, such as the birth

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 22, St. Tropez [to] Christin[a Ross] Barker, [Nova Scotia, Canada]
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control leagues, Rabbi Eisenrath and his lecture tour. And I also
asked her to talk over with you the Canadian Womens Writers Club.
Perhaps you have connections there and could induce the ladies to
invite me to speak on American literature, or Soviet books. In fact
any organization you are affiliated with possibly would canvass if
you would introduce her. There is less of time as I could not get
away before next year. But it would be well to begin the campaign
to give people no excuse that their schedule is made up.

I am glad to hear that Mary found a job for the
summer. I know she was very anxious to be occupied. Please give her
my love.

My dear, my birthday was the 27th of June. I was sixty six
as you see I am going down the hill, at least in years. As far as
my spirit goes and my need of making my voice count I have remained
disproportionately young. The world does not forgive such a thing in
our sex.

I hope you are enjoying your summer and that you are well.

Yours truly,

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[Letter, 1935] Aug. 22, Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 1 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Aug. 22nd

Dear, sent you a little carte-lettre this morning and just as I was going out of the house to the Post, your letter arrived. Well, it is funny about your handling of any kind of a machine. That primus of Tom was certainly in perfect order. By the way, do not forget that the little cap on the machine (which you unscrew to PUT OUT the flame) must be SCREWED ON and closed when you are NOT using the machine. It is also to be screwed ON when the flame is burning. In other words, that cap is to be SCREWED ON all the time, and you UNSCREW it ONLY to put out the flame entirely. Then you screw it ON again.

Incidentally, it was nice of them to leave you the primus. And did they take your old primus with them? Though I thought all the time that they would not.

Anyhow, Sand. can surely fix whatever is wrong with the primus, if anything. And the new lamp machine we bought -- I wonder how it caught fire. My dear, you must be VERY careful with such things. Alcohol and the other stuff there are very inflammable and dangerous.

Well, I am glad you say that Marie has already sent out that pump. The electrician will put it in place and see that he oils it up a bit, and I hope you will have no trouble with it. I know the hand-pumping is a hard job and no work either for you or the girls there.

I am surprised you say that life here in the city costs very much more than in St. Tr. If one knows where to buy, it costs MUCH less. You saw yourself how much Uniprix is cheaper than even the cheapest store in St. Tr. Of course, going out to cafes etc. is an ~~expensive~~ extra expense here, but so it is (and more so) in St. Tr. Well, fortunately neither E. nor I go much to cafes, or anywhere else for that matter.

About Mado, I wrote him yet from St. Tr. that either E. or I would meet him in Vill-offranche, but I asked him to wire us a day or so from the boat whether he is actually coming. I gave him the St. Tr. address. Anyhow, I'll watch for that Conte di Savoia.

You say that Eve and friend mean to stay there the month of Sept. Does that mean that they hope to be able to sell their belts etc. Well, I hope so. But Eve told me she had to keep her room till end of this month. She will probably have to go in to see about it, else she will have also to pay for the September rent for her room, which would be a waste of money. In case she goes in to Nice at the end of this month, I wish she would bring me ONE package of the thin paper (for copies) and ONE package of the BETTER paper. Also some envelopes. But only if she goes to Nice anyhow. Otherwise it is not necessary.

Yes, dear, I know about Emily Coleman and the effect on her of having a child, and there are numerous similar cases. But that does not mean that such is the NORMAL effect of having a child. Emily is surely not normal and never was; that is, she is of a highly strung and excitable temperament. As to Ruth, I don't know her, but one never can tell what inherent weaknesses or peculiarities there are in a human being -- until those things begin to SHOW. Very often a great shock, pain, etc., such as childbirth, may bring out the weakness or peculiarity that no one had suspected before. Well, anyhow, very little is known of these nervous affections.

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881022003

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 23? St. Tropez to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Friday.

Good morning my dear. I was so tired last night I forgot to say something about your machine. It is awful to have the damage happen now. But the wonder is it did not happen before. Only you could work on it so long without serious breaks. Well, you'll have to have it fixed even if it costs hundred francs. How else will you get along? As you say yourself you are no longer used to write by hand. Even I am not rotten a typist that I am. American Coronas are sold in France so they must have parts. Better have it done. Please be sure to send back the catalogue of my machine or I would not know how to put on the ribbon. As you see the one I have works fairly well, but I have to wind the ribbon around the spools by hand. It simply does not work with the covers on. And the right side gets stuck with or without. I think therefore it is the ribbon.

Just fixed a basket of fruit for you and E. Lovely figs, grapes and a few tomatoes. Tell E. I have discovered the the figs with slices of lemon in them make a delicious con pot and would be very helpful for her boils and yours. I wish I could send you more. Am also sending paper towels, envelopes and carbon.

As I said, if E. comes by auto you can get an assortment of canned stuff in Uniprix. If not only six boxes of sardines and salmon and only three of the PILCHARD HARMINGE, the latter come in oblong boxes. I have forgotten what they cost. Then the saugages and smoked ham nothing else. The damned things weigh too much and I'd rather not have you carry such weights. As to E., she will probably have to send her things up here so the purchases from Uniprix can go along.

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I had a beautiful letter from the Kaidorans. They say they
love to see me and his affectionate greetings. They say they
are looking forward to my coming with great pleasure. Lisa was
very kind to me. And both seemed glad to have me with them.
Many, many people should love it old Aunt?
I hope I is better and on the way to relief
from her misery. I know life will then look a little different
than now. And perhaps I too will not look quite so bleak.
With loving love for you my dear.

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881209194

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 23, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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St. Tropez 23 August 1935.

What an odd your old sailor is. What a holy terror. How could he tell me so. Can it be that all are hypocrites? I don't know. Some who have been with me for long periods are maintaining their memory of life with me. Dummy Goldman certainly is not one of the most normal creatures who spent a year with me here, of that I am sure. Rudolf and Milly who were with me for weeks, Miriam Warner for two months, Milly for four months in Montreal and I don't know how many more who loved it so well they'd give anything to come back to me and see me. Can it be that all these people lie? My dear, my dear for a man so worldly wise as you you are singularly lacking in understanding for certain human traits. Thus you seem not to be aware of the fact that different people call forth different reactions and responses. The fact that E. found me impossible to live with does not mean that my other friends also found me such a heartless creature yet left courage to tell me that. Don't you think it most superficial on your part to judge the rest of my friends, or question their veracity by the way E. found me?

Of course, I did not expect that you would see how E. affected me. As long as I remember you have held me responsible for the reaction of your amour to me. No matter what I did it was no good. For this very reason I do not intend to discuss E. with you. You would immediately credit me with ulterior motives. Besides, I have always leathed to female tendency to turn to the man for support and approval in the misunderstandings between each other. I am quite willing to take the blame for E's unhappiness here and for her fears even to "laugh". It would surprise you I am sure to learn that I too was afraid, afraid to breathe, to freely express my thoughts, or to frankly say the many ~~things~~ traits that irritated me in E. And what is more I think you too were afraid. You feared to show me even the few, all too few affections you do when we are alone. I know you were not aware of it. And yet it is true that you are a different human being when we are alone than when the three of us are together. You assure me it is not jealousy on the part of E. Perhaps not. But it is certainly her possessive sense which is so deadly and paralyzing to me. It is that which made me keep silent when I wanted to speak out. And it was that which made me conscious of every step I made, why dear the very trait that has helped to survive all hardships and is admired by all those who know me, my energy made me feel like a criminal. So you see dearest, when we all react differently to different people and they to us.

There was no need to assure me dear that E. dreamed about my return and about making it beautiful for the three of us. I believed so implicitly in E. changed attitude in her letters at least that I set all my misgivings aside and I came back with joy in my heart. But you yourself have told E. that she goes up like a balloon in her likes and dislikes and easily comes down with a thud. That is the result of her highly neurastenic condition. I am sure E. still loves me as far as she can love anybody outside of you and her family and dogs. But she formulated an ~~impossible~~ an ideal of me impossible to live up to. ~~impossible~~ being. Hence her disappointment and dissatisfaction. E. could not possibly know that I had gone

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 23, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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through 17 months of hell, not mentally and physically, not to forget the effect of my anxiety about you and her. She also could not know the emotional upheaval that unnerved me. She is therefore not to be blamed if she grew so easily impatient and flared up. I could not tell in her gay moments, or could not repeat so many times a day how much I appreciated her labors in Bon Espirit and her desire to make me happy. But what about you? Surely you should have understood it. And you should have helped E. to understand that it was not anything she did or did not do that created my moods. That few people could go through the struggle of 17 months grinding out material, having full charge of every detail of a tour and come back in a hilarious state. You are law to E. Why did you not try to make her see that my misery had nothing whatever to do with her. And that after all love if it is worth its salt should show some patience and understanding. But you will put all the responsibility on me. Alright kid.

You say the atmosphere was so depressing you could not write. Well, in point of truth you have written, a corking story, whether the fool, Leighton liked it or not. True it took you a month. Frankly I am surprised you did not need more time. One away from original writing for years can't possibly go back to it easily. So why blame it on the atmosphere? Besides, if I mistake not you had a very severe siege of difficulties in writing last year. Can it be that your ydill when alone with E. is also not all milk and honey? You were ill of course. But your illness was more a result of the difficulties you had with translating than the cause. Anyway, it is most unfair of you to lay it on so thick. I mean lay all the responsibility on my old head. But there is no use trying to argue this matter. As war. As ist. Und es wird immer so sein. In your eyes the person you love and live with is never in the wrong. I am. Perhaps it is because you know that my friendship has never so much depended on what you gave me as on what I was always ready to give you. And it is so easy to find fault with such a friend who remains unchangeable. Isn't it old scout?

About the book. I wrote you from Canada what it is to be about. Why then do you say you did not know. I wrote you it was to be a book about people I met. Naturally, I expected that you would bro oh the subject on my return. If I said I would not write this year it was because I thought you'd be busy with the Hooker translations, or some original writing, and I knew that one writer in a house is enough. You will admit that I did not burden you with anything even some letters of importance while you were busy with your own work. I know from experience that one must not be disturbed with many jobs when one is engaged on a piece of writing of importance. Of course my dear I know that you have ever been willing to help me and that you would again. But after all the physical help is not enough. One wants spiritual help and inducement. Well, you failed me in that since you never once found either time or inclination to find out what my plan is for the book. The tomatoes were more fortunate that got all the spare moments from your own writing, from E. and from E. But that too is alright. You know me well enough to know that I am not fool enough to think my writing world stirring or necessary to anybody, except that I shall have to make good someday to those who contributed to the fund for a specific purpose.

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But all these considerations are beside the mark. More important is
the condition that ~~your~~ her physician in Nice whom she liked so
much and who seemed to have helped her last year, wouldn't it be well
to see him again. Rest and diet are of course essential, still
he must have done more than that for her to have brought about
improvement. I assure you dearest Masha I feel heart broken that
E. must again go through her old misery. I feel especially dis-
gusted with myself that I ~~embarrassed~~ made E. feel so badly when
I wanted so much to make her feel at ease. You know the story about
poor little Mary, the more she tried the worse she got. I hope
 fervently that now in her own home and away from this awful step
mother and mother in law all in one E. will be well again, as well
as she can be at times. Please tell her that and give her my love.

Apropos of your tomatoes, they are all get ripe
at once and there are so many I don't know what to do with them.
I make juice and soup and we eat tomatoes by the kilos. Its not
exactly the thing to do with no water for Tante Meyer. Well,
I have a customer, our one armed letter carrier. He arrived yesterday
at six o'clock with two heavy packages of books scribners sent me. He
was glad to get a bag full of tomatoes and he will come for more.
It is ironic that you should have worked so hard over them and now
have to buy tomatoes, likely not as good as ours. But the enjoyment
was in the labor wasn't it dear?

Yesterday I readdressed a large heavy yellow
envelope that came from Spain and a letter postmarked France. I hope
they reached you. I thought afterwards the letter from Spain must be
R's MSS. Let me know at once whether it reached you. I am a bit uneasy
about it.

The Malik people are in Prague. I don't know their address.
But Zensl would take the letter to Herzfelde the man I dealt with.
I will go over the volume of short stories soon. I told you of one
about the suspicious rebel who turned out to be an escaped lunatic.
That may appeal to ASQUIRE. But we had better wait until we hear from
Ann.

The girls are enjoying immensely. Eve already sold
two belt and it looks as if she will dispose of more. The trouble is
they have not enough material and by the time they get it from
Paris the season will be over. It is too bad they ~~did~~ did not come
here in the early part of July. They are be a most helpful, especially
hella who is very efficient in house work. The kids even pumped water
yesterday. I am some here. I pumped the day before, tore up my fingers
on the wall and had awful ~~stomach~~ headache all night and all
day. I am furious with myself that I am so helpless in mechanical
matters. My damned ribbon causes me no end of trouble. I can't work it
it with the covers on, and with them off the ribbon keeps jumping.
Well there are greater tragedies I am sure.

Goodby my dear and do leave one single good hair on
my head for old friendships sake, if for nothing else.

Affectionately,

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870919151

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 23, St. Tropez [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p.; 27 × 21 cm.

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St Tropez Var August 23rd 35

Dearest Angelica.

I got your letter of July 8th, but have been waiting to hear from you again in re the money for Trinidad. I would have sent it on to her if I could make out her address in your letter. Please write it more distinctly and send it by return mail. The poor woman needs the money and I hate to keep it. The only thing I will have to have is a few lines to Trinidad from you to acknowledge the receipt of the money so I can send it back to the people who contributed. I received 325 francs and 95 centimes for \$2 dollars. That is about four francs less than I should have gotten. I will add that amount and send her dollars she should not lose in the exchange. So please let me hear from you right away.

My dearest I am so glad you are somewhere where your efforts are appreciated and where you can have regular food and rest. I hope you can stay on for some time. Your Paris life fairly haunts me. If only I were not so poor myself I should want to send you off to the states. I feel somehow you would have a field there.

Sasha and E. are back in Nice. E has one of her very bad stomach attacks. Sasha also was in bed for ten days, his heart and some neuralgie in his ribs, ~~strange~~ strange malady. A very good physician told me that the condition of Sashas heart is not grave. But it is weak and he must take care. Not swim any more, or walk up strais and hills. He is very much better now and is taking care of E.

Hoping to hear from you soon with love.

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[Letter] 1935 Aug. 24, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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St. Tropez Var August 24/35

Dearest Ash, Got yours of the 22nd. The enclosed from Modina came to day. I suppose it means he has not sailed. Please let me know how he feels. I really think it would have been unwise to risk the trip after the operation which seems to have been rather serious. It is too bad, but as far as he is concerned I think for the best.

Dear Ash, your memory is as usual not reliable. I never said Nice was more expensive than St Tropez. What I did say was that everything outside of butter was the same ~~xxx~~ as in St Tropez. Uniprix is of course an exception. But unless one buys in quantities there it hardly pays because of the bus fare going and coming. Still it is remarkably cheap. Though I must say the quality is poor. You take salmon. True it costs a franc less than here. But it is so salty it is uncatable unless mixed with a lot of other stuff. Or you take the chinick you bought, Ten francs. It lasted ten weeks. Naturally there can be no lasting quality when the price is so low. However a lot of things are good and much, much cheaper. But outside of Uniprix Nice is far from cheaper than St Tropez. Perhaps if one goes to the large markets, not buys the leftovers. But unless one devoteds all ones time to ones household it is impossible.

Ash, Eve is coming in next week. She has to in order to pack her and Mollie's things. Stupid of course that they did not do it before they left. What if they have to pay up until the first? The things could have remained packed then send off petit vitesse. At night to rails. Well, its Eve's business. When she goes I will send you the paper and envelopes you ~~xxx~~ want.

Several Poledni came anyhow. I am sending them to de together with the Nation, The New Masses and some clippings. Also the theatre, cinema and music section of the Sunday Times for Emy. The last literary supplement had nothing of interest. So I am not sending that. Yes dear, do not fail to send me the Poledni. I am too keen on the story, so please read the paper when it arrives and forward it on. Else I'll have to wait too long. The author is of course rank reactionary as you will see by the 3rd instalment. But he can write darnably well.

Yes, I think the girls will sell some belts. May is going with them to the principle shop and that antiquit shop is also selling some. The trouble is the season is nearly over, and it will take time to get material from Paris. Too bad they did not come sooner. But I could not have given them a lift before. I told them yesterday they can take two meals a day with me when Sonia and Mollie come. But they will have to find a room. May can get them one for hundr d franc a month. And the extra they will cost for food will not be so much when our own kids are here.

About Mollie and Sonia. I don't suppose you expect to return this summer any more. Do you? In that case I would like to give S. and M. your room. Otherwise I'd give them mine and I'd sleep in the boudoir. Under no circumstances can you sleep there because of your tendency to rheumatism and neuralgia. But as I said I have a ~~xxxx~~ you will not come back. That is alright.

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2

As long as K. is not feel well you will naturally want to be with her. Of course the kids will want to see you both. Well they might run over to Nice before they return to Paris. Perhaps you and K. would put them up for a few days.

There is no hurry about the Communist article. The comrades are not likely to publish it before the winter. Fact is I hate to have only my name to it since you have written most of it. It is only that it has already appeared in the Mercury.

I am inclosing Gaxe's letter in re Ruth. You will see that her condition is due not to any inherent tendency but to the birth of her child. It is much more prevalent than you have any idea of. It is due to a large extent to the milk having gone to the head. I wrote you that the doctors found it of poor quality so that she could not nurse her baby well, it seems it went to her head instead. But whatever it is it is a great calamity and a dreadful thing for the baby, for her husband, for Stella and all concerned, the most of course Ruth herself. However, she may overcome her mental state. Psychology and psychiatry have advanced considerably and with expert care Ruth may get well and normal as she has always been. But you are right, the human mind is a mystery. No one really knows what is going on in the make up of man. Anyway, I feel rotten as you may guess.

There is no news from here. The same monotonous days. housework, cooking, letters and a bit of reading. The girls help much yet I feel so tired at the end of the day I can't even read much.

A letter from my friends the Halperins from Le Havre brought the news that they are proceeding to Russia. On their return trip they will come to France and possibly St Tropez. You remember my peeking at them as very fine people.

I will write E. soon. Meanwhile give her my affectionate greetings. I do hope she has taken a turn for the better.

Affectionately.

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[Letter] 1935 Aug. 24 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / E[mma Eckstein]. — 1 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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August, 24th, 1935

My dear Emma!

I am not much better yet. Still suffering. I am glad that you are not alone there, knowing that you don't like to be alone. Later on Senin and Molly will come, and they surely are great company.

We didn't hear so far from Modest. Hope he will come.

I cannot say, that I have quite forgotten about that fact, that I had to run away. Why, Emma, I like to tell the truth. It is just too dreadful. I, for my part, will suffer about that fact for many years to come.

THAT IS MY NATURE AND I CAN'T HELP IT.

Everything with or without stomach could have been very fine. My conviction is that, and I know that I have done my share....

You know, feeling psychologically and physically as I do --- I come also to the conclusion that life is not worth anything.... I am so glad that there is an end to everything.

Sasha seems to be better --- he gets by and by appetite... so that at least makes me happy ----- otherwise no good news, neither from U.S.A. or USSR or wherever I get news from.

Well, dear ----- we have to make the best out of everything, that is where we have to adjust ourselves.

Love, E. &

send me the address of these Dutch comrades

Emma, please, will you forward this little letter to these Dutch comrades?? If you don't know their address in Canada, send the letter back to me. THANKS.

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Emma my heart's own: I got

10308

your letter yesterday and was chagrined not to have written you two or three letters in the meantime. Since last we met on paper, I have severed my connection with the government, permanently I hope and my nerves were worn to shreds with what has happened to me. I will tell you all about that a little further on. I was deeply concerned to hear of Sasha's upset. You say, however, that he is well now, that is, that the worst is over. He must be more careful. We all want him with us as long as possible. He has valuable work yet to do but even if he never again did so much as a stroke of the pen, his existence would still be contributing as a great living symbol of the movement. For my own part, I feel that my life and education will not be complete until or unless I meet him. Anyway, he had the best of care. Your presence, Goddess, would raise any one from a dying state. I would enjoy any sort of illness if it brought you near me. I still have said nothing to any one about the matter of the Bokker translation. I do not intend to. Let them find it all out for themselves. I think the solution that has been adopted is for the best. Nevertheless, I am disappointed. The idea of a combined work of Bokker and Berkman has seemed to me something monumental, something that would vindicate us as nothing else in the realm of writing could. I still think that the chief difficulty was one of space. That is, if Sasha and Bokker had been in the same place engaged on the work together and discussing it from day to day as problems came up, there would have been no difficulty. I agree with you, though, that Sasha ought to do more in the way of original writing than translations. He can write superbly. His *Prison Memoirs* aside from its merit as a social document is a literary masterpiece. It anticipates some of the modern discoveries in presentation of impression and mood. Very pointed out, on reading it, a similarity in the presentation of certain impressions to the best of Ulysses. I do not know whether that would please Sasha or not but I tremendously admire James Joyce and the significant thing to me is that he wrote ten or twelve years before Joyce had been heard of or before they had discovered that technique of capturing mood or a situation without mechanical description. The discovery represents a real genius to me. In those days, Anglo-Saxons were just learning to write. I wonder how many critics of the time, judging his work as a social document were aware of its high literary merit. His book *Now And After*, in quite another vein had a style which was perfect for its purpose. It was lucid and heart warming. He ought to write more books, must write more. Still, it is most important for him to take it easy, above all, to enjoy life. There is no one who is more entitled to every pleasant moment which is possible. He has made a tremendous contribution, has more to contribute but he should not feel bound or responsible for anything. When I write to him, I of course will not mention his illness.

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You said that if I should be with you at Ste. Tropez, I probably would meet no one but you and I shall

Two of the most interesting people in the world. "That more would I want" Anything else would be additional and superficial experience. I never would have the time in many months to discuss all the things I would want to ask you about.

And then, absurd girl, you told me I would be living with you for months and asked me if I thought I could stand it.

Let me tell you that what I long for is one embrace which would last for months, to be so close to your body that there would be no room for the point of a pencil between us.

I want to squeeze you, to crush you, to devour you. Devine, intoxicating woman, I cannot come close enough to you, enough into you. I've got to be satisfied, I would have to be a part of you. To have you is not to be satisfied but to sharpen and heighten desire.

Just a few days ago today, darling, I was with you. It was Wednesday. We went to that Communist meeting. Langbord took us in his machine. That Socialist member of the Reichstag spoke. I can't think of his name at the moment.

It must be somewhere here in my memory though. How vividly I remember being pressed close against you, electric enchantment from the pressure of your thigh and your foot and holding your hand.

The member of parliament was of but mild interest to me. They could have spoken in Chinese for all I cared.

He held forth in German. That concerned me was the beauty of your voice translating to me. Do you remember how

we were waiting for Langbord, a rather noisy and gabby Belgian addressed you and told you how he had been an Anarchist but was converted to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

You froze him so that he must have had to wait for a Canadian winter to thaw him out. I was nearest the door and got out

of the car first when we reached Bloor Street. I reached for your hand to help you and to have the delicious pleasure of you leaning on me. You said to Langbord,

"Tristesse in richtiger cavalier. Er hilft mir." I did not say that I understood but I was unspokenly pleased.

All of which just goes to tell you in every way that I know how that I love you.

Oh, I was going to tell about my losing my job. I was not fired though if it had been any one but Mrs. Deuffield, I probably would have been. During the last

month, I have been broadcasting Anarchism among the teachers without reserve and fomenting discontent and rebellion among the men by exposing the rotten politics to which they were

subject. My leaving came about in more devious ways. I must tell you about two separate events both typical of the workings of government. One was the closing of the shelter

that is, most of them. That had nothing to do with my leaving as there are some still open but I would not want you to miss the picture of the graft and chicanery involved. The other

was the new ruling from Washington concerning the teachers which caused my departure and was not so much governmental graft as stupidity.

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3.

The shelters for the unemployed single men, not the transient shelters but the permanent shelters are largely under the control of the state and county. I must say in fairness to the government since I want to be fair in striking an enemy that in the C. C. C. that is, Civil Conservation Corps camps, the men are well treated and given good food according to the accounts I have had from men who have been in them. I would take no official's word for anything. These C. C. C. camps are under the federal government. In these local shelters where I have been, the reverse is the case. Anyway, it was decided by the powers this summer that life in the shelters was bad for the morale of the inmates. I quite agree with them. Cash relief in the first place, though it itself an obnoxious practice could have been better for the men and would have saved money for the state as was proven in Baltimore and other places. An interesting point, however, is that those who love the state are not anxious to save money for it. The existence of the shelters meant large contracts for food and for other things in private houses and jobs in the shops. They made their own purchases at local stores. Nevertheless, the powers thought it would be a good idea to close most of the shelters leaving just a few open for very old men or those regarded as unemployable. How could this be, the people in power acting against their own interest, some will be in government. *Vais toujours le serpent dans les fleurs.* By way of sending the men out on their own, they allowed them ten dollars a month for rent and five dollars for food for the first month, ten dollars for the second month, and no guarantee thereafter. What do you think of a man's prospects living for a month in the city with rising prices on five dollars? Some were generously provided with work on the railroads as gandy dancers that is, section hands for construction workers. The munificent reward is twenty five cents an hour when the regular wage is thirty seven cents an hour. The work is eight hours a day, five days a week, no pay for rainy days, and ninety cents a day deducted from the worker's wage for board. You see, the railroads managed to get the use of the state helplessness charges of the government in a sort of semi-slavery. They were forced to accept it. If they did not, relief was denied them. But about those who were sent out on five and ten dollars a month. What of them? Why did the powers want to close the shelters anyway? I had always been in favor of closing them since I had first been in them but not in that atrocious way. Further, what I could not understand was why they should be closed when it was clearly to official interest to keep them open. Then, the whisper began to get around that the men would be having to come back in a month or so. They would not be able to make it on their inadequate income. Then, a light began to dawn. I knew that the shelter officials were being discharged who were in the shelter. This does not apply to the teachers. We were in a separate organization. It applied to superintendents, managers, case workers, watchmen, janitors, etc. Then, I understood. The authorities had not entertained the slightest intention of closing the shelters permanently at any time. They knew

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4.

quite well that the men could not get along on the inadequate income provided, that they would be back asking for help, and that the shelters would have to be reopened. The men were put out in order that there could be a clean-up of officials in the so numerous small but politically useful jobs. With the reopening of the shelters, the jobs will be filled by good Democrats, friends of Mr. Patrick Vash and co. The processes of government relief and rescuing the unfortunate, etc. will go merrily on. The blessings of the socialized state are beginning to be apparent in the new deal with marked cards.

Now as to the mis-up about the teachers. Our friend Mr. Roosevelt is like Napoleon third who talked largely of democratic imperialism, fed soothing surrogates to clericals and anti-clericals, and was all things to all men. F. D. R. may have some liberal inclinations but he is a super-politician. Every now and then, he puts a group of people to work, artists, actors, brick-layers, etc. for a couple of months to make them feel good. Then, they are fired. I have known any number of young university people who were working on what is called research projects. These consisted of counting and compiling, graphs, charts, senseless surveys, filing and registering, and accumulating mountains of paper. No one will ever read it. By the time the project gets well under way, the whole thing is called off and those who are depending on it for support are out in the wintry blast waiting to get on another project or do the best they can. No wonder the government is strong for reforestation. With all the paper they use on nothing at all, they will need a fresh supply of trees. Then, there is the taxpayer to be considered, the business man who after a good game of golf is sure that he is the pillar of national life and who after dinner cannot understand why the unemployed require so much food and so much relief. Eh bien. To show that he can deal with all the incompatible interests, the president must fire a few thousand people every now and then or put them somewhere else or make some new ruling to show how that expense is being reduced and then they can be safely added somewhere else.

The F. D. R. Emergency Educational Program teachers were getting relief in some sense. But the standard for qualification for the job was unemployment, not destitution. They could have a husband or wife working or own an insurance policy or what not. This seems unjust in any way but in reality, no one got rich in teaching.

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5.

I lied to get the job. I knew that the case workers and similar flunkies would be unable to understand how my wife could be teaching at the university and underpaid and why I should want financial independence anyway. I couldn't say that I was not married. Some of the people down at headquarters knew me and one of them nearly prevented me from getting the job. She was an niece of Edith and hated Mary and me for befriending Edith when she put her out. Anyway, I pretended that I was separated from my wife and Mary wrote them a letter to that effect.

Recently, a new ruling came direct from the president that teachers and other such employees would be included in the W. P. A. Works Progress Administration instead of F. P. A. The rule was that teachers would have, not only to be unemployed but would have to prove themselves destitute, without visible means of support, no one working in the family, without any insurance policy or any borrowing power or any money in the bank. This seems just at first glance but this is not because most of these people while not destitute were so near it that a few weeks unemployment would render them destitute. The general result is that the teacher goes to the case worker most case workers are vile, and if the teacher is not able to lie cleverly enough or will not do so, he is declared ineligible for work. Then, in two or three months, he will be in desperate poverty and will apply for getting relief grocery orders supervised by the rules of the case workers. The case workers, by the way, are subject to no such test for it is feared that if they were, they might be too sympathetic with the clients. I went to Mrs. Neufeld, the supervisor of my project and layed my card on the table. I told her that I was not separated from my wife, that my wife was working, that I needed the money nevertheless, and even more needed to work toward financial independence. I told her that I have no conscience where government is concerned but a very acute conscience where my fellow workers are concerned, that if the needs of others on the project were greater or more immediate than mine I would be willing to step out. She told me by all means to remain. She said that I needed it as much as the others and was so nice as to say that if any one needed it a little more than I did, what I had done for the men in the shelter counterbalanced that. In my estimation, aside from my lecture and the personal friendship I was able to give them, what I have

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what I have done for the men in the shelters is just nothing. I tried to do much. . . As a councilor, I was supposed to find out their complaints, their needs, and their point of view. I was not required to cross-examine any one or to betray any one's confidences. Mrs. Neufie led me in good faith but the rest of the officials did not. I went to them and gave them concrete facts concerning the deprivation of food and clothing, the insolence of petty officers, etc. I remember telling you that at least, it was some thing to know that this government had a few intelligent and idealistic people who would listen to me when I told them the grievances of the unemployed men. . . That is not true. The people who listened to me with most evident concern were slimy politicians and took good care that nothing was done, that no improvements were made. I found that out eventually. I went back to the men though. I told the men I could do nothing for them and I told them why. I told them that only their own rebellion would ever get them anything in this world. I decided to go to the case worker. I was willing to do it to make things easier for Mary and did not complain as she has had enough to put up with from bosses. The personal degradation involved, however, was horrible to me, shattering. It didn't bother me to lie but to have to lie and knowing that sort of people those case workers are. The teachers are no better than the millions of workers who have had to submit to such control but I had never believed that any one should be forced to submit. . . Then, to have a case worker visit my parents' place as I had given their address as my residence. At the last minute, things turned out a little like the second rate popular novel or Christmas story. . . Maybe, I was not relieved though. I was quite willing to forgo the literary unity or plausibility essential to tragedy. . . I may have told you that Mary was changing her position this fall. She is to be director of a small college, the College of Domestic Arts and Science on the north side at a slight increase. The other day, I had just called the local relief station as required and been chewed up by a hen of a woman in the intake department for not applying sooner. I had delayed to determine the action of the teachers' union a not very effective body. That day, the people at the university asked Mary to stay on there part time as well as holding her north side job. With the two, we will not be prosperous but it is better and she told me that there was no necessity of going through the ordeal. She thought, besides that it would be unfair with her holding two jobs. I give you my word that I did not complain to her of how dreadful the prospect of submitting to those people was to me as I had witnessed the tyranny of case workers in the shelters and among other unemployed I have known. But my nerves have been worn to a frazzle. Anyway, that siege is over and I am out of it. I enjoyed the shelters. The men liked me and I liked them and learned from them. They told me things which would turn the hair of some of their respectable and thieving officials. One of them told me calmly how he had in a bit of an quarrel cut the throats of his wife and her lover and how sorry he was when they did not die. Another told me how in more prosperous days, his wife operated a call flat. That is, she had a sumptuous apartment fitted up and a list of forty or fifty girls. Rich men would come to her & he would arrange a meeting with one of the girls in the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916095

[Letter, 1935 Aug. between 24 and 29, Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 9 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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10311

7.

apartment. It was a sort of prostitution de luxe where the girls did not live in. I made Anarchists of one or two of the men and suggested new ideas to a good many. During the last month with all the upset of closing of the shelters, in order to keep us in our jobs, Mrs. Neufeld held an institute or teachers' conference of long duration. She had outside speakers but time had to be filled in. She wanted to keep us apparently working during the critical time so we would continue to be paid. She encouraged discussion to the full extent and had many people assigned to review books. Most of the group are liberal with Bolshevik sympathies though not very strongly so. Such books as Union Strachey's Coming Struggle for Power and George Davis's Capitalist Culture and a book on fascism by a Marxist were reviewed. I appointed myself critic from the floor. I came out flaming Anarchist without any reservations or soft peddling, I attacked Marxism, fascism, and the new deal. I think I had a good bit of influence. I told them on one occasion that politicians the world over want the socialized state, that in that way, they themselves constitute intelligent rule, that the rest are classed as unintelligent and unfit to rule because they are unable to defend themselves. I told them that in such a state, where politicians and business men share the rule, it is called fascism, that when the politicians take it all, it is Bolshevism. I said, I will tell this socialized state of the future be as ruthless as judge r-nant or as feable scare-crow. I think it will have the qualities of both. It will be feable in its remedies and ruthless in its repression. My picture of the socialized state is that is to be the pattern of the future society is addicted and worshipped by a deluded population with highly organized publicity to take the place of religion the fountain of power surrounded by little bureaucrats sucking their thumbs in wilderness at a complex society that is so much bigger than they are.

One of the teachers living in the neighborhood, one whom I have influenced a good deal invited me to dinner last evening. He lives with a group of active young Socialists. They were very nice young people. I was thankful if not Jesuitical. They had never met an Anarchist and we were somewhat agog wondering what one would be like. I did not directly attack Socialism. In fact, I inquired solicitously after some of the Socialist leaders I know. I told them anecdotes about the history of their own party and its activities in earlier times here. I tried to disarm them with gaiety and the spirit of adventurous comradeship in the revolution with now and then references to Anarchism to clear up some misapprehensions or to point out their errors. Is that too Machiavellian? Que pensés-tu? They were very friendly and invited me to come to their meetings and speak there some time. I agreed telling them that not being a Bolshevik, I am not forbidden to attend any one's meetings; that Anarchism encourages inquiry and invites discussion. One of them said, "You ought to give us a lecture right now because when you come to some evening, they will be prepared for you and able to meet your arguments." I said, my friend, if I couldn't beat Socialists at arguments any

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10312

B.

time anywhere,, I wouldn't bother being an Anarchist.. I think I can influence some of the teachers and younger people. It will please you to know that they are all native Americans. That will mean more to you than it does to me but I know you are right when you maintain that the movement must get its real strength from the native population.

I thought I might have some influence for Anarchism on my supervisor Mrs. Neufeld since she admires you and was tolerant of me but she is not the type. On that last conversation when I told her my exact state of affairs, I got to know her better than I ever had.. She told me frankly that she is in sympathy with revolutionary aims and is glad there are people like me but that she does not want to jeopardize herself. She said to me, "You have deep love and hatreds have you?" I said that I supposed so.. She said, "You know" have not any deep loves or hates.. The reason is that any one I can't get along very well without." I knew the reason why it was that although I had liked her in an easy sort of way, I had felt no attraction..

Dearest, I am to speak tomorrow evening, the Acco, Vanzo memorial.. It will be a painful contrast with last year. I will not have a lovely Godes to act as chairman, to be with me in the ante-room, to give me wonderful kisses just before we go out, to take me by the hand out on to the platform, then to raise my hand by making the really glorious speech of the evening.

We are holding a joint meeting with the I. W. O.. One thing pleases me is that Dean Lovett will be with us. He is the one professor who, in the recent legislative investigation of the University stood out honestly. He was like his own New England granite..

Right now, we are all interested in the fight for our comrades Alito and Ferero, I am probably spelling their names wrong, the two Italian comrades who were arrested last year for renting office space to the paper Man. They are under sentence of deportation and we are going to make a fight for it.. I have done little work in connection with organizing the protest but there is to be a mass meeting next month at which I will doubtless speak. The comrades have appealed to every organization that might be interested except the Communist ones. They had a conference last evening and thirty delegates came from various organizations. I did not go because I thought that I could do better work with my young Socialists. I asked Olaf to advise me as to whether it was alright for me to be absent and he thought it was. I will make any speech or write any leaflets, however, that they want me to. I am deeply concerned about the two comrades.

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9.
I.
P. S. I broke off rather suddenly thinking I would have to go out right away but find that I do not for a moment. I do hope that you will be able to tell me in your next letter that Sasha is completely well. I've never seen a anarchist needs to obey some times. I suppose it is a shame to keep him from over exertion as it is to keep me from staying up all night. Tell him I will write him soon and he will never need feel obliged to hurry in answering me. How I would love to talk to him. I hope he will write soon. Don't you think it would be a good idea for him to do the book on Bakunin? The material for research must be at hand there and if he does it, it will be a great book. So many things are possible to him in writing.

My adored Emma, this P. S. gives me the opportunity to tell you again, though I will never be able to tell you how much, that

I love you.

Frank.

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870927107

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 25, St. Tropez [to] Dolly [Stamm?, Paris (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 26 × 21 cm.

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13940

St tropez Var August 25th 35.

Dearest Dolly. I received your card of July 18th telling me that you had to undergo another operation. I also had a letter of Miss Maroney dated July 29th saying the operation was to take place the first of this month. I have been waiting anxious for word from some one near you, the nurse you have if no one else how you are feeling after since the operation. Miss Maroney being away on her vacation I have no one to turn to to get some news about you. I know it is useless to ask Ed to write. I can't tell you my dear how very much I have you on my mind. I hope eventually this may reach you in very much improved condition and that if you can not write yourself, you will get somebody to dictate a letter to.

My dear, my summer has been anything but happy. The main cause being my inability to concentrate on writing. And there were many others. But I am not going to impose my difficulties and mental stress on one so ill as you are. I only wish you to know that I intend to leave here early in Oct for Paris. There remain about a month. Then go to England. I am not deceived about my chances there. For some unaccountable reason I have never succeeded in the interest of the British. But I simply can't be inactive. Ever I doubted that my place is "not in the home", my last tour has fully convinced me of that. Ever since my return from there I have been in the throes of a maddening restlessness that made me want to take the next train out I know not where to. Only to be the go. But travel nowadays unless for a specific purpose is beyond my means. Not that it ever was within my reach. That is why I have not done any writing and why I must get away in Oct.

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870819445

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 25, Chicago [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / Ben [L. Reitman]. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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32 N. State St
Chicago Aug. 25th. 1935

13592

Dearest Mommy.

Yes you have atoned for all real or imaginary grievences I have had against you.
That you have seen Our Son and approved I can say with Old Simon
" Now letteth thy servant depart in peace *"
And that Berkman loves Our Son and a friendship has developed adds to my jey.
To say to me " Anna and Ben " did a good job, means more than you think.
I am so sorry I had to desert you and Berkman in your hour of great needs.
I am glad Brutus, for he belong to you and Berkman
Son" you will have to be very great and very useful to humanity to atone for
All theins and short comings of your Father?
I am greatful that he had a visit with you and you felt his magic.
I can't tell you how Precious he is to his Grand Mother and to me.
I want to try and get him started on the BIG FREE LIFE.

Life is so very crowded and exacting and varied.
Each day I repeat " God what things are there I don't do "
Mostly underworld groups I am with.
Pimps, Prostitutes, crooks, sex variens ALL ACTIVE
Profs. Students, Propegandists, Revolutionists ALL ACTIVE
Hobos, Beggars, Adventurers, Writers, All active.
Morning, noon, night, an endless procession.
And yet I can't make a living.
Can't afford to go to N. Y. and meet Brutus.

Had a fine letter from Carl Nylander the other day.
Nina Spies made a talk for my Students Sat. and got a fee.
Our Old Comrad Adolph Deutsche. is in Chicago and wants to
Take me to Calif. with him tomorrow.
He offers me a Round Trip Ticket all expenses, both here and in Calif.
It is always so easy for me to get things
Some one is always wanting to do things for me. " ask and ye shall receive "
But I don't want to go in debt or be dependendent.

I wish I could go to Calif. with you.
I remember the many joyous trips together.
" But maybe we will have an other trip.. "
I told you I would come to America.
I think you will come again.
Brutus writes me Berkman had a little spell.
Hope he has fully recovered.

As you would suppose I have had many suggestions and a few offers
To write my Autobiography. I want to do it.
Especially to write about outcasts.
I should like to be with you and Berkman as I write
About that most important dead? with you and Mother Earth group?
I see your LIVING MY LIFE is being pushed at bargain prices
I bought two copies for Buwalda
Always and always you are being discussed.

As you would expect Brutus wrote beautifully and reverently about you and A. B.
And I try to *** except when you***
That is unimportant.
Life is rushing on, I am almost, ill, Brutus is due Sunday
I have to decide immediately if I will go to Calif.
Give my love to A. B. Again I say, You have atoned, but I have not.
Great was my sin and great is my punishment.. Only blood can wipe out blood.
I kiss you beautiful face. Love Ben

hgs

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881209196

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 26, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p.; 29 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

SG Be

St Tropez Var August 26th 35.

Dear. I had nothing worth while to write about yesterday. So I just forwarded a letter and card. I hope they reached you. Nothing from anybody or anywheres to day except the arches. I had to pay seven francs. Less than I expected although the two bits of leather they put on is not worth two francs. But I had to have it done.

Night before last and yesterday afternoon we had two terrific thunderstorms. I understand from the Sandersons that the rain is good for the grapes. But not if it rains too much or later on. So we are hoping it won't though the rain yesterday well made up for much of the summer. I was glad for the tomatoes and Ann's roses. It is almost impossible to water them by tinble full of water.

The French are such sticks in the mud they simply make no forward step. I was again at the Electricitians asking he should write the Paris house again. She showed me a letter a week ago saying it had been expedited. But there is no sign of it, and there is no saying how long it will take.

To day it is glorious again, the sun brilliant and the atmosphere so clear you can see the snow caps of the Alps. The girls are working on their belts for two to paddle them privately. I suggested the women of the sub, of the cafe de Paris, of Genuer and perhaps Castalino. They'll make more and get money at once. I don't know how else they will manage.

I hope E. is improving. By the way I meant to suggest that you get biscuits for her, the kind I got for you. And you too should eat that instead of bread. It is so much easier to digest. Love E. heartily. Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010556

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 26, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 30 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

25551

St Tropez var August 26th 35.

My Dearest. why no word from you for so long? I do hope your sun burn has not made you too ill. Its amazing the superstition there exists about exposure to the sun. People think they can not have enough of it. yet every modern physician can tell them that it is extremely dangerous to take drastic sunbaths. Once the tissues are effected it takes an awful long time to build them up again. I am fortunate in not ever getting too sunburned. for the simple reason that the sun gives me extreme nautia, if I expose myself even for a little while. I am just the reverse of you, my dear, in this that I can stand dry crisp cold much better than extreme heat. I could not join you in the tropics I fear. I mean physically of course. I hope your silence is not due to illness or trouble about your job.

I am sending you under separate cover a copy of Sashas ~~mach~~ sketch. Alas, Harpers have already refused it on the grounds that Sashas style is outmoded. Such idiocy. True Sasha does not write in the ~~venacular~~ but he has a beautifully light and simple style. I am sure you will find it so. You will laugh when I tell you the editor of Harpers wrote me he liked Living My Life because "it was written in the ~~venacular~~". Simply crazy. For if L.M.L. has any value at all it is because it is literary and not in the ~~venacular~~. I do not deprecate the latter method of writing. But I am sure it will not endure. Ann Lord is trying to place the ~~machno~~ story. But I am no longer so sanguine about its chances since the refusal of Harpers. It is the old story, Sasha and I are not wanted. I mean our writing of course. And that being our only method of living I don't know what we will do. It is also most discouraging in re the book you darling wished on me. Who will want it. And why write it? One can't always write in the void, can one?

The Emma Goldman Papers

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Well, I have not been able to even arrange the book in my mind, much less to begin on it. Of course, I will have to write it some day. People have contributed to the fund for that purpose. I will have to make good. But for the present the book is as far removed from me as you. And that means endless and insurmountable distance.

I have formed a definite plan for this winter. I will leave here about the first week in Oct for Paris. Stay there about a month to reorientate myself about our movement, see some pictures and hear some music. Then I will go to England. It will be a hell of a time to be in London the winter months. But it can not be helped. The comrades have banded together as a committee to organize some meetings for me. I am not optimistic about the outcome. I have never taken root in England. I have failed utterly to rouse the Britisher. There is no reason to assume I'd succeed better next time. In fact, I may have a worse fiasco because one comrade wrote that, if I mean to touch upon Russia my lectures would be a dead failure. The entire intelligentsia in England is pro Soviet and united against war and fascism. Which means of course for Russia. I don't quite see how I will be able to avoid Russia though I too want to work against war and fascism. Well, I have no choice but England. I simply can't remain inactive. I don't remember the time when I was so madly restless and sick with my ménage. If ever I need proof that my "place" is not in the home I have it this summer. It is only sheer force of will that keeps me here and also a material reasons of course. But I can live cheaper in London than St. Tropez, and I will have something to help me forget my inner void.

In March I may join a friend of mine from Montreal who

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2

28888

has invited me as her guest to go to Switzerland, Italy and possibly Spain. I have always wanted such a chance to travel without having lectures to prepare and dates to keep. But I dare not look forward to this wonderful opportunity offered me because nothing ever came to pass that I longed for intensely. Is not our venture best proof for that? For if ever I yearned for the very experience you my Frank can give it is now. But.....

However, if my friend does not come over I will remain in England until May, possibly go to Holland for a few weeks And then back to St Tropez for next summer, unless I can dispose of Bon Esprit without too much loss. Early next autumn I mean to return to Canada for an indefinite time. I realize it is foolish to make plans so far in advance. But I must have something to hang on to,

There is no other news I can tell you. Sasha and his girl are back in Nice. She is not well and life en trois does not seem to do her much good. Sasha himself had a bad ten days with his heart, I called in a doctor who assured me that while his heart is weak it is not in a grave condition. But he must give up swimming, strenuous physical work and climbing hills or stairs. He feels very much better now. Please my dearest do not mention his heart condition. He hates for people to know that he is not as strong as he used to be.

Please my Frank write me. Your letters are balm to my longing and aching heart.

I hold you very close with much love.

Emma

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DEAR FRANK

St Tropez Var August 26th 35. 10081

My dearest! Why no word from you for so long? I do hope your sun burn has not made you too ill. 'ts amazing the superstition there exists about exposure to the sun. People think they can not have enough of it. Yet every modern physician can tell them that it is extremely dangerous to take drastic sunbaths. Once the tissues are effected it takes an awful long time to build them up again. I am fortunate in not ever getting too sunburned. For the simple reason that the sun gives me extreme nautia if I expose myself even for a little while. I am just the reverse of you my dear in this that I can stand dry crips cold much better than extreme heat. I could not join you in the torpics I fear. I mean physically of course. I hope your silence is not due to illness or trouble about your job.

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2

19082

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2

10003

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 26, St. Tropez [to] Henrietta [Posner, Rochester, N.Y.] / E[mma] G[oldman].— 2 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

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Sophia Smith Collection

St Tropez var August 26th 35.

Dearest Henrietta.

I got your two letters dated June tenth and July 14th. No I did not think you had forgotten me. I only thought you had more absorbing immediate things to attend to to find time to write me. In any event I was glad to hear from you.

I am inclosing copies of letters that will tell you about me. I can only add that I have not been able to concentrate on my new book. There were too many disturbing things to make writing serious stuff impossible. Nor do I intend to start on the work this year. I mean to go to England for some lectures. I will leave here the early part of Oct for Paris. Then England for the winter. It is a bad time to get there, the climate being so awful. But it can not be helped. My stay in England will depend on the success of my meetings. If all goes well I may stay on until the spring and come back here to try writing next summer. Then in the autumn of 36, I may return to Canada. In my case it depends on endless unforeseen circumstances. In any event my St Tropez address remains permanent, at least until the spring. Besides I shall keep in touch with you.

Please thank Mr Biben for his kindly offer to be of help. There is nothing he can do or I need while abroad, Remember me most kindly to him and Mrs. Biben.

I am glad to hear Rochester is progressing. Of course the stand of the churches or synagogue is no guaranty of progress. Since all religious institutions are forced to keep in line with the times. In really vital issues they have not remained consistent. But I am willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

I was shocked to read of the sudden change in

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Sophia Smith Collection

re German of our mutual friend John Haynes Holmes. What on earth could he have seen to justify his statement about the unity of the Hitler regime and the ^{ess}cession of barbarous persecution of everybody. I am hanging on to the straw that the times may have misinterpreted him. I am going to ask him to write me his version himself. The trouble is that Holmes is easily deceived. It was the same after his visit of a few weeks in Russia. Nothing was too good then in praise of the regime. Now after his short visit in Germany he repeats the blunder. Well, perhaps he was misquoted. In my case it depends on whether he misquoted me or not. No, A.B. can not keep up a vast correspondence as he needs much rest and of course he must write for a living. So do not expect too many letters from him.

Goodbye dearest Henrietta. Greet Mr. Posner for me and Mrs. Duke who was so kind to me.

Affectionately,

EG

Emma Goldman

Goodbye dearest Henrietta. Greet Mr. Posner for me and Mrs. Duke who was so kind to me.

Affectionately,

A.B.

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Emma Goldman

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 2[6] Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Aug. 26th

Dear, just received your letter marked the 25th. Came very fast. Before I forget it, let me tell you that the big envelope from Spain, forwarded by you here, arrived OK. No, it was not B's MSS. That would be a very huge bundle. The envelope contained a printed pamphlet of considerable size, 99 pages, which is an account of the Fastlight for Intern. Arb. Association for 1933-1935. I wonder whether you also received a copy. If not, I shall keep my copy for you. Or send it to you. Nothing special in it, though, merely accounts (congregated at that) of former activities.

I also received the letter you forwarded. Yes, it was from Paris, from an old comrade of ours, Morris Landau, who was in England and in Russia, and now has been many years in France and has trouble about papers and no right to work. He wants Mela, of Los Ang. to help him with an affidavit to come over to the U.S. I doubt whether anything will come of it.

I am glad the girls are selling belts in St. Tr. There are many women there and I do hope they will make something. They surely need it.

No word from Modaka here. I wonder whether he has sailed.

MONDAY P.M. Went to port to see about M. (Sunday morn.) The Savola arrived but no "bbs."

Today received your letter and the others you forwarded. Mado writes he could not sail but that he means to sail anyhow as soon as his wounds are better and that he will wire in time.

Kapp writes that it is he who had sent the money (or his secretary). That means that the \$150 Los Ang. was supposed to have sent did not arrive. Yes, Kapp also says that with the FIRST sending of the money he also wrote a letter. But I never got it.

About my room. OF COURSE you should let Sonya and M. have it. Mado says that if he comes by Nice he will have to attend to his return ticket here and will stay here a while. And if I come down with him to St. Tr., then there will be time to make arrangements about my room. Meanwhile it is not known when Mado will come and somehow I don't believe he will. At any rate, by all means give S. & M. my room.

More this evening or tomorrow. I have to go down to Amexco to see about that missing letter from Kapp. Nothing new here. Have started to revise your Comm. Mss and when revised I will first send it to you before it is typed fresh.

I have been somehow too lazy of late to write much. But have written a long "philosophic" letter to Frank and succeeded only in replying to ONE point of the dozens he has touched upon in his letters.

Affect.

Is pump arrived?

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 27, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 1 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

at Tropez Var August 27th 35.

dear, the inclosed came to day. I hope you will not mind my opening it. ~~surprised~~ I thought it must be something very important. I was disgusted to find that it is only Preslov from whom you probably have never heard since our deportation. well, out of courtesy I am wiring him that you are in Nice and your address. I suppose he thought Don Esprit around the corner of Paris. Funny people.

Yes, my letter came quickly, but yours of dated the 24th reached me only to day. I was so anxious. I thought E. must be much worse and you also ill. If you and E. think you have relieved me by your going away you are very much mistaken. I am much more restless and miserable, even lost my sleep since the unfortunate misunderstanding. Such are human contradiction. I assure you my dearest I'd rather bit my tongue of than to have said any thing or done anything that brought about the unfortunets break. it would not be so hard to bear, if I knew E. to be well. But her present attack fairly haunts me day and night. If only either of you could look into my heart you'd be a little more patient and understanding. But it is as it is and it can't be tamer.

Yes, the pump has come and the motor works. So does Tante Meyer, it started making all over again and I don't know how to stop it. I really am sick of all the little miserable annoyances here. If for no other reason this will drive me to get rid of Don Esprit. The electrician was surprised that we did not send the old pump to be fixed rather than to buy a new one. He said it would not have taken more time, and would have cost very much less. I do not have the bill for the new one yet, but I suppose it will cost a fortune.

Eve is going back to Nice today. She leaves in the forenoon to catch the fast train from St Raphael. As she will have the paper and envelope for you she will go straight to your place. So will you please be in. If there is anything else you want you can still write a card.

Yes, of course Modska will want to stay with you and E. But I agree with you he probably will not be strong enough to cross. I hope next month will be warmer than the last week. Its quite chilly nights and mornings, but lovely during the day. I have heard nothing further from Mollie. I am writing her a card to day to make sure when she is coming. By the way Ann offered Eve her place on the plage for nothing. The girls will have to find a room as the bed in the boudoire is too small for two people. Besides I can not have so many when Mollie and Jenia will be here. Eve sold two bel belts yesterday. Lots of people have already left because the weather is so uncertain. I don't think the girls will make greisee chicken but they may sell belts privately enough to pay their rent in Nice. Whether they will also make enough to pay their fare back to Paris is very doubtful, well, Eve always knows how to manage somehow.

Please give E. my love and tell her the address of Tom and Ben until the 25th of this month is 1 ~~xxxxxx~~ No 1. Komarhofstr, Rotterdam Holland

affectionately. *cg*

Back to Miss Bevestedni.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 27, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St. Tropez Var August 27th 35.

Dear, the inclosed came to day. I hope you will not mind my opening it. ~~Excuse me~~ I thought it must be something very important. I was disgusted to find that it is only Breslov from whom you probably have never heard since our deportation. Well, out of courtesy I am wiring him that you are in Nice and your address. I suppose he thought Bon Esprit around the corner of Paris. Funny people.

Yes, my letter came quickly. But yours ~~is~~ dated the 24th reached me only to day. I was so anxious, I thought E. must be much worse and you also ill. If you and E, think you have relieved me by your going away you are very much mistaken. I am much more restless and miserable, even lost my sleep since the unfortunate misunderstanding. Such are human contradiction. I assure you my dearest I'd rather bit my tongue of than to have said any thing or done anything that ~~thought~~ about the unfortunate break. It would not be so hard to bear if I knew E. to be well. But her present attack fairly haunts me day and night. If only either of you could look into my heart you'd be a little more patient and understanding. But it is as it is and it can't be toser.

Yes, the pump has come and the motor works. So does Tante Meyer, it started looking all over again and I don't know how to stop it. I really am sick of all the little miserable annoyances here. If for no other reason this will drive me to get rid of Bon Esprit. The electrician was surprised that we did not send the old pump to be fixed rather than to buy a new one. ~~He~~ said it would not have taken more time and would have cost very much less. I do not have the bill for the new one yet. But I suppose it will cost a fortune.

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Please give E. my love and tell her the address of Tom and Dien until the 25th of this month is ~~12th~~
No 1. Zomerhofstr, Rotterdam Holland

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 27, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 x 17 cm.

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[enclosure]

St Tropez Var August 27th 35.

dear Evelyn.

I received your wonderful letter of April 8th before I sailed from Canada. I could not write then to catch you still in New York. I was head over heels in work and the preparation for my return to France. Since then I have waited to hear from you where you are. You bet I was delighted to get your card with your address. But again I could not write you much as I felt the intense need. Now I will delay no longer.

How very much alike most publishers are. Mr Knopf while enthusiastic about L.M.L. has botched up the sales as if he himself had no interest whatever in the work. Just think the cheap edition came out while I was in America. Could any one imagine a more psychologic moment? Wouldn't you think that for his own sake he would have advertised the new edition widely. Not at all. And so the second edition fared not better than the first. The only sales were made at my lectures. ~~And~~ And even then the shipments I ordered were so slovenly made I lost a number of chances to dispose of my unfortunate child. However that is an old story.

I was surprised to learn that you had trouble with Smith. I thought he was so friendly. But as I said publishers are a queer breed. They actually think writers are here for their sake. Not the reverse. Yet any fool can publish books. But it takes brains and ability, and oh so much heart ache to write. Well, I am glad you got rid of him. I hope the new publisher may prove more appreciative and understanding.

You say the wretched experience with Smith had paralyzed your writing. I too have been paralyzed and unable to concentrate on the proposed new book. But for many other reasons. The very poor response to the appeal made me realize how few there are who are interested in what I have to give. What with the failure of L.M.L. it seemed an utter waste of time and much pain to write another book. However that was not the main reason, really. The greater deterrent has been a terrible restlessness since my return from Canada. I have tried my darndest to pull myself together. But I am so much in the clutches of this fierce desire to run I know not where I have to hold on by sheer force not to take the first trail. But I know not where to. Of course I know the reason, or rather reason for my sickening state. Not the least is the fact that I feel so gagged in France. The others are of a nature applying to other people of whom I can not write. Anyhow I have not written a line. And even letters have been difficult to do.

4- Yes, Canada was blood freezing except towards the end when I contacted a few genuine and lovely people who made me feel that my struggle of 14 months had not been entirely in vain. They implored me to stay on over summer at their home as their guest and the prepare for the coming winter for more off active work. But I had been so worried about Anna's health and his need of me I

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 27, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 × 17 cm.

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2

that I simply had to sail. The only comforting thought I have is that I found S. much better than I had expected. In fact the physician I called in assured me that while his heart is weak it is not in a grave condition. But of course he must take care. He must not swim any more or do strenuous walking or climb heights. That is something. As for needing me. I fear we are all suffering from the ridiculous idea fix that we are indispensable to the lives of others. In reality most of our friends often get along better without ~~and~~ than with us. Anyhow I can not get rid of the feeling that I should have remained in Canada to further plow the soil already begun, especially as there were signs of my work having taken root. More and more I come to the conclusion that I really am like a fish out of water in retirement. Perhaps it is due to the ever growing realization that I have not so many years to live and work for my ideal that makes me so hungry for activities. What ever the reason I have been in utter misery all summer, and still am.

however, I intend to pull myself out by the roots. I plan to go to England for a few months. Its rotten to do that in the winter, but I can not choose. Then in the spring, if I still own Bon Esprit I will come back and try ones more to write during the summer and return to Canada next autumn this time for as long a stay as the Canadian authorities will let me. I can't bear France any longer. So it would have to be England or Canada. I feel that bad as the response in Canada is it is still better than England. And there I am near America. At least I can have an occasional visit of my own family and friends I miss so frightfully. So thats my plan as far as I can make any now. I expect to leave here the first week of Oct. for a month in Paris. And go to England the first week in Nov.

I inclose copies of recent letters that may interest you. I have gone through no end of misery over my garbled article in the Mercury. The rotten use the nearest Press made of my criticism of Russia aside of ruining the chances of the appeal has made me utterly sick. Of all the yellow sheets I would never appear in ~~nearsts~~ take the first place. ~~But how can one protect oneself against the misuse of ones ideas by so~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ a creature as ~~nearst~~ ^{nearst} I was particularly grieved to find some of my own friends opposed to my stand on Russia. You will see what I mean by the inclosed to John Haynes Holmes and Roger Baldwin.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860521175

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3

How far are you from London? Because I shall want to see you when I come if you are still in England. I take it that's what you and Jack intend to do since he is building a place. Let me know.

I hope Jig has quite recovered from his operation. Of course you are to give him my love. And also send my greetings to Cyril. If your friendship for him is of the quality of mine for Sasha you will know the agony that went with my devotion all these years. Forty five years the 15th of this month. I suppose it is inevitable that great things should ~~mean~~ exact an awful price. Yet I would not have Sasha out of my life for all the peace and fortunes in the world.

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Give my love to Jack and take loads for yourself.

273

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 27, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 21 × 17 cm.

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18489

St Tropez Var August 27th 35.

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18410

2

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3

18411

How far are you from London? Because I shall want to see you when I come if you are still in England. I take it that's what you and Jack intend to do since he is building a place. Let me know.

I hope Jig has quite recovered from his operation. Of course you are to give him my love, and also send my greetings to Cyril. If your friendship for him is of the quality of mine for Sasha you will know the agony that went with my devotion all these years. Forty five years the 15th of this month, I suppose it is inevitable that great things should exact an awful price. Yet I would not have Sasha out of my life for all the peace and fortunes in the world.

Do keep in touch with me dearest Evelyn. I need the solace and balm of your letters perhaps more than at any other time.

Give my love to Jack and take loads for yourself.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860521174

[Letter, 1935 Aug. 27, St. Tropez to Evelyn Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J. (enclosure)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 26 x 17 cm.

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EMMA GOLDMAN LECTURE COMMITTEE

HON. TREAS. D. BLOOM
212, GERRARD ROAD,
HAGUET, E. C.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
HON. SEC. R. BARR.

106, Coningham Road,
London, W. 12.

COMMITTEE
A. S. MACH
W. WESS
T. BURKE
E. MICHAELS

July 29th, 1935

Dear Friend,

Emma Goldman has just concluded a successful lecture tour of Canada and America. The above Committee desire to arrange a series of lectures in London and the Provinces during the coming Winter.

In order that Emma Goldman's services may be available on behalf of the above Committee or any interested Organisation, we are venturing to appeal to you as a lover of Liberty and Freedom for financial and moral support.

The Committee feels that never has the world situation been so menacing to the peoples of the earth and the millions yet unborn. The resurgence of economic nationalism as exemplified not only by the brutalities of Hitlerism, but also by the cynical imperialism of Mussolini in conjunction with the orientation of British diplomacy toward Germany, makes Anti-Facist and Anti-War propaganda imperative.

At the moment of writing, Mussolini is preparing to send 300,000 of the flower of Italy's youth into the fever swept districts of Abyssinia to wage a war that outrages the conscience of every decent thinking person.

There has been nothing more monstrous in modern history than the cold-blooded relentless propaganda on behalf of this first Facist attempt at conquest.

Emma Goldman has seen Facism at work, and the Committee feels that no person is more fitted to assist in an Anti-Facist and Anti-War campaign than Emma Goldman. She has devoted her life to the propagation of Freedom, being imprisoned by various governments over fifty times for speaking the truth as she sees it. As Rebecca West has said "Her spirit is indestructible." She will also be available for Cultural Lectures upon the Modern American and Russian Drama.

The Committee's services are voluntary, but money must be raised quickly to secure halls, advertising, etc. A Fund of £100 is required to guarantee the necessary expenses. The Committee hope that you will give as generously as your circumstances permit, realising that the need for Anti-Facist and Anti-War propaganda, and the affirmation of our belief that mankind is one regardless of Race, Colour or Creed, is the most vital necessity of the moment.

All contributions to be sent to the Secretary, who will acknowledge them direct.

Yours fraternally and sincerely,

R. Barr
Hon. Sec.

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 27, St. Tropez [to M.T. Stark, Montreal] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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St. Tropez Var August 27th 35.

4980

Dear Friend. Fan is lucky. Not only has she a nice husband. But also a first rate secretary. If I have any envy in my make up it is not so much to the husband I envy our darling Fan as the secretary. I am such a rotten typist I am ashamed to write to anyone who is so is so fine a hand on the machine as you. I therefore offer you my apologies in advance.

My dear man, why this fuss about my cable? Whats friend ships for if not to show ones inter st, concern and love? I understood, or rather misund stood our mutual friend Arthur Leonard Ross. I thought he meant that Fan could come over now. Naturally, I wanted her and you to know all about St Tropez and how very happy it would make me to have her. License none use. I would have sent the cable to anybody I cared to such I as about than your lovely wife. I am only a guy but your cable did not contain the comforting news that Fan can come over now. Well, I console myself with the hope you are both holding out for early next year. Need I assure you that I will be delighted to chaperon Fan. One can't trust "them" giddy American girls. Can one? And who is there so eminently moral as E.G. to chaperon the wayward. Seriously speaking I feel very happy to know that you ~~man~~ are so willing to entrust the lady of your heart to me. Needless to assure you I will take good care of her, and send her back to you cured I hope of her rheumatic troubles and in ~~my~~ gay spirits.

I have written Fan all the particulars about the South of France. This village is quite out of the question for her until May. ~~xxx~~ Until that time it rains and the two winds, the famous mistral and the vend ete are unbearable for healthy people. But Nice, Monte Carlo, or still better Menton are beautiful in the winter. Or if that is not hot enough for Fan, some place in Italy, or still be better Spain. Mallorca for instance will give her all the heat she can stand.

My own plans, as far as I can make any too far in advance are as follows: I expect to leave here for Paris the first week in Oct. Then go to London the first week in Nov. I am to lecture there during some months. I think I can be free by the end of Feb. But I will have to know, more or less definitely whether Fan is actually coming over with you. We could then meet in London, and unless you want to accompany her to the South of France I could go back with her. Of course I know no one can bind himself to anything in these uncertain times. My next Jan. the madman Mussolini may have engulfed all of Europe in a devastating conflagration. Neither will the States or Canada escape its consuming fires. But one could hardly continue to live if one did not hope that something miraculous may avert the horrible crime the piglike Caesar is preparing. let us therefore plan to meet in London. It will be a grand moment to see our Fan again. And you of whom I saw so little while in Montreal.

My address here remains the same until further notice.

With kind greetings to the family and yourself. Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Aug. 27, Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 16 cm.

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Tuesday, Aug. 27th

Dear, new letters from St.Tr. seem to be coming very quickly. The one you wrote yesterday just arrived.

I already wrote you yesterday, briefly, about the letter from Kapp and from Mada. Now more in detail. Kapp writes he remembers me from former days, and that the other members of his Committee, Louis Lang (NOT Harry Lang of course), Shore, etc. remember me. He again writes, among other things, "To expect that when the P. II approaches to arrange some form of testimonial in your behalf and to gather something of "substantial". Well I hope that everything is

Well, it is not only your typewriter that is out of order. A piece of mine just BROKE OFF. The part right in the center of the line where the letters strike. The trouble is I cannot fix it, because that center-piece is just ~~broken~~ and must be replaced by a new piece from the factory. I am not even sure that they can do it here, because it is an AMERICAN Corona that I have and may be the French make is different. Nor do I care to have that expense just now. May cost 100 fr. The machine now makes a funny noise, and the letters don't strike right. mmmmm Well! I have some important letters to write to Kapp and others.

About Mada. He tells me to tell you he can't write much now and that he had to cancel his trip. He was operated on two infected glands; the wounds healed all right, but he developed ~~very~~ more infections in the same area, superficial but painful. No new infections for over a week but ~~another~~ "one place remains obstinate". He still insists he will call though it may not be till end of August.

I myself think it is a risk for him to call but he says he will go anyhow. If he goes by way of Villefranche or by way of Paris, he will wire me, he says (to St.Tr., of course, because he thinks I am there). It will depend on what ship he can catch when he feels well enough to go.

Anyhow, if he goes by way of Paris he will stop there to arrange for his return. If he goes by way of Villefranche, he will stop in Nice for the same business. In any case, you will get a wire from him -- if it is for me, open it. If there will be time, call his wire to me. If not, then wire me what he says. Meanwhile I am dropping him a line to the Amexco, in Paris, in case he should happen to go there for mail, which I doubt, though.

Yes, Eve might also bring in a little of the carbon, together with the paper.

Of course I'll be over in Bon Reprit before you leave there, but that will be later on. I can't tell you just when. I shall also be in the district. His work for me is not satisfactory.

I guess you can't rely on the French promising anything. That store where your shoes were given said they would sell the shoes to you the next evening. And about the pump, I hoped you had it already, but the French business men never keep a promise.

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My machine mangles letters. I have to go over the same words all the time. May take it to shop tomorrow. Don't mind if I write little for a few days, as I am not used any more to writing by hand. But if it costs much I won't let it be fixed. Will see if I can myself in some way "cure" the damn thing.

It is wonderful about the having improved so much as to pay a surprise visit to Sam. Remarkable power of recuperation. He'll go on and won't exert himself too much at his work. But about Ruth it has must have been a fearful shock to the whole family. Poor Stella must be in an awful condition. You ought to write to her not to worry about long letters.

No, dear, E. eats no bread and almost no potatoes either. And I eat that long biscuit kind of bread, the kind from France you had.

I hope the girls are doing good business. They surely need some money.

Sent you yesterday a bundle of Russian papers.

I am returning the clipping about Holmes, for you should keep it and may need it for reference. It is distressing that a man like John Haynes Holmes should make such idiotic statements about Hitler's Germany. The "people are regenerated" etc. Well, I must tell you I think the Amer. liberals are the worst reactionary (at heart) elements worse yet, one never knows which way they will fall the next day. They are the most superficial, unreliable and tuncat element in the country. I am sorry you have written him that last letter (the one I copied) but of course you could not foresee such betrayal.

Enough for today. It is a torture to write on this machine. The letters have become spread out because the center is broken and when the letters strike the paper they wobble from side to side.

Hope that you are feeling well and that all is OK there.

Greet the girls.

Affectly,



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TELEPHONE
XXXXXXXXXXXX
PHONE FITZROY 6069

VISCOSE
COMPANY

5477

1038 S. ALVARADO STREET
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Aug 27/35

My Dear Emma

Believe it or not, but the Gov. paid for publishing my stuff—herewith enclosed as Class Material #825. I hope it might interest you.

Also the green page of declarations—which I multigraphed myself. The page re Rocker's work may also interest you, tho perhaps I already sent one to you.

I am pleased to report that Prof. Case—author of that great work "Non-Violent Coercion"—and only prof. of sociology yet called to lecture at Howard from Univ of So Calif. commended my statements to Prof Starbuck (which appear in the Rocker booklet) as being both correct and excellent. If Rocker's sociology matches with my "book"—it will click with these advanced thinkers among the teaching profession.

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2/ You probably have been bothered as our Committee also has been about the problem of the translation of Rocker's work. I read no German but I know you are right when you indicate that Rocker is a very involved and prolix style of that language. I have read some of Berkman's chapters and compared them with a more literal translation made by Dr. James. If the latter is correct then of course I must agree that Berkman has created a very excellent and easily readable paraphrase. Indeed he has boldly and in the main rewritten Rocker's book instead of really translating. From the standpoint of style, easy understandability, and perhaps oft times in the thought itself he has improved on Rocker's presentation - BUT it is not Rocker's work. †

Perhaps Berkman's output is likely to be better received than a more literal translation - but Rocker filtered thru Berkman is more Berkman's than Rocker, one almost might say.

† Anyhow Rocker is entitled to a translation that is a translation and not a paraphrasing and so,

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3/ since Rocker insists and ~~we~~⁵⁴⁷⁹ agree that he deserves that much consideration Dr James will proceed to complete the translation so long as Rocker OK's each chapter.

Walter Holloway and others in sympathy who are German scholars are "hammering" at James to make the translation in "American-like"

English. It is acknowledged that Berkman's paraphrasing is so well done in the main that it might deserve publication as such, if polished and perfected a little. But James is not being allowed to see Berkman's pages - at least not for the present - I understand.

To me his translation seems heavy too heavy - but how is German to be truly translated otherwise? If it accurately reflects Rocker's thought we will have to put up with the heaviness. Holloway particularly has emphasized and shown how to keep the translation in line and yet make the English more readable.

James seems to be doing fairly well and even excellently according to Tom Bell.

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4/ Rucker seems satisfied and so I guess the most I can do is to keep huddle the thing along. But it has been hard to have this impulse develop. Rucker waited too long to make up his mind - but we all can understand that.

The L.A. Committee have had the job of putting James on the translation and "seeing it thru" - dumped on their shoulders - so to speak. James translated Rucker's "The Six" and did it so well that Rucker suggested that he try his hand on a few chapters. After he did about 3 or 4 for comparison it appears that all the German students acknowledged that he was competent "to do the job". Now we will ever raise the money to pay him remains one of those mysteries that radicals so often solve.

I felt you would want to know the consensus of opinion prevailing here. The "set-up" is simple. We are trying to get committees busy in all large cities to help boost. I enclose this in the envelope and with enclosures that I am sending to some thousands of comrades and other likely prospects. Sadie will return from her 14 vacation in 3 yrs. - from Seattle in a few days. Sincerely C.V.

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St. Tropez Var August 28th 35

Emmy, my Dear.

You say something about a letter I am to send back to you if I do not have the address of our Dutch comrades, I don't know what you mean because there was no letter in the envelope. Only yours and Sasha's short notes and a copy of the letter of the dinner in Montreal. You probably forgot to insert the one to Tom and Dian Meelis. Well, I sent Sasha the address, so you will be able to send your letter from Nice.

My dear, my dear I too feel dreadful about your running away. I am sure if I had been in Bon Esprit I could have dissuaded you from such a rash step. After all I did persuade you not to run away when you had your misunderstanding with Sasha. You see, we both believe in the healing power of love. You perhaps even more than I. You have proven it in your life with Sasha. No matter how he had hurt you, (not willingly I am sure) you have come back and so has he, and you have forgotten the hurt he caused you in your love for him. Of course, I do not expect your love for me to be so great as yours for Sasha. Naturally, it can not be. Still, you have assured me of your love. You have repeatedly written me that you have changed. That you understand now. That no matter how you would find me you would understand and not feel hurt. How then can you say that you will suffer from the fact of your running away for many years to come. I can't imagine you nursing your grievance for so long. Or continue in your bitterness against me. You are too generous for that. You told me once that you liked your Englishman who from yours and Sasha's description was barren of fine traits because he bore you no grudge ~~in~~ when you blurted out against him. Do you hold me in less regard and affection that you can go on suffering because you ran away?

I know, I know I am a terrible person and alone responsible for your act. As if it can be a matter of fault when two people do not always harmonize. I am sure if you had only remembered the ordeal, the nerve-racking struggle of 17 months in Canada, the intense activity that took all my energy, ~~all my efforts~~ you would have understood my state of mind better. Or if you had realized what it meant to me to again be torn out of my moorings in America, forced to leave all I care about behind perhaps never to see them again. Or if you had for a moment considered what it would mean to you to be separated from Sasha with thousands of miles between you. Don't you think you would have been more patient with me? Or at least you would have understood that nothing was so far away from me than to hurt you, or to make you unhappy. You would have understood that I do not begrudge you your gaiety, but that it was impossible for me to join in with my inner being so lacerated and torn. No, my dearest E, it was not because I have no capacity for joy. No one who knows me well had ever charged me with that. On the contrary, I was always told that I was the spirit of every gay gathering. It will surprise you I am sure when I tell you that the couple who own L'Ascale ~~talked~~ in talking to me the other day said "you were always the gayest of people ~~in~~ with your friends at your parties". Not that it matters much what these people say. It is merely to prove to you

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that I am capable of gayety, perhaps too much so for my years. But ~~Emmy~~ when its difficult to be gay when one is not at peace with oneself and ever so many anxieties press on ones head and heart. Believe me it was not my objection to your light heartedness. It was my won ~~alprucken~~ that I could not throw off, hence could not respond to your gay spirit. Is that such a terrible crime? Would you have preferred for me to pretend? Aren't you yourself most outspoken and direct often doing and saying things you probably do not mean. Why should you be so hurt by my ~~frustration~~ inability to simulate hilarity when there was such excruciating pain in my heart? Is it that your love for me is more in your imagination than in fact and therefore not strong enough to make allowance for my condition? I should hate to believe that.

while I deeply regret your running away I understand it partly because I know that you have often done it over some quarrel with Sasha and also because I myself have not been lacking in such acts. It is I fail to see it in so tragic a light as you do or of sufficient importance to make you say you'd suffer from it for many years to come. Of course, if you feel an inner break with me. That is another matter. I do not feel that way. I am certain the cause for your running away is merely of a surface nature, such that happen in the greatest friendships and loves. ~~xxxxxxx~~ I am certain when your present misery of your stomach will pass you will see the cause in a different light. Now everything looks black and grey to you. Oh, I wish I could make you realize that there are other nuances in human relations, in love, in friendships in comradeship. Imagine dear if I would see Sasha only in black and grey for heaven knows he had often stabbed me to the quick. And his lack of interest since my return, in the work I came to write in my inner struggle were also enough to despair utterly of his friendship and to cause me to run that I might never see him again. For verily if ever there was devotion that never flagged for a second in nearly half a century it was mine for Sasha. Could I have remained unchanged in my friendship for him if I had permitted his hard side to overshadow what is fine and big in him? How can you permit surface manifestations, moods, temporary states of mind to obscure what is after all of lasting value?

Emmy, my dear I am trying to free you from your fixations as regards my attitude to you. I am so terribly anxious to see you well again. And I fear unless you get rid of your hurt your suffering will continue. And there is nothing so important to me than your health. So please, please be a good girl and forget your bad Emma. Or is there nothing good in her that will help to ~~she~~ drive away the clouds the thought of her have gathered.

3. I am glad the girls are here. Not so much for what they give me as for what I can do for them. I am glad to be able to feed them up and give them a roof over their heads. Eve is a dear but a tough guy. I suppose life with all its harshness and cruelty has dulled her senses. Not so Hella, she is still very sensitised. She told me she had to give up singing in night cafes because of the ~~corrosiveness~~ one is exposed to from everybody. And how horrible she felt sitting in the cafes seeing ~~me~~ rebuked by people she approaches with her book, or the bartender. Life has evidently

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not yet hardened her as it has me. It is amazing though how kind she is in her ~~character~~ friendships. Anyhow, it is so little one can do for other human beings I am glad to share the physical needs with the girls.

Of course, Senia and Mollie are another kind. I have so much in common with them and their friendship ~~in~~ has stood many tests. I will be delighted to have them here. But not because I can not be alone. I have never minded it in the summer. Though you must not forget my dear that unlike you I can not easily approach people or talk to them which naturally makes it more difficult to be alone. Yet it never mattered in the summer and would not now. It is the winter with its torrents, its awful winds I find unbearable. Well, I shan't be here this winter, so there is no need to worry about it. Not that I shall be happier in Paris or London. Except that in the latter I will be active. I must do that to forget my personal life. And since nothing came this summer of writing. It is best if I will try England once more. If I fail again to rouse interest it will not be the first time.

Emmychen, my dear, bitte, bitte do not permit your thoughts of my sins to interfere with your speed recovery. Please stamp your foot three times as the New Thoughters do and say with determination, "I WILL GET WELL, I WILL GET WELL, I MUST GET WELL."

With love.

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Emma, dearest,

I am writing before the last letter has had time to reach you, partly because I really want to write more frequently, partly because I may be prevented from writing for the next couple of weeks. Friday, I hope to go to the colony over Labor Day. Then, if the head of Mary's department gives us her cottage in the Dunes of Indianan, we will go there for a couple of weeks. If Mary does not get the cottage, I may insist on her and Harriet going somewhere and may remain at home to save expenses or I may arrange to remain at the colony for a while. The whole point is that I may be away for a time where there is no typewriter. If not or if there is an hour or so between the colony and the Dunes, I will write to my darling of course. Writing brings me near you a little bit anyway though that sort of connection is less satisfactory to me than to you when I want you in my arms. Even going to the colony is a bit up in the air as we are busy changing our minds and plans numerous times as to the will go with whom in which machine. Mary is not going with me to the colony. The poor child needs rest. Like you, crowds are difficult for her and late hours or irregular diet she cannot stand. Her health is never too good though due to vigorous action which Dr. Brodski a good comrade recommended, she has improved enormously in the last year. She does not have the severe migraine any more. Trips or jaunts or parties of prolonged sort, though, are impossible to her. But you know my pace. De la bonne chance pour moi that she lets me have full rope. I positively crave and need a certain amount of confusion and irregular hours, etc. I thrive on parties and excitement and discussions and what not. I enjoyed it when after leaving the Free Society party last New Year's Eve at two thirty, we went to another party which lasted till four thirty but it was disappointing not to go to another one after that. So with the rush and the noise and every one sleeping where they can and comrades coming in from the east and all over the country and many old friends scores of people discussing at once in English and Jewish and Russian and I hope, no one thinking of bed time, the colony over the weekend and Labor Day should suit me.

Sweetheart, I am full to overflowing with nostalgia of the memories of a year ago. I am thinking of a year ago today. I am imagining your lips in a long ecstasy of a kiss and I am imagining holding you in my lap with my face buried in your wonderful breast as I tell you about it. Dearest, a year ago today was Monday. It was my second Monday there. In the afternoon, I went for a long walk with Karl. I met a glorious comrade. He and I talked about everything under the sun, about our past, the social order, sex, Canada, the United States, the movement you and I have. Karl is the real anarchist type. He told me

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many things from his past, among them, one thing which he told me simply and casually but which to me was one of the most beautiful instances of Anarchist ethics I know of. I have told it many, many times since. It was of the old policeman who arrested him in New York and had the decency to let him go without handcuffs. They got separated in the crowded subway and Karl had the chance for an easy escape. He saw the policeman standing bewildered and knew that if he did get away, the old man who had trusted him would most likely lose his job. Karl went up to him and said, "You have lost your prisoner, haven't you?" One factor which would be alone sufficient to bind me to the Anarchist movement is that in it, I have met the finest human beings I have met anywhere. For that reason

the bickerings and nonsense which some times create such a stir among the comrades leave me quite unruffled.

I did not intimate to Karl that time that I loved you though he did not seem in the least surprised when you told him a week later, my last evening. He was doubtless genuine in understanding and I may be rather transparent. I have never thought much one way or another about what any one knows and suspects. Every one has been most tactful and never asked embarrassing questions. They ask me if I have heard from you lately. I tell them that I have and they if you and Sasha are well and wish you were back. I have never made the slightest secret of the fact that I worship you but I leave it for people to interpret whether that is an intellectual and political idealization or something more. Once, when I was talking French with Sophie Fagin shortly after my return here, I said, "J'étais dans l'empire Anglais. J'étais sous le roi d'Angleterre mais je n'ai pas pensé au roi." She said, "Vous n'avez pas besoin d'un roi. Vous avez une reine." The other day, I was talking to Mrs. Lavine, Viras who admires you ardently. I was telling her how some years ago, I declared that I did not believe in tag days which were quite the custom for raising money for charity and veterans, etc. in those days. She was in

after my declaration, a charming girl made me take a tag in spite of my principles. Viras said to me,

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3.

said, teasing me, "You are susceptible and if you aren't careful, some woman will even take your Anarchism some day."

I said, no one could do that and no woman could impress me that much. You forget that I have been spoken to by an Goddess. That was indiscrete, nice to see you but I love you.

To return to a year ago today, after a long walk around, Earl and I settled in a beer hall and had another long, fine confab with beer to help. Finally, he said, "I had better get you back. Emma will think I have corrupted you." More likely she'll think I am corrupting you, I said and we started back. A wonderful dinner was waiting for me at floor level. As soon as we were alone, you put your arms around me and gave me your lips and I had my vibrant woman tight, close to me. Best of all, you told me that you missed me while I was gone and had been lonesome for me. You have no idea what a thrill that was to me. You were just coming to the realization that you loved me deeply. You made that night lovely for me with the magic known only to a Goddess, in ways that leave words far behind for the telling. There is no such thing as enough of you, divine woman. Passion increases with fulfillment.

Our meeting the other evening, the Sacco, Vanzetti meeting went over. They say I was in best form, doubtless because I wrote to you that day and you were with me throughout. We held it jointly with the I. W. W. in their hall. A young Socialist, Aron Gilmartin presided. He was a Unitarian minister just graduated from the seminary a year ago but lost his church in his first year on account of radical activities and chucked the ministry. Ralph Charlton the I. W. W. leader spoke. I thought he was excellent though some people did not think so. He delivered a general roast to the workers for their apathy and their willingness to take oppression lying down. I think that sort of thing is needed sometimes. Besides, poor old Ralph has reason to be disillusioned and somewhat bitter. He did five years in prison for his opposition to the war, worked valiantly for the I. W. W. and sees his organization neglected and impotent just now when it is most vitally needed. He said, "The masses are stupid. They are not what Dr. Heiner pictures them. He thinks of them as like himself. I wish they were. But some time, he may go the way of other good rebels and what will we do? We'll hold a meeting and say, you remember Dr. Heiner that used to speak here for us. Wasn't he a swell guy and that's all there will be to it. I'm tired of celebrating our tough luck. I want to give the

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4.

I want to give the other side a chance for some
majority. I want to celebrate some victories."

I don't blame Ralph but that is not the balanced way to look at it. I have faith in the masses. I always will. My belief in them increases with experience. Radicals often fail and the mistake is general, to distinguish between capacity for information and that is, for learning, and information already acquired. Now, the average worker is extremely lacking in information and a large part of the information to which he has access is false and handed out to him by agencies of power and oppression. I have, however, found it within my own experience, that the most uneducated are readily educable. The men in the shelters proved that to me though I had proved it many times before in bar rooms, in chance street car conversations, etc. Often, I have talked of base ball, of prize fights, or told obscene anecdotes and led up imperceptibly, guiding the conversation, to revolutionary propaganda. The awakening of the Negroes who seemed so hopeless and the ir almost hectic eagerness for ideas never ceases to amaze me. White American workers are harder to reach for obvious reasons. Everything depends, however, on the approach, on starting with what is known, familiar and immediately interesting and arousing curiosity concerning less familiar things; then presenting facts simply and dramatically and opening up worlds of new possibilities, astonishing and beautiful and unguessed in the sordid routine of a life of toil. To me, that is the approach to the worker and it does succeed. I have proved over and over again the truth of Zinoviev's statement that the masses that the most astruce subjects can be explained to the simplest and most unlettered persons. You will remember that it is in his memoirs of a revolutionist that he said that. In the shelters, I was supposed to talk of current events and social problems. Some of the teachers used to stick to what was going on in the news paper as they felt that the men's comprehension would go no further. I never did. I used to talk to them of far chit chat of poetry, biology, ancient history. I would not plunge forth with into those subjects frightening those to whom I was talking with feelings of inadequacy which are the great imaginary bars to learning but we would start informally on any trivial matter and before they knew it, they would find themselves asking questions eagerly about evolution or the life of ancient Greece or Rome. Isn't it natural, then that I should have an unshaking faith in the masses /

Old Dean Lovett spoke at our meeting

the other evening and he was superb. I saw at the beginning that I did not wish to encroach on the chairman but that I could not help remarking that we were fortunate to have Lovett

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5.

with us. I said, For many of you here who were born in Europe, your introduction to this land of promise was the lock-out, the sweat shop, and the policeman's club. Dean Lovett represents a different America, the America of the revolution that started the republic, the America of Jefferson and Tom Paine, of John Brown and Wendell Phillips. In a recent critical situation, he stood like his own New England granite for his convictions.

I did not mention the University business directly though I hoped the Dean would. I wondered if he would. You will remember that Lovett was the only one of the professors under fire who did not whitewash and crawl-fish and fold up like a paper parasol. When the Dean spoke, he said, "I feel complimented that Dr. Heiner mentioned me as a representative American but to me, Sacco and Vanzetti were real Americans, as much so as any whose ancestors have been here. To me, Americanism is not a matter of birth but an unquenchable desire for freedom and an uncompromising protest against injustice." He came out bluntly with the University episode. He said, "what worried the legislative committee the most was a letter of mine they got hold of in which I said, all governments are rotting. I meant it. They are." I suppose Dr. Heiner and Ralph Chaplin will think that I have become a convert to their ideas but I always thought that way." He went on to give us information about certain little known angles of the Sacco, Vanzetti case and its aftermath. He said that twenty-five thousand dollars was given by young Rockefeller for an impartial investigation. Capitalist conscience money he called it. He said that the records were published and the matter quite cleared. He said that the actual murder was traceable to the Morelli mob. This is known of course through the confession of Madeiros and through Ehrman's book. What I did not know is that Morelli the leader of the mob offered to give proof of his own guilt to clear the names of Sacco and Vanzetti. This he offered to do for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. The association which had been organized for that purpose was going to meet his demand and had raised twenty thousand dollars but the depression frustrated their plans. Dean Lovett said that an interesting point is that Morelli was not in the least afraid to confess his guilt because he knew that the state of Massachusetts would never bring him to trial for it but would flatly deny his confession.

Love it then went on to give some personal sidelights of the murderers of Sacco and Vanzetti.

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6.

He said that Governor Fuller was anxious for the vice-presidency. Fuller knew that Coolidge had risen to prominence by breaking the police strike of Boston. He hoped to do the same thing by letting two radicals go to the chair. The Massachusetts delegation duly instructed went to the republican convention of 1928 but there was an obstacle. Senator Borah said, "If his name is presented, I'll fight it on the floor. We don't want theacco, Vanzetti case in this campaign." He need not say that it was not sympathy for the murdered anarchists which prompted the protest from old Borah who tried to put the rope around the necks of Haywood and his companions. Borah is a shrewd enough politician to want to avoid an ugly issue on which non-rational opinion was divided and which the demagogues could use to advantage. Anyway, Dean Lovett went on to relate, the Massachusetts delegates got their governor on the wire, long distance and asked permission to withdraw his name. He went into the telephone, "No, you can't withdraw my name. I deserve that nomination. It will vindicate me." So Fuller's name was presented as a matter of political courtesy to save his face with his own state and to save explanations for the delegates and then promptly withdrawn. Thayer, Lovett said, was a glutton for publicity. At a certain dinner at which Thayer was scheduled to speak, he emphatically instructed the chairman not to mention his courage in prosecuting the case. Then, when he had been introduced, he said that he had told the chairman not to mention his courage and went on to tell how brave he was and made a disgusting exhibition of himself. According to Lovett, Thayer kept the case going as long as possible to get every possible bit of publicity it could afford him. As a footnote, let me say that in the case of Fuller, I think the Dean overlooked his society ambitions which I had from a good source, were as important to him as his political ambitions.

Lovett next discussed the commission which was supposed to make an impartial investigation of the case, three prominent men appointed by the governor.

Lovett said, "President Lowell of Harvard was the type of man who was not interested in the existence of any human being save a few New England families the Lowells, the Cabots, the Lodges, the Endicots, etc. During the war, he thought of his students as cannon fodder. His one desire was that there should be more Harvard men than Yale men in the war. He hoped that more of them would be killed so that Harvard's honor roll would be larger. He never gave a thought to those students as individuals or human beings."

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7.

Straten the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Lovett said he had known personally for a long time. Straten used to be at the University of Chicago under Professor Michaels on of physics, one of the greatest scientists of his age and as fine a man as he was great. Straten was neither. Straten was an ye ssman, as sort of jackall around the department. When the physics tsneeded some one to go to Washington to talk to congressmen and senators, they sent Straten because he was a ye ss man and knew how to talk to business men and politicians. The physics ts wanted the government to establish a bureau of standards and Straten helped to put it over but Michaels on and the rest were disgusted when it was established to see Straten appointed head of it. They knew he had not the ability for the job but in the course of his political dealing for the advancement of science, he had manouvered himself into a nice birth."

The third commissioner was Judge Grant a probate judge "who concerned himself with the laws surrounding dead men's property." Lovett said that recently, Judge Grant wrote his autobiography. In this autobiography, he made a great point of the fact that he did not smoke, that he never missed his prayers, and that no cocktail shaker had been allowed in his house until his son was twenty one years old. But the achievement in which the judge took most pride was the proper spelling of his grandmother's middle name. The name was Gordon and the tendency had grown up in the tendency had grown up in New England to spell it Roar don which the judge insisted was inescusably wrong. So said De an Lovett, "The man whose great claim to distinction was that he had kept the about of Por don was chosen to decide upon the guilt or innocence, the life or death of two human beings with all the vital social and economic problems that that case involved. This was the calibre of the three commissioners. As you might expect, the hearings were a scandal."

I wish there were just a few more like the old De an and I wish that like Pogger Baldwin, he was not so often made to serve as cat's paw for the Bolsheviks.

We had a delightful picnic Sunday. The proceeds are to go to the Perero, Galito defense. It was with the Italians. It was with the Italians. Vary went with me and told me one thing which bothers me. I am inclined to give weight to her observations as those of an unprejudiced outsider. She says that the Jews and the Italians do not mix very well, that while outwardly friendly enough, they tend to get off by themselves in little groups. I did not notice that as was going from group to group and was treated most cordially by both. I got a good deal of information from an Italian comrade about Fabri and Molinari. I understand that our comrade Luigi Fabri died a month or two ago in Montivideo Uruguay. Please tell me anything you can think of about Fabri and Molinari. I love Molinari's song

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8. ■

which begins, "Nel fosco del fine secolo more nte." I think that is the way it begins. It is arousing Anarchist song. Fagins drove us home and there was a Russian comrade with us who sang the Anarchist march. It is glorious. Do you know it? I must get the words of the Carmagnole from Rokker when he comes back this fall. Revolutionary songs have a fascination for me. We are all delighted that Rokker has gotten an extension. He said he would be back in fall. He is what I call an "Anarchist" of the great tradition but why, why does this generation not produce them?

There was a more mark in the Vanguard to the effect that the Anarchist movement is increasing in France. Is there any truth in that statement? The Vanguard please assume. I think there were some fine things in the last issue and we must keep it going. Dearest, if you want me to write something for them for Sasha's birthday, please write and tell them so. I do not like to volunteer because I do not like to thrust myself forward. In your last letter, you mentioned massacres in Brest and Toulon, strikers, I suppose. I wish you would tell me about them as either they were not reported here or I missed the news. That is, tell me about them if you think it safe. For all we know, the French police may read our letters. At least, they have the power to do so at any time and if you think French politics an unsafe subject on paper, do not tell me about the massacres.

What do you think about the present international situation? Anything I think will be out of date by the time you get it. At this moment, it looks as if Mussolini is going to get away with his bluff because the powers are afraid to start war. The most alarming feat to me here is one which will surprise you. That is that the American press is denouncing Mussolini. I do not suspect the American press of generous motives. Any one who does is capable of believing that the moon is made of green cheese. To me, the sudden discovery that Mussolini is a scoundrel by editors who a few months ago were praising him in chorus is the old tie-up of British imperialism and American finance. This will inevitably bring us into any European struggle. What a preposterous new brand of tariff to feed to Liberals and Radicals, crusades against Nazism, crusades against Mussolini's despotism, the hammer and sickle, the stars and stripes, and Bolshevism to help the recruiting and the draft.

This was to be a little letter before going away but it expanded. You see how eager I am to talk to my sweet heart. If I could be alone with her just now though, I would not want to speak for some time, save for endearments. I would want to kiss and taste and savour every bit of her body. I did so an ago today and hold her and be held by her. Love, I will write as soon as possible. In the meantime, I will write as soon as possible.

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9.

It is the morning of the twenty third. I have just had coffee. A year ago this morning, you and I had coffee together. The meeting was scheduled for the evening. You were nervous as you seem to be on such occasions though why the greatest speaker of her time should be is more than I could ever understand. I am not an artist and not being an artist is to be not so nervous. You warned me in the morning that you would be cross but you were not in the least. Now and then while you were working you would come out and give me one of your wonderful kisses. We would be in each other's arms for a moment. For just a little of that each day, it would be worth while spending the rest of the time breaking rock in prison. Such an embrace would make any task seem light. I went to dinner with Lang Langhords that evening. It was an interesting Jewish restaurant. We all went there again after the meeting. When we got home, you were tired but relaxed. I delighted in soothing and petting you and being petted by you. I remember every tone and mood of your voice and the rapture of being pressed close to you.

Next week, I expect to go to the colony over the week end. I have heard as varied and conflicting opinions of it as of Russia. Last year, when we asked Olaf how he liked it when he had been there over the fourth, he said, "How could I tell whether I liked it or not? It was like Moscow on parade, all holiday spirit. One would have to live and work there to learn anything about it." That is my attitude. I am not going there to form an opinion. There are a lot of old friends of mine there whom I hope to meet and it's just a big party. You know my weakness for festivities. I called Yelenski last evening to make reservations. He was at the colony this week and they had asked him if I would speak there a week from tomorrow evening. Of course, I agreed. I thought that I would emphasize in that speech that the Anarchist doctrine has more force, more point at the present moment than it had a generation ago because at that time, there seemed to be reasons to believe in the protection afforded by parliamentary and democratic institutions. Our day has demonstrated how fragile those institutions are confronted with force and dictatorship.

Two books, which have interested me of late are, 1. Personal History by Vincent Sheehan. He is a young American newspaper man with a social conscience, enough of a conscience to find continuance of reporting impossible. He happened to be in a number of interesting and important situations, in Morocco with Abd' El Krim, at some of the European peace conferences, in China during the crisis of 1927, later in Russia, and in Palestine in 1929. He is decidedly Marxist in his point of view but he has an acute awareness of the social problem. I was not moved by the book but it interested me.

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A book which moved me to the foundations, though was "Just
For Life" by Irving Stone. It was in novel form dealing
with the life of the artist Van Gogh. It may seem strange
to you, though it will not to you, it would seem strange to
many that I find pleasure in thinking or talking about painting
or hearing it talked about but I do most intensely.
I lectured to a group of painters last winter on the social
and individual aspects of art. They felt that I caught their
spirit and intention and we got along famously. My sym-
pathies naturally run to the impressionists and other
modernists. Anyway, the book about Van Gogh is tremendous.
He was a rebel in art and life, a great and tragically lonely
spirit. No artist was ever closer to the masses or loved
them more. As a young man, he went as an evangelist to the
Borinage the most terrible coal mining district of Belgium.
He gave away his clothes, his money, and nearly died of
starvation and exposure trying to relieve the crushed
miners and was excommunicated from his church for doing so.
That and an accident in the mine which killed more than
fifty people just as the summer season seemed to be making
conditions a trifle easier, made him an atheist. Almost
fortuitously, he discovered his overwhelming desire to
paint. Unrecognized, he starved and painted in the Hague.
Women scorned his love. For a time, he united with a
prostitute who had been a laundry worker, driven by ex-
ploitation to the street, and whom he found in a dire
condition. They might have made a life together but he was
compelled to spend money for paints instead of food.
That was the urge essential to his individuality. Later,
he went to Paris, met kindred spirits, Paul Gauguin,
Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Degas, and the old
art dealer J. Tanguy who had fought in the Commune and
who cared nothing for money but loved pictures for their own
sake, tried to keep customers from buying them. Van Gogh
then went to Arles, with overwork, with sunstroke, and
with permanent conflicts with the egotistic Gauguin whom he
had invited to live with him, became insane. The portrayal
of life in the asylum is gripping and terrible but the human it
and comradeship among the insane and their willingness to help
each other make it somehow hopeful picture. The next
there is the recognition, the belated recognition of
Van Gogh, his hopelessness in the struggle with his malady,
and his suicide. Needless to say, Mary and I wept buckets
over the book but Van Gogh and his aims became very real
to me and the book is unforgettable.

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11.

You would know without my telling you that Vary having the extra job with a little, a very little extra money and much more work which saved me from a humiliating situation does not in the least solve my problem. . . You know, I am sure, that I would not have allowed myself to be saved but that she was taking the jobs anyway. The point is that financial independence is essential to my life. But for the hope of that, I would very definitely refuse to live and if that hope ever seems to me impossible of fulfilment, I will, like some of the ancient Romans - I admire - refuse to continue an existence which does not please me. My plans are in the air just now. I am pressing in all directions. Some of my plans are fantastic bordering on the impossible but there is something to be said for them. One is to try to get teaching in a Negro college. I understand that their requirements are not so strict and they might not set up the artificial barriers which other institutions of learning have set up on account of my handicap. That would mean going away by myself. It would not pay enough for Vary to leave her job. I would be isolated in a small southern town and of course, under such circumstances, ostracize me which would bother me not one small bit. I have an tremendous liking for the Negroes. I feel completely at home with them. This is because they are oppressed, because they have an earthly quality, because they have awakened and have an almost hectic eagerness for learning and discussion. In the shelters, the Negroes responded most readily to ideas, asked the best questions and I used to spend hours and hours discussing with them. Another vague plan is to try to get some teaching job in Liberia or Haiti. This is for the same reasons as I have just mentioned and the fact that I think migrating to an undeveloped country holds promise of salvation for the weak individuals in the depression and the general debacle which may be at hand. I have other vague plans for lecturing etc. but nothing concrete. Oh, Mexico is another led. Anyway,, just now, I am quite chaotic but I must act and I will.

I feel somehow that you and I will be together next year. Whether it is in Europe or Canada or a rock in the middle of the sea is a matter of indifference as far as I am concerned. Your spirit is as sublime, your voice is as beautiful, your body is as delicious in one part of the world as in another. Please remember that I would rather be with you in a hole than in the most sumptuous and interesting place I can imagine, without you.

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12.

Please keep free from any sense of obligation or strain in the matter of getting me over there. I regard everything as indefinite. We lead a ceaselessly drifting life in an uncertain age in a dying social order with war and the break-down of a civilization on the immediate horizon..

We will be together if we can. We can but do our best in such a future, in such a world.. In this tottering world, in this gothic r demerung, the flame that lifts my heart is the knowledge that my sublime Bruenhilde loves me.

Always ; always , my darling, I love you.

Frank.

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[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 29, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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St Tropez August 29th 35.8,30 P.M.

Dear, Eve is leaving tomorrow before 11 in the forenoon so I want to prepare this letter to night. she will bring it to you when she reaches Nice together with the paper, envelopes and carbon as well as a basket of grapes, figs and some of your prize tomatoes. The wedding begins the 9th. Though ours will not be taken off until the Sandstroms have finished with theirs. But as you are not likely to be here until then I want you and E. to get at least a taste of our grapes. I'll pick the largest and best there are, and some figs in the morning.

Before I forget it dear, "me S. birthday is the fourth, next wed. Be sure to send her a greeting, not necessarily a wire. She'd appreciate a letter as well. I am having a belt made for her. It will serve a double purpose, a gift for me and 25 francs for the girls. They swear by all the holies they will take no money from me. but see wellen besser werten. The girls came home crazy this evening they had brought back eighty five francs for three belts and three new orders. They have sold wight belts this week and they have paid for new material from Paris. The women here are only now learning of the belts so the girls may make enough in sept. to have their fare for Paris. E goes back with 250 francs imagine. she will pay her rent in Nice and attend to some other matters they need. Anyhow, they are happy beyond words. It takes so little to make some people happy. I am glad I can do it even if I can not make others happy much as I want to do so.

Eve tells me she may get a friend of hers and Mellae to take her back here by auto. If she succeeds in that I want quite a bit of provisions from Uniprix. If not, only a little, not more than you can help me to the station. I inclose a list for the small quantity. All you have to do is to get a dozen boxes each if she returns by auto. She will be able to tell you when you meet her Saturday. This you can arrange with her tomorrow when she comes to you.

I inclose an indorced check. You can fill in whatever you will spend for me in Uniprix.. Just let me know the amount.

Yes, the American liberals are superficial. That is their main defect, more so than dishonesty or even weakness and the gods only know they are not heroic. Liberals never have or can be since they always try to reconcile the irreconcilable. Nevertheless I am going to write Holmes first to get his version of his statement. You and I know how little reliance there is on news-paper reports and interviews. I don't think it would be fair to tell Holmes what I think of his "conversion" to Hitler's blessing before I have it from him what he really said. Sufficient unto the day. I am going to write him this week, perhaps tomorrow before Eve goes. Then I will inclose it here for you to go over. I mean to make this letter very brief and in a tone that would give Holmes the benefit of the doubt. He's been too decent in the past and too kind to me I should write him anything in haste. By the way, why should you regret my letter you copied. As you agree yourself I could not have known he'd be carried away by Hitler. And in the second place owed him an acknowledgement

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of his very fine letter to the dinner in Montreal. I will feel very sorry if I have to tell him what I think of his change of heart. But I shall certainly do it when I have his explanation direct. The tragedy of our time is that one ~~tax~~ can not be sure of anybody as far as conscience and clarity of vision is concerned. Only the most exceptions have remained staunch. Perhaps it is conditioned in the entire uncertainty of society itself. ~~Nothing~~ Nothing counts any more and people change their ideas as one does one's underwear, or stockings. However I am not one to condemn or judge people lightly on the strength of a news paper interview. So I will wait until I hear from Holmes.

Talk about the utter lack of reliability of the French, Julia Malperine of Chicago mailed a parcel herself in Havre on the 21st. ~~She~~ sent it EXPRESS if you please. It has not yet arrived. And for all I know it may not come at all. Well, the pump has come as I have already written you. And wonder of wonders it works. But of what good when the water runs out in Tante Meyer? The plumber were approached to come up here. Too busy they told Eve and Ann. So I will have to wait until one of them gets time. I'll send a note to May, perhaps she can find me one. Every day the tank gets empty from the constant run of water in the toilet. Its a nuisance.

I don't know why I do not hear from Mollie and Senia. I am somewhat worried about the weather. The vent D&S has been on for a week though it stops during the day. And it has rained considerably. Yesterday I was caught in a downpour and had to buy a cheap umbrella to get home. Just when I did ~~not~~ go down I stupidly did not take my good umbrella along. Anyway it is quite cool in the morning and evenings. I am afraid Mollie and Senia will not enjoy it very much, if it keeps on. Nor can I write them about it. They may think I don't want them. Anyway I ought to have word from them tomorrow when they are coming.

Of course I wrote Stella not to worry about letters to me, an occasional post card will do. I can appreciate how she must suffer. I myself am haunted by Ruth's condition. A horrible thing to happen when it could have been avoided. As to my sister Sena, I dare not think what it means to her. I have not even the courage to write her. What comfort can I give the poor soul? Its fierce.

Moskwa, I don't see how he can still think to sail with all the infected parts in his poor old body. Of course I will notify you at once when I hear from him.

Good night dearest Dash. I again had a rotten night. So I must go to bed. If I can think of anything else in the morning I will add a few lines.

Affectionately.



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Talk about the utter lack of reliability of the French, Julia Malporine of Chicago mailed a parcel herself in Havre on the 21st. We sent it MPRM38 if you please. It has not yet arrived. And for all I know it may not come at all. Well the pump has come as I have already written you. And wonder of wonders it works. But of what good when the water runs out in Tante Meyer's Tow plumber were approached to come up here. Too busy they told Eve and Ann. So I will have to wait until one of them gets time. I'll send a note to May, perhaps she can find me one. Every day the tank gets empty from the constant run of water in the toilet. Its a nuisance.

I don't know why I do not hear from Mollie and Senia. I am somewhat worried about the weather. The vent West has been on for a week though it stops during the day. And it has rained considerably. Yesterday I was caught in a downpour and had to buy a cheap umbrella to get home. Just when I did ~~not~~ go down I stupidly did not take my good umbrella along. Anyway it is quite so cool in the morning and evenings. I am afraid Mollie and Senia will not enjoy it very much if it keeps on. Nor can I write them about it. They may think I don't want them. Anyway I ought to have word from them tomorrow when they are coming.

Of course I wrote Stella not to worry about letters to me, an occasional post card will do. I can appreciate how she must suffer. I myself am haunted by Ruth's condition, a horrible thing to happen when it could have been avoided. As to my sister Anna I dare not think what it means to her. I have not even the courage to write her. What comfort can I give the poor soul? Its fierce.

Modaka, I don't see how he can still think to sail with all the infected parts in his poor old body. Of course I will notify you at once when I hear from him.

Good night dearest Sash. I again had a rotten night So I must go to bed. If I can think of anything else in the morning I will add a few lines.

Affectionately.

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303

The Emma Goldman Papers

870919152

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 29, St. Tropez [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 29th 35.

11644

Dearest Angelica, I wonder why you did not get my request as regards a **DISTINCTLY WRITTEN ADDRESS OF TRINIDAD**, and a note to her telling her to send me or you a receipt for the money I have received for her. Now please, my dear do not lose any more time. I have a rotten hand writing myself, so I have no right to be impatient with others. But when it comes to addresses they must be written plainly. I am no wiser from Trinidad's own writing than yours. If it is difficult for you to write distinctly get someone to do it. Because I simply can not risk the money in sending it to an address I can't decipher.

Another matter is the **RECEIPT** for the money. I must have it my dear to send to those who have contributed. So Please send me a line to Trinidad at once giving her instruction to send her acknowledgment to you or to me. It does not matter about my name since I am not known as E.G. Colton. So that's alright.

And it is also alright about the dollars. I don't have to buy them. I have some dollars in the Seligman bank in Paris. All I have to do is to instruct them to forward \$22 to Trinidad once I will have a clear address. I'd rather do it that way because she won't have to lose on the exchange and it will save me trouble and expense to go to the P.O. for the mandat. Let me hear from you by return mail.

I have definitely decided to go to Paris for a month the first week in Oct. Then go to England for the winter. It will not be with an light heart because the struggle in England has always been bitter. But it drives me mad to be inactive. So I will go. Perhaps we will meet in Paris.

I await your reply with readable address of Trinidad by return mail.

With love.

The Emma Goldman Papers

870919152

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much to my distress I have just discovered that I can't find
your Belgium address. I mislaid it and I have not been able to
place it. I am therefore sending this to Paris. It is too bad
because it will mean a delay again. I hope

The Emma Goldman Papers

861028447

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 30, St. Tropez [to] Charles Scrib[ne]r[']s Sons, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var August 30th 35.

3879

Charles Scribner Sons
387 Fifth Avenue
New York City
U.S.A.

Gentlemen.

Thank you very much for your courtesy in sending me four of your publications, OF THE RIVER AND THE RIVER by Thomas Wolfe, ROLL RIVER by James Boyd, PUZZLED AT JOE, by Sherwood Anderson and OF THEIR OWN PLACE by Hamilton Basso.

As I have written you I wanted these works and others that will enable me to give an adequate outline of modern American literature the subject I am to present in England and possibly also Holland. I will gladly mention the price of each work you were good enough to send me.

As to clippings of my lectures that will depend on whether it will be reported. But you can rest assured I will stress your publications with others included in my talks,

Again thanking you for your favor.

Sincerely,

Emma Goldman
Bon Esprit
Chemin St Antoine
St Tropez Var
France.

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306

The Emma Goldman Papers

860115053

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 30, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 3 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Chino Drive
Scarboro Bluffs
Ontario

5748

Aug 30th. 1935

Emma Dearest,

It is ages since I wrote to you and I have had a short excursion into the working world. Soon after Ben left here I was asked to go to North Bay to help in a friend's restaurant during a special celebration week. Knowing the friend I was well prepared for what happened. I had three weeks of terribly long hours at very hard work with no remuneration at the end of it. However I did have the dubious satisfaction of telling an exploiter just exactly what I thought of her and of having her walk out and leave the running of her business to me for two weeks. The staff had a very rich vacation time for two weeks and also some money. We had to make a job of it. I also made two or three human contacts which I think were worth while, one French and one Polish. It has taken me over a week to recover my physical well-being.

The Liberty Bell Group seemed for the time being to have gone to the four corners. You in France, Felix and Tom in Holland, Ben in the Soo, Joe in New York, and myself in North Bay. I did want to have a Sacco and Vanzetti case but that had to be dropped. However I think we are back on the job now and we hope to have a good meeting next Wed. Willie is sending out a letter I left her to XXX all on our list.

Mrs Pallantine's letter finally reached me. It went in the first place to Nesbitt's store and as he had left no instructions re our mail, and was not in the store when the postman came, the clerk not knowing my name XXXXXXXX refused the letter. In the meantime Willie had heard from your office and so I had the address and wrote to her directly.

We have been in consultation with the Vanguard Press. I have a letter from them accepting our offer of \$75.00 for the plates of the ABC plus another \$10.00 for packing and freight. We are sending a letter to all who have subscription lists this week asking them to do something. I will send you a copy later. For the ABC fund we have received \$20.50. We have about \$30.00 in our own treasury and so we need another \$35.00 immediately; which we have every hope of obtaining shortly. I have written to the V.P. offering \$25.00 at once and the rest as soon as possible. Their letter, of course, states that payment must be an advance.

I expect that Willie has told you about the Italian Fascist Meeting which was broken up by Italian Anti Fascists and IL Gruppo Libartario and at which Arthur narrowly missed a stab in the back. I am wondering if he really did miss it since he has been in bed with "pleurisy" ever since the meeting.

I am picking up the work of the E.G. Publication Fund again next week. I had a very nice letter from Mrs Barker from Nova Scotia, where she is holidaying, asking me to get in touch with her as soon as she returns. She hopes that we shall enlarge the membership of the Fund during the early Fall. I sent a letter to Rabbi Eisendrath at the beginning of our campaign, but he had left for Europe. His Secretary wrote asking me to send another letter to the rabbi in Sept., that she was sure that he would be interested and would be only too pleased to help.

I know that you will send to us as soon as anything materialises about the "Prison Memoirs". We get our \$25.00 dollars in advance from somewhere. I think we can obtain a loan for that much.

I heard regularly from Ben for a short while when he was conducting classes for the ITW in Saulte-St. Marie. He is on the road now and so of course letters will be few and far between. I must admit that I have been impatient with him at times for his unwillingness to admit any other

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115053

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 30, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 3 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5749

phase of the class struggle than the economic one, but I really think that it is an attitude to which he has schooled himself. He is afraid of the gentler side of life. He is really very small-boyish in many ways. He craves comradeship and companionship, but is desperately alarmed lest either should interfere with his chosen work. Of course, he has not yet truly loved anyone. That experience I think should make a vast difference to my Ben. I know that the two loves that have come to me, rather late, have changed my life completely. I feel that I should not have known that love if it did not also embody the ideal for which I had unconsciously searched all my life. Now I can live for that ideal, with your love always a source of comfort and strength. The love I have for Ben will keep me young, irrespective of his presence or feeling for me. This, of course, Ben would describe as sentiment, and for sentiment there is at present no room in Ben's life. There is a thread of life between Ben and I which not even Death can break.

Your plans for a return to Canada next year give me great satisfaction. Whatever I can do from this end to help, you know will be done. Tell me your wishes and I shall do my best to carry them out. I received Dein's lovely letter on Wednesday. I am so glad that you had the pleasure of their company even for a short time. How I wish I could have been there too.

I sympathize with you deeply in your feeling that you were not needed in France as much as you thought, but darling there is only one Emma (private or public person), and you are most desperately needed in this world, whether people realise it or not. I know that your heart is wounded in its tenderest spot and words are of no avail to heal the hurt. I can only re-iterate that that I love you dearly and shall always need you.

Roger has just brought me your second letter. I must read it again before I really answer it. But I am filled with joy at the very idea you have expressed. If I could help and be with you as you suggest I should be almost too happy. I shall write more tomorrow after reading your letter again and thinking things over for a while.

Sunday Sept 1st.

Emma, Dear One,

Your Letter with its definite proposals has put new life into me. Things have seemed very flat and uninteresting for the last two months. Your going in May left a tremendous gap which however was partly filled for a time by Ben. I missed Dein very much when she and Tom went away. Then Ben went and a few days after Joe went to New York in search of work. It seemed as though our group had scattered to the four winds. The frantic three weeks I spent in North Bay acted as a drug on my spirit. Since I came back I have been quite dissatisfied and unhappy. Last week I met Arthur Williams again. He is now the Federal Candidate in this riding for the Election which is taking place on Oct 14th. The C.C.F. club here miss the work I did for them last year and Williams asked if I would not work for him in the election campaign putting the matter on a personal basis. Do you know at one time I had hopes of Arthur Williams but I am afraid that he is slipping. The political game is getting him. However the incident served to stiffen my back again and started me thinking about a fall and winter program for the Libertarian group.

Unless Joe has more success this week than he has had up to this he will be back home in a few days. The labour market in New York seems to be in as bad a state as in Toronto.

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308

The Emma Goldman Papers

860115053

[Letter] 1935 Aug. 30, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 3 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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I hope to see most of the remaining comrades on Wednesday evening. We should have an interesting discussion of our plans. I will get in touch with Heblitt and Mrs Barker as soon as possible. This is the last week of the Canadian National Exhibition and most people are unget-at-able until it is over. A general meeting of the committee of the E.G. Publication Fund will I am afraid have to wait till next week.

Most of those who are out of town should be back by the middle of the month, so that by the end of Sept things should be in working order again. There may be a Social Hygiene Booth at the ex. When I go on Thursday I shall look around. There is always a Public Health centre I know. They won't be openly interested in Birth Control but it doesn't hurt to make contacts.

You know dear I ~~XX~~ was steeped in religion for so many years that many of its quotations still crop up in my mind. Just now one occurs to me "Unless ye be born again..... Ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" I certainly feel that I was born again a year ago and life has been much more heavenly since and promises far greater joy than I ever dreamed of. I hope I can fully appreciate the riches that mine in having your love and sympathy and understanding, and that, at a time when you yourself are suffering keenly in the absence of a loved, kindred spirit. Does our capacity for joy and sorrow sharpen our ability to work for our chosen ideal?

This letter seems to be very disjointed and rambling. I think I will bring it to a close and write again when my mind is more settled. There is yet much in both your letters which I want to answer also your letter to Ben has clarified some points for me and I would like to go into that too. So you will hear from me again in a few days.

all my love,

Emma

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However, the very activities of the Communists in conjunction with the crisis, the terrific unemployment and the awakening of labor must needs have put the fear of the future into the hearts and minds of the ruling class in the U.S. That, perhaps more than everything else accounts for the vindictiveness and the brutality that have met every attempt on the part of the workers to hold sway. In this word, And yet, and yet my dear, I hold that there is a tremendous awakening in the States though the enemy may use the same violent methods to crush that awakening as forty five years ago. Even the short period of ninety days convinced me of that. The tremendous progress in modern literature, in the drama, in social life, in the colleges among people of every layer in the country. The very things I propagated and for which I had been driven from Miller to post ~~xxxx~~ have now entered the lives of millions as a matter of course. There are very encouraging signs. After all every country that had any kind of a revolutionary beginning ~~xxxxxx~~ was like that. The intellectual and cultural advancement precedes the economic and not as Marx would have it the reverse. And so too, I feel that progress was made in America, a great deal of it. ~~xxxxxx~~ The very things that surprise you are proof for that. The enemy is beginning to realize that progress and the inevitable.

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311

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 31, St. Tropez [to] Rose [Pesotta, Seattle, Wash.] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 16 × 13 cm.

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formerly only the pleasure of the few has now penetrated the many, the underdog. It fears that more than poison, hence it is in or using its fighting force and its methods of vilification abuse, persecution and imprisonment. These very methods are also proof positive for the distance travelled in the U.S.

So my dear, there is no need to despair. If I some time do it is because I can not be in the States to form the iron which was never redder and hotter than now.

I shall probably return to Canada but not before next year. I am going to England for this winter. I am not fool enough to expect great success there. But as I have not been able to start my new book and as I can not sit idle I am going to be active. I will leave here for Paris the first week in Oct and early Nov I will go to England. My address here is permanent, but before I leave I will send you my London address.

I have a little steamer for a visit with me and her sweetest Denis Rechine. They are among my dearest friends and it means very much to have them with me. Wish you too could visit this lovely place which may no longer be mine by next year.

With much love to you and fraternal greetings to all the comrades.

EG

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312

The Emma Goldman Papers

860115208

[Letter, 19]35 Aug. 31, St. Tropez [to] Rose [Pesotta, Seattle, Wash.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6090

St Tropez Var August 31st 35.

My dear Rose. What do you mean when you say you had almost given up hopes of hearing from me? Do you have such small faith in my friendship? True I sometimes have to keep my correspondents waiting a long time. But even my worst enemies have never charged me with forgetting those I care about. I might forget my enemies because they are hardly worth thinking about. But never my friends. In point of fact my reputation is that I write too many letters. I have often been told I would pay heavier for my sin ~~of writing~~ as a correspondent than for anything else. When you will bear in mind all my other sins you will agree that I am certainly not going to be sent to heaven. Indeed the only place I am assured already is hell. No my dear, I had no intention of neglecting you. But a number of many distressing things have happened this summer. I simply could not be so punctual with you and other friends as was my want. ~~Yesterday~~ Even your last letter of July 31st that reached me weeks ago I had to delay. But I want to make up for it to day or I shall again miss a fast steamer. Tomorrow I expect Mollie Steiner and Sonia Melchine for their holiday. I will I fear not be able to write much while they are here.

From the inclosed copy to John Haynes Holmes you will see that I have done nothing on my proposed book. I have never been able to concentrate on writing when many distressing and disturbing events happened. And this summer has been full of them. So, it was no use begining. Well, I am not fool enough to consider my next book any more world stirring than L.R.L. It can therefore wait. I think the real trouble with me is that my last tour has definitely prove to me that my place is most assuredly "not the home". The plunge from months of intensive activity to the quiet of St Tropez has made me so restless as to exclude anything that requires concentration. It is shameful for such an old lady to feel driven by the furies. But what will you, one can not jump out of ones skin and get into another. Anyhow, instead of writing I am going to England for the winter. It is a beastly time to choose for the climate in England in winter is murderous. But it can not be helped. Ever so many millions murvie it. I suppose I will too though I was ill both winters when I lived in England. I expect to leave here early in Oct for Paris for a few weeks and then go to England. I admit it is not with a song in my heart will go. I have never gotten under the skin of the Britishers. And I am not very optimistic about my greater success this visit. But I shall go anyway, if only to do anti fascist and anti war work. God knows this country needs it. But I am gagged in France. In England they could not expell me. The only thing they could do is to lock me up. Now while I have no intention of walking into the policemen's arms. Neither will the thought of it hinder me. What are months or even a year of imprisonment within four walls ~~when compared~~ compared with the misery of the larger prison. I really need to get a taste of prison again to buck me up.

My dear I am surprised you should be so puzzled about the lack of radical progress in the U.S. In the first place you must bear in mind that while until 29 there were trade unions and radical activity. There was no actual proletariat in America in the European sense. The American working man

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2

6091

until the war and indeed until 29 earned more, live better could give his children a higher education and had great access to political and material advancement than many European middle class people. Yes, I know we had panics in America, we had unemployed and strikes. Largely this was true of the foreign born. The American worker knew no no pinch, he did not consider that he must remain in his class, or that he belonged to a special class. Naturally he remained opposed to every idea that might make him aware that his house was built on sand.

Secondly, the American trade unions had always tried to harmonise capital and labor. Never a word about fundamental changes. Just the effort to better the condition of the workers without any mention of what is back of their economic dependence. I am not speaking of the Jews or Italians or rather language groups. I am speaking of the native born and the effect of the A.F. of L. A deadly effect in deed. And what is more the Jewish labor leaders and socialists, not all of them of course also sang a sweet song and very little of the battle awaiting the masses. How do you expect any deep change of ideas or habits among the masses? As to our work, heaven knows we were both few who concentrated on the native emancipation. The rest continued in the grove of the Fr. Srb. Stimme, or the Italian papers which reached but the foreign element. Still, I flatter myself that if Sasha and I had not been kicked out and we could have continued our work which was only beginning to take on large dimensions shortly before the war anarchy would be known and the Communists would not now have ~~the entire~~ the entire militant field.

However, the very activities of the Communists in conjunction with the crisis, the terrific unemployment and the awakening of labor must needs have put the fear of the future into the hearts and minds of the ruling class in the U.S. That, perhaps more than everything else accounts for the vindictiveness and the brutality that have met ever attempt on the part of the workers to hold Roosevelt by his word. And yet, and yet my dear, I hold that there is a tremendous awakening in the States though the enemy may use the same violent methods to crush that awakening as forty five years ago. Even the short period of ninety days convinced me of that. The tremendous progress in modern literature, in the drama, in social life, in the colleges among people of every layer in the country. The very things I propagated and for which I had been driven from pillar to post ~~now~~ have now entered the lives of millions as a matter of course. These are very encouraging signs. After all every country that had any kind of a revolutionary beginning ~~came~~ was like that. The intellectual and cultural advancement preceded the economic and not as Marx would have it the reverse. And so too I feel that progress was made in America, a great deal of it. ~~And the~~ ~~the~~ The very things that surprise you are proof for that. The enemy is beginning to realize that progress and the inevitable

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3

6092

formerly only the pleasure of the few has now penetrated the many, - the underdog. It fears that more than poison. Hence it is in increasing its fighting force and its methods of vilification abuse, persecution and imprisonment. These very methods are also proof positive for the distance travelled in the U.S.

No my dear, there is no need to despair. If I some times do it is because I can not be in the States to forge the iron which was never redder and hotter than now.

I shall probably return to Canada but not before next year. I am going to England for this winter. I am not fool enough to expect great success there. But as I have not been able to start my new book and as I can not sit idle I am going to be active. I will leave here for Paris the first week in Oct and early Nov I will go to England. My address here is permanent. But before I leave I will send you my London address.

I have Mollie Steiner for a visit with me and her sweetheart Senia "lechine. They are among my dearest friends and it means very much to have them with me. Wish you too could visit this lovely place which may no longer be mine by next year.

With much love to you and fraternal greetings to all the comrades.

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315

The Emma Goldman Papers

870927083

[Letter, 1935 Sept.?] Tenafly, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [R]ob[ert Low]. — 7 p. ; 32 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

166 Newcomb Rd,
Tenafly N.J.

13897

My dear Emma, -

Your letter just received only confirmed what I tried to tell you in my two subsequent letters that I now consider it to have been a great mistake to have written you. I realize that your whole life has been expressed in external activities and it would be hard for you to understand that which I might call the unexpressed. However, I want to reassure you about several things in order that you may perhaps have a little more confidence in my judgement. When I wrote you I was desperate and alone. I have passed through the more violently emotional phases of my reaction and things are perfectly clear to me but I am no longer floundering around looking for help. I have to stand on my own feet and help myself.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927083

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 2] Tenafly, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [R]ob[ert Low]. - 7 p. ; 32 x 21 cm.

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- 2 -

It is necessary for me to be strong and confident for only by being strong can I save Ruth. My readjustment to circumstances I assure you will be civilized and please don't be under any misapprehensions as to my attitude towards the family. I know now that you don't understand what this is all about and I also know that Stella and Sophie don't really know what it is all about even though they ~~are~~ ^{are} away ~~but~~ ^{are} absolutely sure that they do. There is one thing about my understanding that is I am never absolutely sure but fluid and change when and if necessary. Your letter to me did reassure me and gave me hope and I need plenty of that ^{emotional} support that to bolster me up. But I am sorry I made this mistake of trying to make you understand by doing so. I only ~~tormented~~ ^{tormented} you which was unnecessary but I am stronger now and ~~stronger~~ ^{stronger} though

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927083

[Letter, 1935 Sept.?] Tenafly, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [R]ob[ert Low]. — 7 p. ; 32 x 21 cm.

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- 3 -

13898

I do still get tortured
at times. I shall not transfer
it to you or to other members
of the family,

Please understand that
this has nothing to do with
the actual physical separated
relationship. That is only
incidental and we two
as for as the physical
aspects of sex is concerned
come as close to each
other as any two human
beings could. This thing
is entirely an emotional
situation and has to do
with our inner lives.
As I told you my inner
life was dead due to my
long struggle to get over
my illness and the struggle
at my work etc. etc.
~~The~~ What this thing has
done to me has been to
wake me up completely
and I now know and
feel more than I have for
at any time in my life.

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318

The Emma Goldman Papers

870927083

[Letter, 1935 Sept.?] Tenafly, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [R]ob[ert Low]. — 7 p.; 32 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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13899

As for Ruth she had already escaped into a secret inner emotional life, by the time I came to know her and in our relationships she wouldn't give that up. I merely became ~~the~~ a means to an end. I don't doubt that if I had been a little wiser and not so preoccupied with my own occupations that there were times when I might have overcome all that. Now that is a past history and it is only the future that I am working towards.

What I meant by keeping her away from the family was this, and that is only for a temporary period until she really finds herself. It means that all her life Ruth instead of facing situations has been escaping from reality. Her relationship with me was emotionally ~~over~~ ~~escape~~

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927083

[Letter, 1935 Sept.?] Tenaflly, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [R]ob[ert]
Low]. - 7 p. ; 32 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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13902

The future of our relationship will
not be an escape. I assure
you but a mutual fulfillment.
Don't you see that her
relationship to her mother and
other close members of her
family is only an escape.
That is instead of facing
things for herself she
tends to run away and
hide herself in the bosom
of the family.

We all enough of that
and please don't
and think that I will
do a lot of stupid and
fantastic things

to now as for the
present I visited Ruth last
Saturday and was permitted
to take her out in the
car & I talked with her for
two solid hours which I
believe were the most important
two hours of my life.
We both understand each
other thoroughly and it is
just up to her to make

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927083

[Letter, 1935 Sept.?] Tenafly, N.J. [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [R]ob[ert Low]. - 7 p. ; 32 x 21 cm.

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13901

that emotional plunge with
me and between the two
of us build up a relationship
that will be a thing of
beauty and joy forever.

I am ready for her and
anxiously waiting. Not only
waiting but fighting for
her and my rivals are
dead ghosts of the past.

I sorry I can't give
you much more now
all I can tell you is
that I am keeping myself
strong and that I am happy.
As for as the future is concerned
the details will work themselves
out after ~~the~~ we get off
together on right track.

Emma dear you can't
just generalize and say that
women after get those sort of
things and that ^{it} is due to
some gland or other and
that if she had the proper
mysterious medicine
she would get better and we
would live happily ever after.

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13903

Also Emma dear I want
you to understand as I have
also been trying as hard to
make Ruth understand that
the symptoms in themselves
are relatively ~~unimportant~~ ^{unimportant}
and that the roots and causes
are the only things to concentrate
on.

So please Emma dear
I am sorry I wrote
to you when I was
that state and I only want
clarify myself to you and
even if you can't understand
please have faith in me
and our future.

Baby Helen is doing
wonderful and is almost
12 lbs now and a very
lovely girl.

I will write you
immediately I have
real news and all I can
tell you now is that I
am hopeful and confident
and will love Bob

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 1, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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St Tropez 1st Sept First.55.

Dear, I had a haunch that your short letters were not due only to A's indisposition. But I did not suspect a cold. I suppose it is the sudden change from the warmth here to the chill in Nice. Well, I hope you are really feeling better, and not merely fibbing to reassure me.

I can't write much to day, we have everything out on the line to air and brush. I had cleaned my room Friday and the kitchen yesterday. But your room was left until to day when the girls have to transfer themselves to the boudoir. Now the two of them will sleep in the narrow bed I don't know. Not is I wanted them to find a room in the village though I said they could eat with us. But they again haven't a sou and they must begin saving for their return to Paris. So, I simply haven't the heart to make them find a room. I hope Benia and Mollie want feel disturbed with two extra people. Mollie wrote me once that Benia is worn to a shroud and needs rest from people. Fortunately both girls are most uninvasive, especially Ella, she is consideration itself and she keeps to herself as a great deal. Well, I will see. If the kids are too disturbed we will have to find a room while they are here. You know how it is about we, A's always accepts an invitation for a week and stays on. But what can one do?

She arrived all in. She did not have enough left to pay a porter so she dragged all her baggage, about eight pieces including my basket to the bus. You can imagine the commotion. I charged eight francs bringing up the stuff here. Naturally, Eve was ill from the strain and had to go to bed at once. But she is a tough guy. She's alright this morning cleaning the boudoir.

I haven't time to write E. separately to day. I got her letter, tell her. Thank her for the purchases in uniprix. ~~For~~ Everything is alright. Tell her I received the most beautiful combination underwear ~~for~~ for her which blessed Jeanne ~~every~~ sent through my Chicago friends. It took just eight days for the box to get here from Havre. And it was sent by Express. Express here is likewat Tucker used to call special delivery in A. It was specially slow he was want to say. And he was right in this if in nothing else. Yes, E's and my underwear are beautier. E's especially. Only America produces such lovely things in clothes and undergarments. Jeanne also sent three pure wool, light weight unions for you. Must have cost a fortune. But it's about them as about moose shoes. They would fit Ben Reitman or some such bulk. But not you my dear. Imagine, I sent your measurement, 42. Looked up my letter to Jeanne written in June about the underwear in case I had made a mistake or had struck a wrong figure as I sometimes do. But now, it stands as big as life, 42. She sent 50. I can not understand how she could have made such a mistake. Fortunately, the Malperines are coming to France and maybe to St Tropez. They will take the suite back of course. In fact they would fit Aaron Malperine, he is a big man. I understand if you send one pair at the time and mark it sample, there is no duty. So Jeanne will be able to send you one at a time. Besides, you really only need two pair, not three. But it seems behest every time something is sent you, though all people have to do is to stick to

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 1, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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the measurement I give them. It is too bad. I hope though it's
will fit. I will send them tomorrow or Tuesday, tell her. And
I will also write her. I am so relieved to know she is better.
I hope it may keep on for a long time to come.

ear, what did you do with the black hose that
you adjusted to the larger one? I can't find it. Yesterday I
finally watered our plants including the entire roses. but it
is a nuisance to have to transfer the hose especially as I always
have difficulties in screwing it in properly. Such a schlemiel
as I am. Don't forget to tell me when next you write where you
put the other hose. This evening I will water the upper tomatoes
and the geranium near your room window. Everything else got a
real bath.

Thanks for the ribbon. I have not yet put it on. I need
time and "thought" for it to place it correctly. As you see the
old ribbon works. The only way it does is by winding it around the
spool by hand each time. Don't forget to let me know how much
the check is made out for. I want to put it on the stub. By the
way, if you have not yet changed the check or made out the
amount wait until you know how much the repairs on your machine
will be and add the amount to it. YOU MUST HAVE A MACHINE, so
it should be fixed.

I am going down at two to meet the kids. I
am so glad we still have Bon Esprit to give them a chance to
rest and invite their souls. who knows how long we will be able
to keep our place. Now that M. has run away and you as usual had
to follow, I really no longer care for Bon Esprit. Jesus, with what
eagerness I had looked forward to my return. Could not even wait
until the stevedore strike was completely settled. Well, expect
ations are always different from realizations. Aren't they dash?

Love to E. and you?

cg

The unpaid amount was \$4,05

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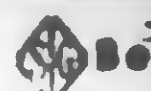
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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 1, Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 6 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Nice, Sunday A.M., Sept. 1, 1935



Well, dear girl, this is still the same old Corona, and not fixed yet. I have just cleaned it, but the letters are all worn out with age, and so the typing looks uneven, and the print too thick and black. That is because the letters with much use have become flattened out.

Well, you know how I dislike typing that is not neat, but there is no help for it. Even if that broken part were fixed, the typing will not look any better. The machine needs, besides fixing, an entire new set of letters, and I doubt if the thing is worth while at all.

Some day, when we get rich (!!!) I'll exchange this machine for a new one.

But that is just an aside.

I have no luck with writing a good long letter to you. Have been on the point of doing it for days now, and I don't know whether I can sit at the machine very long today, either. Have had a bad cold, and it is still in my head. In fact, I stayed in bed 3 or 4 days. But you know how I am: I catch cold if I just go from one room into another. And this is just the time of the year for it, for the weather is very changeable. Yes, we had here a big storm at the same time that you had it in St. Tr. The electric went out in the entire city about 7 P.M. and did not go on again all night. Only the next morning it worked. I think it was last Tuesday or may be Monday. Anyhow, I wonder what the theaters, cafes, etc., did in the city here, for I could see from our window that the whole city was in the dark.

Well, that is the reason, — my cold — that I could not write you much these last days. As I am almost all the time in a sweat, it is not handy for writing. But at last I settled on yesterday evening to devote the whole evening to writing you and to others. Well, then a rather "funny" thing happened. As I was eating supper with Emy here, and I had just started on some peach compote, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my tongue. I did not cry out, it seems, but I must have made an awful face, for E. asked, "What are you making such a face for?" Emy. She thought the compote was too sour for me. Then I felt another awful pain in my tongue and I thought it was by some chance a fish bone, though we had had no fish. Well, I spit out on my plate the mouthful of compote — and what say do you think? You think there was a yellow jacket in it? Well, there was — but TWO of them! I had bit them while eating and they BOTH bit me, in the tongue.

Well, naturally, E. was almost paralysed. But she quickly pulled out one of the stings out of my tongue and then I pulled out the other. I was bit in three places. You know the tongue is a rather delicate thing and it was rather painful. In fact, it burned like fire, for hours and late into the night.

Unfortunately there was no iodine in the house, so I washed my tongue with cold water. But luckily there was that German stuff, Essig Saure, or whatever it is called, acetate saratonia, and I used it, but it did not help much. So E. rushed to the drugstore for iodine. And here comes the joke and the reason.

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that I am telling you all this. The druggist just made fun of E. when she told him I was bitten by two guinea pigs in the tongue. He had been 30 years in the business, he said, and so were his father and grandfather before him, and he had never heard of any one being bitten in the tongue by a guinea pig, and by TWO guinea pigs at once, at that!

He talked and laughed so much about it that E. actually came back all confused and distressed and --- without any medicine, without even any iodine!

I was really angry about it for a while, but then I had to laugh. I surely don't believe that any reader would believe such a story in a private book.

Well, when E. came to herself about it, she went again to the druggist, and it is a good walk from here, at that. She brought iodine, but the druggist had warned her against using it on the tongue because it is too strong for it, he said. At most, he said, 2 drops in a whole glass of water! That would be a hell of a medicine ~~applied~~ for a wound in which two yellowjackets had left their stings before dying. For both guinea pigs were dead when I spat them out, I had evidently bitten hard on them. (At least the dentist's work was good for that much!!!)

Well, I did not use the iodine after -11, for by that time I had been using continually the Esig Tennessee and my tongue was sore as hell, too sore to apply iodine. And it was also considerably swollen and still burning, and I was really afraid to apply the iodine.

I woke at night with considerable pain and applied again the German stuff and this morning it is much better. The tongue is still swollen and some pain in it, but it is nothing as compared with last evening.

So you will forgive me for not writing yesterday the letter I had promised in the note I gave to Eve.

(And just now I notice that I had my carbon wrong in writing the first page of this letter -- which means that I am not quite myself yet, for such a thing does not happen to me very often).

Well, dear, this is just a story for a little sketch. I should call it "Kindness Rewarded", because just the day before I saw a yellow-jacket on the kitchen window. He had evidently lost his way and could not get out, and for some ~~such~~ fool reasons I did not want to kill him. So I worked on him quite a little while before I could help him get off the window and direct him to the outside. And no doubt it was the very same guinea pig that came back, bringing a pal with him, or his lady friend. He must have told his companion that he knew a good place where they would be treated kindly, and he knew no better than for the whole company to get into my mouth! -- It should really make a good story, only it is not worth writing it.

Otherwise, so to speak, everything as usual. Fortunately E. is feeling a bit better. This is a regular private sanatorium, with one day one better, and the next day the other.

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This is Sunday afternoon. Am writing the letter in instalments.

This morning received your short note and the enclosures. That letter from Draguignan was nothing important. It was a letter sent by E. to her father, but the address was insufficient and so the Post returned it.

There was also a letter from Milly R. She writes that R. has started to write his autobiography and that it seems to be going well and that he is all absorbed in it. That is fine. Also that they got another 6 months, so that R. will be able to go on a tour which will help the funds for the book. From the letter, both M. and R. seem more cheerful and hopeful now. She wonders why you have not written them for such a long time.

Well, the fruit you sent was fine and is all at home. Today there is a commotion of rain. By this time you must have looked over the annual report E. sent per Eve. I hope everything was satisfactory. I believe it amounted to about 47.05.

Now, dear girl, I hope you are not making for yourself unnecessary worries. Nor exaggerating things into tragedies. Various people necessarily have their own ways and must lead their own lives. And so far as I am concerned, my friendship with you does not depend on whether I am in St. Tr. or Nice or anywhere else. And I am sure it is the same with you. In fact, one feels closer at some distance, because in close everyday life there are necessarily frictions, often over little things. And my comradeship and friendship with you has never depended in the past, nor will ever depend in the future, on being in the same house or city.

dissatisfied".

"Emma is so lonely and disappointed". That was the first words Eve said as she entered. I am sure you did not say this to her, but it shows the impression she received in St. Tr. Bon Esprit. And I know that other friends all have the same impression, for years already — that is, at times when I don't happen to be in Bon Esprit.

Well, I told Eve, in a jocular manner (though I resent people getting such impressions) that with two girls like Eve and Mella, with a beautiful garden and plenty of books one should neither be "lonely nor disappointed", particularly with millions in the world suffering for their daily food and shelter.

Well, anyhow, with Senya and Molly there I hope you do not feel lonesome nor dissatisfied. One must not carry the Veltchmiers into his daily life, for in that manner existence becomes impossible. And surely you have more than enough work to do! I am sure, even too much. For though you always say that cooking etc. is no work to you, yet the life in the country and cooking for many people tires you out, so that of late you could not even read long in bed in the evening.

You say in one of your recent letters to me that you are "much more restless and miserable" now than before. And that you are sorry if you said or did anything to "bring about the unfortunate break". Now, my dear, this shows me that you entirely misinterpret the situation. In the first place, it is NOTHING

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that you said or did. As I have explained before, it was the ~~general atmosphere~~ that made joint life in Bon Esprit impractical and hard on the nerves of all of us. Every grown person can live peacefully only in his own atmosphere. And therefore I said, in a previous letter, that it is ~~no one's fault~~ but simply the situation itself.

In the second place, there has been no "unfortunate break". At least I do not know of any break. E. has the deepest and warmest feeling for you, and I am sure the same is true of you. As to myself, my feelings for you are not changeable. You have been my comrade, firm friend and chum for 40 years and such you always remain. In what, then, does the alleged break consist? There IS NONE. What there is, is simply the advisability to live separately. That is all. It is perfectly normal, in my estimation, and there is no tragedy about it. Don't let us make a mountain out of a molehill.

In one of your letters recently you wrote, "Since nothing came of writing this summer anyhow, etc." Now, my dear, you seem to be mixing up your dates. You know very well that you told me, as soon as you arrived from Canada, that you would not think of writing this summer. More: you said you did not intend to start writing till I should be through with the R. translation. Well, my R. translation could not have been done before the end of autumn, and hardly then. Most likely I would ~~have~~ not have been done with it before January.

That means, then, that you would not have started your own work till January.

Speaking of writing, there is no possibility of your doing any writing with ~~among~~ a houseful of people, even if they happen to be the best of friends. One needs quiet and solitude for real writing. Well, the summer is not over yet, and you could have the entire fall and winter for writing. At present you could gather together your material and make for yourself an outline of what you intend to write, and you surely know that ~~my~~ my time and aid is always at your disposal, in any way that I can help you with your writing.

Well, I am glad the new pump works. I hope it is oiled and taken care of, so that it should keep on working. Senya is very good for such things. I do not think that fixing the old pump would have been just as good, as the electr. claims. In such matters Sand. understands more and he said that it would be a waste of money to repair the old pump. How much costs the new pump?

As to the Tante Mayer, I am sure that it needs but slight repairs, but the thing of course is to get a plumber up from the village. But at night the spigot in Tante should be closed, so that you would not lose all the water. I explained it to Eve. She said it had been closed. But if it were closed properly, no water could run out of it simply because the closed spigot would not allow any water from the cistern (reservoir on Mada's place) to run into it. The spigot works a bit tightly, so one must turn it pretty hard in order to close it. Turn it to the RIGHT in order to close it. Turn it to the LEFT in order to open it. Turn it as far as it goes.

Now as to your typewriter. I do hope the new ribbon I sent will cause you no trouble. But I am afraid the trouble is NOT with the ribbon. It is with the

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Remember in which the ribbon is put on the spool, right at the beginning. One spool must turn in ~~the~~ ^{the} other in the ~~opposite~~ ^{opposite} direction. Then it will work right. I am ~~am~~ glad Sonya is there. I am sure he can fix the thing for you ~~OK~~.

About Florence it is simply terrible, just as about Ruth — though the cases are different, yet both are really tragic. Please send me the address of Florence, I want to send her a few lines. She certainly is showing wonderful courage in her trouble, and Ida is also a splendid girl.

Well, dearest Ma, this letter is really a naggle. It is getting dark and time to close. Cheer up, and don't see things in such black colors, and know that nothing is changed and everything is as of old, and that I am, in regard to you,

always the same

Handwritten signature/initials

Yes, I'll drop a line to Mrs Sand. to her birthday. Glad you ~~reminded~~ reminded me. And be sure to remember me to Sonya and Molly. Of course I must see them before they leave for Paris, but I hope they'll stay the whole month.

No more word from Moss. I don't know whether or when he will leave N.Y. And I do not really believe he is well enough to travel.

S.

No word from Los Ang. either. As usual, our people get things mixed. Kapp wrote me that he had sent all the money I got. Now he writes that she understands some of the money sent by Kapp was from Los Angeles. I have never known that N.Y. bunch to get things straight.

S.

I had meant to give Eve along the revised Communism article. But it did not get ready. Over half of it is done. Will send it when ready.

(Kapp's letter it also not clear about the amount. He mentions \$200. sent by him. It may mean that the other \$150 was from Los Ang. Later: Yes, it seems Kapp sent only \$200. So the other \$150. must be from Los Ang. S.)

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[Letter] 1935 Sept. 1, Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 6 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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P.S. About Kapp's letter. Just to show you the importance of a COMMA. His letter reads as if he sent me \$200 and another \$100. And so I understood it when I first read it. I thought he made a mistake in typing, for I received \$300.

Now that Emma wrote that the Los Ang. money was also sent through the Kapp office, I read the Kapp letter over again. I see now that the misunderstanding is due to the lack of a COMMA in his sentence referring to the money.

By putting in the comma, his sentence means that he did NOT send \$200 and \$100, but \$300, of which one hundred was mailed by Kelly.

That damned missing comma gave me a lot of worry. The way it seems now is that ~~perhaps~~ N.Y. sent altogether \$200. Which means that the other \$100 came from Los Angeles.

It's OK then.

S.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023167

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 1, Nice to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
3 p.; 25 x 18 cm.

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Sonntag [1935]

Ergänzungsbrief vom Sonnabend im Café

Dearest Emma:

I am very busy. Sasha was in bed all the time, and I had to take care of him, and I made a very vegeterische Kuesche and then my little household and I am finishing just now the typi. g..... Sasha is sweating a lot, poor thing, and there is a bag full of laundry which I cannot give out, would be too expensive etc...

Then -- here are right before me 15 letters to answer. There came letters also from U.S.A. From Milly, Rudolf, Stella, everybody, Gehr and my dear Emma, I am not a certain girl I know who sits down and writes letter "like nothing". I am not very fond of doing so.

But now, right on the spot I have to do it. Also it will be mean and unordentlich, nicht zu antworten.

By the way, those Dutch people wrote a lovely letter to me and myself today. It made me so glad. There are, it seems SOME who like me. And it is more agreeable to be liked than the opposite.....

Well -----

First of all, I did not thank you for that basketful of fruit. Believe it or not, there is not a bit left of it. The grapes are simply marvelous, and if ever should be a chance SEND MORE ~~fruit~~ of them. I'd make a very good compote out of those figs. Etceto.....not a bit got spoiled. As I tell you everything aufgreffender.

Thanks, then.

In the Unifrix there is sugar, 3/5 the kil. Listen, Emma I impossibly could put that into the basket the poor Emma was so overloaded, and besides of it, it would not be worn while I drag sugar about.... I wouldn't do it.... But the preserves are fire and cheap. I hesitated--- wanted so much to send my doggies along... They ARE cheap and ~~fresh~~ fresh, but you saw yourself the basket as full.

At other times also there are wonderful kleine Kekschen, for coffee for nothing at all. Don't remember exactly the price, but we have it here. We like it all right. The soap. No, Emma, I never use that soap. It is like wax. I always buy the soap at my grocery, when it is old. It is ever so much practical and lasts longer.....

So, that is all ... Sasha had a nice experience and I include it. Two Wespen haben ihn gebissen in seine Zunge. I did not think of it when all of the sudden he made a horrible face etc etc. But he will tell you himself.

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It is O.K. now though it hurts a bit yet. That will pass. But, he had such a shock, poor Sasha. He is weak, dear Emma, Sasha is not strong and can't stand much pain.

It is sad.

Well, now Senia and Molly are with you. I know how you love them.... they are certainly nice and I want to see them too. But I let Sasha arrange things, he gets absolutely wild when I start with suggestions. You know that yourself. It is sufficient that I say he should go over that he will not.... So I don't say anything.....

I am better. Gott sei Dank. Hoffentlich bleibt es so. Es wird schon. Ich bin immer hoffnungsfreudig. Sonst wäre das Leben nichts. Und es ist so schwer, fuer JEDEN.

Stella wrote me that Ruth has that terrible thing with her head. Emma, isn't it dreadful? Poor Ruth. Without knowing her, I feel somehow she is in your family, and nearer than to a stranger. And those people around her must be so sad... I know how it is if one cannot help -- someone one loves.

My mother had to be sent to a sanatorium. My sister helped her, I know, because mother is not at all like you, Emma. *any more*

With all those letters I got there is not a single good news. My sister from Germany doesn't write at all anymore. Can imagine how she lives with her family, and not to speak of the other one who is alone in Berlin.....

Well, dear Emma, we all are poor things, and herefore we must take the best side of it. And ein Auge zudruecken fuer den Naechsten, der in dieselben oder noch mehr Traubel hat als wir. I always try that....

I would love to see you again. And then, I mean, it would NOT AT ALL be fair if you would run to Paris, without having even come here, when there in Paris are friends who want it, but not out of the family. Make as you want, but that is my opinion....

Sasha, I know will not like that you should hurry away, the long winter yet being before us --- and I certainly not... Not a single time we both were together in a room? It is a life.

Zur Arbeit.... Schreiben Sie mir. Bitte, dear cheer up, ~~wwwwww~~ es ist alles nur halb so schlimm, als wenn es noch einmal so schlimm waere! Stimmt's???

Ihre EMMA. *Goldman*

An Senia und Molly einen Kuss zur Einfuehrung. Hoffe dieses wird personlich zu besorgen.....

Emma, ich habe mich heute in den Spiegel richtig geguckt! BI. ICH WIESS GEWORDEN. I am so glad, dass Liebe blind ist. I wonder if Sasha does not notice that. Since my last attack I look dreadful. Tell everybody.....

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Sept 1. 1935

My Dear Emma

Received your letter, was very sorry you had to go to the trouble to send me the correspondence, which is more or less private and which I never asked for.

Our dear Ben was mistaken, about my remark: that you sent a copy to ~~everybody~~ to every body else but not to me. I referred to a copy of a letter which Berkman sent to Rucker, and which you sent to Jean. It was this letter that I was anxious to have because it revealed so much the beautiful character of Esther. I have always loved him for his nobility and true self-sacrificing spirit (You know we always admire the qualities in others which we lack) and this letter to Rucker telling him of his feeling in the matter of the transaction about the translation was a model of the true anarchist spirit.

I asked Jean for a copy of that letter and she was disinclined to give it to me. I do not blame her for it as she felt that if you wanted me to have it you probably would have sent it to me yourself.

Now I did feel as the General secretary

The Emma Goldman Papers

870823060

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 1 [Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Jos[eph Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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of the Committee, and as one who has done 7451
all the correspondence, if there is anything
relating to this work I should at least know
it. and I said to Ben that I did not see
why a copy of this letter was not sent
to me. and as it stands now now I got
a lot of correspondence from you but a
copy of that letter I still did not get. However
you need not bother about it now the incident
is closed. Let us hope that the book will
receive the necessary care so that we will
be able to get it published in the near future.

Though I have a terrible fear that we will
not get it done so soon. for one thing we will
lack about \$350.00 or at least 300.00 for the
translation. and to open up a public request
for more money for the work of translating.
after we announced that we had most of the
money for it is not a very pleasant matter.

I shall perhaps succeed in interest
some of my personal friends with larger
contributions for this purpose. and the
Los Angeles committee may do also wise.
However this is conjectured.

I have received Berkman's letter with the
statement of the account. I shall present
it to our Committee the first time we have a meeting.

I am sending back your letter as you may need it.
Love to you both ever devotedly Yours Jos.

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870928206

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 2, St. Tropez [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 16 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 2nd 35.

14692

My dear Jeanne.

I was very glad to get your letter. Yes, the underwear you sent arrived. Talk about French conservatism and slowness. I got word from Julia from Le Havre that she dispatched the parcel, BY EXPRESS on the 21st. It did not get here until the 31st. It took ten days from Le Havre here, more than it takes to cross the ocean. Benjamin Tucker used to call the American system of special deliver, "specially slow delivery". This applies even more to everything in France.

However the parcel is here and such lovely things for Amy and me, and such grand quality of Sasha's suite. But my dearest, where did you get the idea that Sasha needs fifty size? Why that is what Aaron might wear. But our Sasha who was never tall and big and who has grown frightfully thin could not possibly use the suites you sent. I thought at first I may have made a mistake, or struck a wrong figure when I gave you Sasha's size in my letter asking for the underwear. But I looked it up and there it is as large as life size 42, for Sasha. Well Aaron and Julia will take back the suite when they come, if not to St Tropez I will send it to them to Paris. No doubt you will be able to exchange them. I have found out that if anything is sent as a SAMPLE, to France no duty is demanded. So if no one else goes from Chicago you will be able to send Sasha one ~~or~~ suite at the time. After all he needs it only for the winter. So nothing will be lost by the delay. And he will only need two suits. No use spending so much money.

I had a haunch when I debated with myself whether to ask you for the underwear that you will insist on paying for it. Well, dearest mine though I appreciate your kindness I can't accept it. It were different if your and my finances were in better shape. I couldn't enjoy wearing the suites if I knew you had ~~one~~ paid for them. So be sensible and let me know my indebtedness. I am particularly pleased with the suite for Sasha's lady. They are both in Nice. I am sending her the three suites tomorrow. She will love them and you will hear from her. Thank you for the three of us.

Marie, Sasha wrote the Rucker Committee and sent a complete ~~statement~~ statement of what he had received and what the Committee owes him. It develops that he got only \$5 more than he was entitled to. You see he had the revision Rudolf wanted retyped and he made the index, which was a job that took three weeks. All in all Sasha figured out with the utmost care that he had actually receive a few dollars more than he was entitled to. I am relieved that there is nothing to pay back. For if there were \$, and I would have moved the very heavens and we would have paid back. Yes, \$, and I are tremendously relieved that the translation will be finished by some one else. Just the same it has been a sad experience to find R. dissatisfied when one has put his very soul to the job.

Yes, I am definitely going to England. I mean to leave here the tenth of Oct for Paris. My first meeting in London will probably be the 11th of Nov to revive the interest in our comrade

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 2, St. Tropez [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 21 × 16 cm.

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14693

and their place in the American labor struggle. "Marie there is no chance of realizing enough from a tour in England to pay my keep. If I go none the less it is because I can't write now and much less can I be inactive the coming winter. But as I have to pay my keep wherever I will be, it might just as well be England because it is cheaper to live than France and it is the only country where I will be free to say what is in my mind without being expelled. All the British government might do is to give me a holiday in some Jail if my anti war work should prove important enough to rouse the authorities. Well, it will not be the first time. And it might revive my spirits and prove that my work is still important. Prison has no terror for me. So I am going.

As to not touching Russia. I am surprised you ask me such a thing. I don't ever go out of my way to harp on Russia. But either will I ever keep silent on it. Its alright darling, one has to face difficulties. There is no half ways, for those who remain true to their ideal.

Darling if it were only a matter of the amount of Yashas Memoirs you want I would not hesitate a moment to lay it out but I have not received a penny towards it from anybody. That means \$160 or even a little more. I just can't invest it from the small sum left from the book appeal. I will wait and see what Calif, and New York will do. I have not yet heard from either place. Of course if I do and I get the 150 copies, (the British publisher would not sell less than the whole lot) I will send you some copies.

I had a beautiful letter from Florence "spes. She is a brave kid to face her ordeal as she had. Yes, poor Ben he has had an awful time. Florence illness must have been the hardest to bear. The most extraordinary change is that of Ida to tear herself out of her old moorings and go to the colony which she did not like at all. It is splendid of her.

Julia merely wrote that they were proceeding to Russia and she would write me from there. For her safety sake I hope she won't write me from Russia. Of course I will be happy to see her and Aaron. Only if they should delay we'll have to meet in Paris. It would not matter except that I wanted them to know Ansha and see our place. Perhaps they will not remain so long in Russia. They may also be so charmed by the external appearance of Soviet blessings that they will not want to see me at all. I hope this will not be the case. For I do like them very much and I do want to see them again.

Love to May and yourself my dearest.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 3, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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St Tropez [ar Sent 3rd 35

✓
Dear Sash. Your letter of Sunday with inclosures came to day. You are some Pechvogel. You are like the character in Tchekhovs SEAGULL, you have his 26 misfortunes. Imagine being bitten by two ~~xxx~~ yellow jackests and on the tongue at that. I should say it hurt like hell. Don't I know how damned things sting? But how could they be in the compot and alive? Thats the wonder to me. 'oor, dear old Sash, you are a Pechvogel. But do you know its almost worth being bitten to write such a story. The kids nearly choked with laughter when I read them that part of your letter. And though I felt terrible merely in thinking of your hurt, having experienced the horrible pain the beaster cause one, I myself laughted to tears. I congratulate you on the humor of your discription. That druggist is a fool. I know that a boy in this village was bitten by a yellow jacket and the end was fatal. He too was bitten on the tongue and the matter was not attended to at once. But of course iodine would have been frightful, it would have injured your tongue. I can imagine E's fright. Yes, you are a child of misfortunes. Alles muss kommen zu dir. You say your cold is not serious, yet you were in bed four days, and had ~~xxxx~~ fever. What do you call this?

Dear heart, I have no time to answer your letter in full I hope to do that tomorrow. I promised Senia and Lollie to go down the village with them this afternoon and it is already near 3 o/c I cooked our dinner this fornoon, so the "servant" is having her half day off which usually means only a few hours. I will write at length tomorrow.

Yes, I had the plomier, the same who did some work for us six years ago when Melonis brother made that rain pipe for us. The rubber ball in tante Meyer and the springs were all eaten away by rust and had to be suddered (I hope I spell the damned word right) and new wires put on. It wokrs now, knock wood. But nothing doing about that faucet. It turns neither to the left or the right, the plomier has tried hard with his tools. It does not budge. Anyhow the flush no longer leaks. He also fixed the faucet in the kitchen and the washtub sink which ran poorly. And he is going to sudder the uniprix alcohol lamp, and two sauce pans we had discarded, not the allu minum. Also Senia discovered the black hose. Of course I did not look for it on the post near the moteur. Senia watered the plants yesterday. Dear Senia is as helpful and soothing as ever. ~~xx~~

upen
Lollie is a very sick girl, she has something very serious in the muscles of her jaw, quite another matter than yours dear. I will write more about it tomorrow. This morning at six she had an attack which expresses itself in a sort of paralysis of the muscles so that she can not ~~open~~ her mouth or cry out. She had to have hot compresses and some medicine she is taking. It seems to be a very grave case. But you know Lollie. She is stoicism itself. Both the kids are crazy to be here and are enjoying the air and the sun. Yes, they came for a month. But they mean to go over to Nice. Monore has invited them. You had better do the same my dear. Naturally they want to see you and Emmy. They will want to divide their time between you and Monore. Then they will come back here. They mean to leave for Paris around the 27th as Senia wants to photograph some sailor types in Toulon and Marseille.

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I am so glad that the kids do not feel disturbed by the presence of Eve and Ella. For I would have been forced to insist that they find a room. But the two are really most unobtrusive kids they keep to themselves and do their work and they are most helpful. So all works smoothly so far. I simply have not the heart to send Eve and Ella away. They have no money, so what's to be done. They have just ten francs with me towards their fare back to Paris. But they have quite a number of belts out standing for which they will get paid and some more people to approach. I hope they can get their fare together.

Give E. my love. I will write her tomorrow and also send the lovely underwear. I can't make it to day.

Goodby my dear, yes, always my dear, old chum and dush even if you never see what is before your nose, or see it in the wrong light. Yet you will remain forever in my heart and in my mind.

With love. The kids send their love.

Emma

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Sept. 3, Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Sept. 3rd

Dear, nothing new. Still have the cold with me; it's a lingering thing, so will take time.

Your carte-lettre received this morning, and yesterday your letter of the first of the month.

First, about that hose. There are TWO pieces of narrow hose. I had dried them and put them in the cellar. Thought they would not be needed any more this summer. They are probably hanging on the wall in the FIRST cellar, back of those wooden platforms. But am not sure, may be I put them into the second cellar. In any case, they will be hanging on a HOOK on the wall. Can't miss seeing them. But it may also be that I put them in the small outhouse. In any case, they will be hanging.

It will not be easy to put TOGETHER the small hose with the big one. I don't think you could do it. It is Senya's job, so as not to have the water run all out between the TWO hoses, when attached. But it will be far simpler to use the OLD big hose, the one in the yard. Of course it has to be screwed on first in one place (at the first SPRING in the garden,) and then at the other. There is a certain way of screwing them on, and then the water will not leak out of the spigot. The same thing on the upper place at the tank. But it is not the work for you. One or two canfuls of water is enough on the upper place for the tomatoes. It is easier than dragging the hose up there.

And the tomatoes? Aren't they all ripe already? In that case they need no water.

I wonder how Senya is. Is he strong enough for such work? It is hard work for city people not used to such effort.

By the way, I happen to think of it, does not the Fr. Arb. Stime come there? I am not getting them here.

The Russian papers I am sending you. Three copies being sent today.

Too bad about that underwear, but at least I hope that the things sent for you and E. will fit. Is the underwear sent for me REALLY a No. 30? Sometimes the number is marked wrong. Does it look very big and long? May be they would shrink with washing. But if the Halperns come, then it is OK.

Nothing special. E. finishing the part of the MSS she has from Auntie.

Hope all is well with you, dear. In a day or two will finish looking over the Communist article.

Affect.

Will write a line to S. & M.
Give my regards to the girls. Eve should have told me she was so short of money.

Sil
P
is


S

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[Letter, 1935] Sept. 3, Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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P.S. Dear, in her letter Willy writes, among other things: "Why don't we  Be hear from dear Emma? It is quite unusual that we should not hear from her so long. We have heard from Rose Pesetta that E. is intending to come to Canada this winter. That would be splendid. We would certainly go over to see her this time under all circumstances. The comrades will be ddelighted with her return. They need her very much."

I believe I already told you that R. got 6 months again and that he is planning a tour, and that Willy says he has started on his autobiogr. and is entirely absorbed in it. That is really splendid news, both ways.

B.

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870819444

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 3, Chicago [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / Ben [L. Reitman]. — 1 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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13591

32 N. State St

Chicago Sept. 3rd. 1935

Dearest Mommy.

Brutus arrived in New York Sunday Sept. 1st.
I hope he was thoughtful enough to send you word.
But least he is waiting to write later.
Let me tell you of his arrival and his great joy
in having visited you.
He writes such a happy letter
And said he wants to go to Europe next Summer.
Let us hope he will and let me add
I hope he will bring me along.

I have written you many time about my desire to write my Autobiography.
I should like to write a part of near to you and Berkman.
I want to try and include in my book the history of Anarchist activity in America.
In the last 25 years, maybe longer.
I understand what a tremendous task, it is and I know how little I am fit to do it
That is why I want to be near to you and Berkman.

I am getting considerable encouragement to write.
Life rushes on so quickly.
There is always so much to do and so many places to go.
Have been far from well. Diabetes is always waving the black flag in front of me.
So I am anxious to do just a few things more

Little is really new.
The evasive dollar keep me on the jump
Brutus is going to do things at the University this year + hope.

I hope you and Berkman are well and the struggle is not too great.

Love
Ben

L and
Ben
Greely at A.B.

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861114188

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 3-4 [Los Angeles to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / C[assius] V. [Cook]. — 22 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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My Dear Emma:-

Sept 3rd - 1935

5481

I found with date of Aug 22
at hand with enclosures.
I have read these over twice and
take up my pen at midnight
to indicate my reaction thereto.

A good plan, like a good
pair of shoes, must fit. My plan
is my own. You asked me if
I had one. I have had it buried
in my subconscious for a long, long
time - awaiting the arrival of a
propitious time for bringing it out
into the light.

In other words - my intentions
toward you have been concerned
enough with your welfare to compel
me to think that an annuity
ought to be raised. This plan
is my conception of the most practical
method of raising it.

Your judgement about the
difficulties may be better than mine
because you have had a chance
to appraise the actual response
while I can only approximate them.

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2. But hard as it may be to fit the plan to your expectations⁵⁴⁸⁷ and hard as it actually would be to arouse a response at this late date, nevertheless the "right" plan and the right appeal presented by the right persons would probably succeed, despite all your sour predictions. You are right in believing that a bungled plan and bungling appeals by incompetent bunglers wouldn't raise the money necessary to achieve the objective in mind.

I don't recommend myself so highly that I am incapable of seeing the defects in my plan — nor am I so convicted about my brain-child that I could not adapt it to the needs of the situation — if I was persuaded that it could and should be worked. The facts are, though, that the plan doesn't depend on your present approbation or disapprobation thereof — but on the response that it meets at the hands of your admirers in America. The proof of that response can be had by doing and do with

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3/ Every advertisement I write - I test it out. If it will work in L.A. it will - or can be made to work in a like proportion elsewhere. Your met. blanket prophecy - might thus be proven to be "all met."

I do not believe that I minimize the difficulties of the situation. But I do believe that you have trained so long and so continuously with the "calamity howlers" that you have become infected with the tendency to believe that things are worse than they would be - if you didn't believe they are so bad. Can you make sense out of that sentence? Well what I mean is that you aggravate the difficulties of the situation by believing that they are worse than they are. Indeed, more money could be raised for you than you believe can be raised - but not by practicing the negative and self-destroying methods of appeal to which you are accustomed ^{in our movement} and which, naturally and correctly, seem to you as "aunting you off."

You don't want to be "sold down the river", as a disappearing act. You doubtless would rather stand. But conform it, Emma, there is plenty of evidence in the content of

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4/ these letters received today to justify
the conclusion that unless you are ^{and affords a little luxury} made secure against want during
these forthcoming years all the
richness of your mental maturity,
all the cream of your intellectual
and emotional processes will be
dissipated and never gathered
or crystallized into concrete form
— the written word.

A/ your internal turmoil will
result in an equivalent of twitter -
ing your thumbs - and getting no-
where - so far as an organized
mental output is concerned. You
will become the chronic fizzle that
you advertise yourself to be to John
Haynes Holmes "if you don't watch
out." You recognize that you will
become regarded as an ingrate
if you take the route that results
in non-productiveness on your part.

I myself have not yet organized
the ambition to write books. I rather
encourage my more ambitious
friends to do that. I am never so
sure that their books are "great"
but I am sure that writing them
does serve these friends as a form
of self expression. You are hard to

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5/ encourage or help unless one does it "in a big way". Like myself, you cannot be productive on isolation regimen. I always insist: that I far prefer to work like hell and have plenty than to "starve along" like so many, who also prefer to do.

But you are so disturbed by your isolation that it seems doubtful whether you would buckle down to work even if supplied with plenty. Of course Emma, deep down in my heart I can never feel that you consistently exercise the well balanced sense of proportion that I so constantly pride myself I am exercising. If I had your impulses I supposed I would, however, have "broken into the penitentiary" and got myself isolated the same as you. But I always stop short - and while I don't do things that are so outstanding - I keep on the even tenor of my way - more comfortably than you.

I just can't violate my own sense of proportion and get myself into troubles that serve no purpose of my own - and make me uncomfortable besides. I remember this conclusion well when contemplating

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6/ the steps yourself and A.B. took
in the Pro-Conscription League⁵⁴⁸⁶. You
headed direct for trouble without
to me, any possibility of compensating
satisfaction. I felt then very dis-
turbed about you particularly - not
knowing A.B. very well or indeed at all
- more than cursorily. I foresaw all
sorts of turmoil and frustration
for you from the inevitable uprooting
you would suffer. I imagined tho,
as you probably did, that you
could become transplanted anew in
Russia - but I never shared your
hopeful attitude about that country.
+ The cultural status never was
intriguing. Tyranny never produces
the results that arise from freedom.
You always appear too optimistic
about the results of Revolution - so
far as my convictions estimate
the probability of. No Revolution has
ever been even moderately success-
ful - or is likely to be. In my esti-
mations. They are always disappoint-
ing to me - and I expect that future
Revolutions will be likewise. I am
sold to the idea that social progress
comes by the slower and less
dramatic method of cultural evolution.

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7 I have felt this way since my youth. I have wished for a ⁵⁴⁰⁷rapid revolution but have had less and less faith that it will or can arrive that way. You have never heard me disparage the ideals of Revolution but I have disparaged the method of violence as likely to defeat ~~itself~~ the very ideals for which such Revolution would struggle. I have had no objection to non-invasive violence or non-violent coercion if it can effectively achieve the objects sought — freedom for all. My emotional leanings are all in favor of non-violent coercion of all invaders. I recognize that we must achieve and maintain power to defend our freedom against all comers but have always tended to doubt the wisdom of the fighting method because there is such an easy path from righteous indignation to flagrant violation — when resorting to violence.

You have more confidence that the human animal will be guided by strict adherence to non-invasive ideals while using violence. I am more inclined to feel that the destruction will become dein in the struggle. This has proven to become the case in Russia. And it is true

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8 as today's letters from you attest, that the intellectual and ⁵⁴⁰⁰ actual perceptions of even a Roger Baldwin become obscured. A host of such in America are excusing - in the name of "Revolution" - what they would and should condemn - if practiced in the name of any other society.

No, no Emma I have always - so it seems to me - doubted the advisability of the violent Revolution - any method. You favor it perhaps because your emotional makeup relishes a struggle. You belong on the firing line etc etc. My mental make-up relishes effectuating "the creative impulse" quietly in the peace that our ideals demand. But peace gets your goat. You want to struggle for it. It's probably must. So there now - you see how I have yourself and myself figured out. I was never anxious to break into the penitentiary or get myself isolated. I could have raised hell in Canada, or gone to other countries and done so - and been banished to Siberia - if I felt I could

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5489
I further mean progress adequately
by so doing. I really doubt the
efficiency of so doing - and didn't do
it. You have done your bit and
are suffering the consequences.
You won't belly-ache but anyhow
you recognize that you are isolated
in any country. Internationalist
tho you prided yourself you had
become.

My concern about you is pri-
marily how to help you become
intellectually effective. I believe you
will probably come to see that
Revolution can be truly accomplished
only by the slow process of the cul-
tural climb - not by catastrophic
or spasmodic methods. All my
life, mature life I have wanted to
get you off by yourself, when
you were free from the pressure
of any struggle, or free from the
need to effeminate an ambition to
maintain any particular "intellectual
front"; and solely impelled to main-
tain a status of intellectual integrity
so that we could thresh out in-
partially and conclusively the
questions of how social progress is most

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101 likely to be achieved or best
achieved. But you were always
too impatient, too burdened, too much
under necessity of maintaining the
"revolutionary tradition" that you have
espoused so early and so long. Too
I had not, and have not yet, de-
veloped an adequate vocabulary
and intellectual nimbleness and
convincingness to "carry-over" into
your consciousness the wealth of
considerations that convince me
in a way that would probably con-
vince you.

Your emotional make-up predis-
poses you to favor the method
of quick and violent struggle, so
that I always contemplated the poss-
ibility of convincing you as probably
nil. Hence I never made much effort
to try to catch you or induce you
into a contemplative and scientific
mood. Emma just don't get that
way when out on a lecture tour. But
now that you have been butting
your head up against a real
"Revolution" during your own life-
time and got into the aftermath
personally "good and plenty" perhaps
you are eligible to see the light

The Emma Goldman Papers

861114188

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 3-4 [Los Angeles to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / C[assius] V. [Cook].— 22 p. ; 27 × 21 cm.

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11 And again to change your mind
1/ How know ⁵⁴⁹¹ your history to know
that Revolution ⁵⁴⁹¹ doesn't revolutionize
society the way you want them to.
Facts are facts.

The social changes that best
meet your approval and mine
came by slow successive approximat
ions - not by forthright revolutions.

You are ^{to me} a life-long victim of
wishful thinking on this score.

It is because I approve your ideas
that I have given you my loyalty -
not because I approve all your ideas
about how those ideas will be or
ought to be best attained. You are
far more optimistic than I am that
there will be and ought to be a violent
Revolution to bring your ideas into
practical existence - and remarkably
wrong - you are far more pessimistic
about the actual progress being made.

You have a passion for quick
ness that doesn't correspond to
the social process that constantly
unfolds itself before you. The process
is slow, ponderous and ineffectual.
Revolutions are quick, dramatic
and deliver the goods promptly.

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12 But Culture - sound social pro-
gress - don't arrive that way. Ig-
norance isn't suddenly transformed
into intelligence. No! No! Intelligence
is a slow growth. It does not pen-
etrate through out the mass of society
in 1 yr or 10 yrs. It takes hundreds
of years + unfortunate - but true.
Why hid oneself?

Your interest in the drama
is because of your emotional and
intellectual make-up. You love
action, struggle, contrasts - call
it what you will. Because of your
desires you favor the conclusion
that things will develop the
future society quickly, by one heroic
struggle and then we will be
"all set" to make progress.

Nonsense - is what I always
think - but seldom say.

The social process will be slow
in the future - as it has in the
past - altho acceleration will be
at an increasingly rapid rate -
but then nevertheless lamentably
slow to C.V.C. & doubly so to C.G.

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13' Well its 3 o'clock P.M. and
I must ring off. My whole point
is that if we would only execute
some plan to bulwork you against
future want and provide funds
enough to enable you to enjoy a little
of the luxuries of life, you might
find it in your "soul" to deliver
an intellectual output that would
justify our effort - and probably would.

Your proposal to concern your
self with another book confined
to personalities is alright - people
are always interested in people -
more so than in principles.

Evening my life does not state
your principles or philosophy ex-
cept by implication - so it seems
to me. You state of course that
you believe in Anarchism but
do not state what Anarchism is.
You couldn't do that - or it would
be double its already large size. You
believe in Revolution but didn't ex-
plain why. There is plenty for you
to write yet, especially if you ever
became convinced, as I am, that
there will be no real Revolutions; only Evolution.

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① Sept 4th 5496
Well, now that I have "spilled the beans" about my most convictions in the preceding midnight exposition - which of course I have been harboring more or less silently for such a long long time I suppose the time has arrived for me ~~to~~ ex-communicated from the realm of the Revolutionaries. I have tended toward the aforesaid convictions since the days of my pallow youth when I first achieved a recognition of the workings of the social process, and have become more and more confirmed as my "social consciousness" has developed.

I am inclined to regard convictions as due to a combination of perceptions and predilections. My temperamental inclinations give more weight to certain perceptions which another person with different predilections does not regard as of the same validity and value. Living our lives consists of self-expression. But as the self varies

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(B) so expression differs - one from the other. I mean that variations in individuals is responsible in large part for the variation of their reactions or convictions, arising from the same perceived facts.

I tend to so thoroughly agree with you in all your attitudes and contentions as against Roger Baldwin (whom I have never seen) that I am actually at a loss to understand him. But I have seen this inconsistency crop up in the whole C.L.U., doubtless because so many at the helm of this organization must share his views.

They have been expending their substance defending the traitors to liberty - who would throttle it if they ever came into power! As for making the fight between two tyrants an affair of "free speech," in which fight I must participate, I am disposed to refrain and to advise others "hands off." Baldwin has doubtless been impelled to keep

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© fighting for the Communists in the belief that thereby he can convince them of the wisdom and usefulness of freedom of speech etc. ⁵⁴⁹⁶

Maybe so

But I am inclined to regard it as a waste of effort and tending toward the establishment of Bolshevik tyranny besides, if you assist them to succeed in their fight with prevailing tyrannies.

Of two evils, I choose the lesser.

Hence, if I am not found on the "firing line" fighting for the "free speech" of Communists as Roger Baldwin does - you can understand my lukewarmness.

I often wonder what would be your practical program had you remained in America, and had to decide in what field you would exercise your influence and instrumentality. Standing in favor of free speech, etc. that last and all the time does not necessitate that one stands in favor of snuffing free speech by

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Defending its enemies. It is suicidal. Of course if it can be shown that the best interests of freedom are furthered by maintaining free speech for those who would throttle it, I am eligible to change my mind and tactics.

So far I have not "gone down the line" for the tactics of the C.L.U. I am in favor of their fundamental stand. The same blindness that Baldwin shows toward violations of fundamental freedom in Russia is exhibited here when the resources and the substance of the Civil Liberty Union is so continually devoted to solving Communist conflicts. When two authoritarianisms collide, of course Liberty will always get the worst of it.

One must have regard for the practical probabilities when expressing their instrumentality toward influencing the outcome of any program for social progress. It is impossible to have a finger in every pie that is being made within the realm of realism.

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⑤ Hence discretion has driven me to keep "hands off" and ⁵¹²to refrain consequently even from condemning publicly the frustrated or vitiated program indulged in. But you know how I feel. It is probable that ~~due~~ my ~~is~~ ^{is} guilty of the "sin of omission" by not condemning ~~unaided~~ Rogers policy of vigorously defending Communists everywhere to the extent of consuming the best of their time, energy and resources. Basically it influences the C. I. W. greatly because the great bulk of their support and contributions undoubtedly comes from Communist sympathizers - not from real free speech adherents.

It is not likely that economic support influences Baldwins ideology - but oppositely - his ideology has attracted such support and give it an economic backing. In the ultimate analysis the ideology is the real determining factor of what ever economic system comes into existence. Ideas precede action. Hence ideas precede ^{the} establishment of any economic system - and thereby

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It becomes evident that it is ⁵⁴⁹⁹ the ideology which determines the economic system prevalent at any particular time — rather than that the economic system determines the prevailing ideology.

The factors which determine "economic determinism" are therefore seen to be chiefly psychological. The of course nature furnishes the ~~sub~~ stratum of material ~~phenomena~~ for ~~the~~ the evolution of any particular phenomena.

I suppose we are all prone to find or to see confirmations of our viewpoint. Yesterday (Fri 9/6/35) U.S. exhibited an excellent example in the two letters published thru out the country. One from Roy W. Howard Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Hearsts — Howard chairman of independent newspapers to Pres. Roosevelt and the President's answer.

Here attitude originating from ideas — not from "economic interests" evidently determines actions. The final result is that even those monopolists who have the most to gain from stabilizing this capitalist system are

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5500

G) the greatest beneficiaries of a program that the view with alarm as too revolutionary. Our American system of economics will persist because of the persistence of certain ideas, will carry thru. The ideas that successfully persisted in Russia determine the existence and continuance of a very different system. If I must make a choice I choose U.S.A. where I have the liberty to change my boss - from one little monopolist to another - rather than to be compelled to submit to the dictates of one big boss. ^{and my monopolist} the U.S.A.

I will try to slip these letters and enclose them for you.

Tell me Emma do you receive the Readers Digest? If not, myself and Sadie, would like to contribute this well condensed "cream of current American literary output" to your intellectual exchequer by subscribing for it to be sent to you. I cannot deny but that it reflects the best U.S. has to offer from its best magazines particularly.

Now about your selling Bon Espoir - "for the sand sake" - by which I mean your own - don't do it Emma. Who on earth is any better entitled to have a place to lay her head than you are? So hang

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5801
N on to it as your last bulwark
in this world of fleeting change.
France is unlikely to initiate real estate
deeds - but U.S. has initiated all con-
tracts payable in gold coin - a most
astounding action. If your friends are
so greatly influenced by Communist
ideology that they are disinclined to
bulwark you against want - as your
letters seem to suggest - you better
cling to that retreat as your most
assured haven of rest.

I am tremendously pleased to know
that it is yours. ~~and sales alone~~
I thought you were paying rent all
the time (or at best somebody extended
you the opportunity to use it). But
so long as it is yours - keep it, re-
gardless of how far afield you may
go gallivanting round about over the
face of the earth. Of course if you
could settle in Canada, then it might
be well enough to sell it. I don't just
sense why Canada seems so backward
to you. The city of Vancouver where
I spent 5 yrs. was almost as progressive
as if in U.S.A. - indeed, under its rough
for mayor from 1910 to 1915 - it seemed
even more brisk and "up and coming"
than Seattle so far as I could see. But
you love N.Y. and probably love to be
near so that relatives and friends could visit

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I / you occasionally.

5502

Oh Boy, I do wish we could raise that annuity for you and you then could live where you like it best - if you like it anywhere. I suppose this banishment gets your goat, as it probably would mine.

But, buck up, Emma, life has got to be lived altho the Judge told the Hyndman who was preaching on the King's presence that he didn't see that it was necessary, and sentenced him to death. No other, because it could be worse.

I am not so far off as your brother with his shoes, so it seems to me this annuity campaign would have to be managed quietly then calling your friends together in each city & do badly but auction about it.

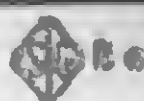
Something has got to be done - or else "forget" you. Anyway tho I have been keeping quiet for a long time & when the critical time comes - which is soon - proper moves must be made to raise money for your "old age" - do less & abandon you to your own devices. I don't know how much help you have had during past few yrs but you have been at least "at your best" to fight the battle. This situation hasn't resulted in you getting your self "secured" somehow? Sincerely
C.V.

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St Tropez Var Sept 4th 35.

Dearest each. As I cooked for two days yesterday I have more time for my correspondence to day. And you being the star correspondent I want to write you at greater length than yesterday before I write anyone else. I just came back from the Sandströms. I went over with Mollie and Senia to give her my gift, a belt I had the girls make for her, and to congratulate her. She was very pleased that I had not forgotten. And she liked the gift very much. The vendange begins Sunday so they are both busy with the preparatory work. Of course, they will come to us to do the vendange when they are through with their which probably will not be until the beginning of the week after next. It takes them about ten-twelve days to do theirs. I don't think we will have so very much because we have been eating grapes for over week. And Senia just gorges himself with them. They are really more delicious this year than before. Or it seems to me so. Of course there will be enough left for the vendange I am sure,

Senia and Mollie plan to run over to Nice early next week, so I will send along another basket of grapes, and figs. The tomatoes ripen very slowly. Of course I am using an awful lot for juice. Senia and Mollie love it so I give the juice for breakfast and that takes a lot of tomatoes. Anyhow they won't be lost. As I suggested yesterday you should invite Mollie and Senia. Its only for two or three days. I am not sure that they will remain in your apt because Monore has sent them an invitation. But it will make them feel good to have one from you andummy. So write them dear.

The more I thought of that pharmacist the angrier I got. Isn't it awful how inefficient and downright stupid French medical people are? Doctors, dentists or pharmacists they are all antedeluvian. The idea of saying the bite of a guape in the mouth or on the tongue is not dangerous. I tell you your experience gave me an awful shock. I shall not rest until I know its all over and the swelling has gone down. You must keep rinsing your mouth with salt water. If I mistake not you also have a mouth wash. See that dear. Well, I can not understand how the damned gupes remained alive in the compot. Anyway, its really awful the way things happen to you. When you keep telling me I worry too much. You forget that you are my mainik. Now can I help worrying.

My dear, my dear, your remarks about living together surprises me. You seem to have forgotten that that was always my view point, not only about living together in a house but also about being constantly in one room. But dear it was I. and also you who thought everything would go smoothly. Gradually, I also believed in it with all my heart. I have never before come back from a tour with so much hope and anticipation not to speak of my yearning for harmony. And I am sure both I. and you looked forward to my coming. I had hoped that you would both understand and make allowance for the fact that I had gone through 17 months of hell and a bitter struggle to ~~xxxxxx~~ overcome the awful inertia that met my work and our ideas. Granted that I created a depressing atmosphere. Don't you think I was entitled to some consideration, a more comprehensive attitude, a little bit more patience? Well, seeing day by day

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now little interest you showed in anything concerning me or my state of mind and ~~now~~ ~~in~~ every word I said and every look were weighed and measured and round wanting, my misery and loneliness increased and the situation grew more unbearable.

You say our friendship never had or will be effected by little things and that sometimes one feels closer being separated by distance than when one is near. That's all very well in theory dear dush. In actual life one does want to feel the warmth of those to whom we have been dedicated during one's whole life. You will grant me Sasha dearest that I am not the woman who wants the man, whether lover or friend, to slubber over her in a demonstrative way, or to be told so many times a day how much she is cared for. But one does want an occasional kind word, or a tender touch, or the ~~XXXXXX~~ assurance that one really means something in the life of another. I am sure you are not even aware of the fact that we actually saw ~~it~~ each other at meals and on rare occasions for an hour on the terrace. For the rest I remained in my room for days and weeks left to ~~my~~ brood and the inner struggle to find my bearings, always alone and to myself. It was not a question of "disatisfaction". It was out of me to say that. It was restlessness created partly by my inability to get drunk out of my mind, and partly it was the bitter disappointment that after 17 months ~~and~~ found neither time to spare for me, or interest in anything that concerned me. ~~XXXXXX~~ I am convinced if you had given me some thought you would have found it perfectly all right that after 17 months of intensive activity my life in bon esprit with you and L. and yet more separated than when three thousand miles were between us ~~was~~ was bound to make me lonely and restless. But you are neither observant in such ~~XXXXXX~~ cases or thoughtful. And I am not one to impose myself even on you my dear.

Sure dear heart I had no intention of writing my book until R.'s translation would be completed. What bearing could that have on your effort to talk over the book? Besides, we knew definitely while in Nice that the translation is off. You were alone with me and there was a chance to broach the book. Or when we returned here. But not a word or a sign of the least interest did you demonstrate. Of course, of course I knew you would help when the time comes. But that is not the point. It's not the physical help important as it is to me that counts. It is the spiritual, the friendly encouragement one needs to even begin writing. You yourself need that always. And I do. Have I ever waited for you to come to me with anything you were to write? Have I not always given you my whole interest, suggestions, encouragement? I ~~deserve~~ deserve a medal for that. I did and always will do it with my whole heart. I am sure you too ~~will~~ are ever ready to give me all the help in your power. But it is something else dush, something that is not so tangible. Anyway you made me feel that you did not care one way or the other.

You say I could not write with many people around me. That is great news indeed. Can you name me any time when I did not take care of many people while writing or preparing lectures? When I wrote my Essays, I not only took care of five people, Moe, Beckie and whoever came along, but I also kept myself ready and at your disposal while you were writing your Memoire. When I wrote my drama book I took care of our large house full of people, I lectured I carried the brunt of M.E. office. When I wrote "Disillusionment" I had you a

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and Arthur to look after and all the Russian comrades who spent much time in the apt. And when I wrote L.M.L I had Denny, Mollie and later Stella, David and you to cook for. I would not know what happened if I ever had someone to look after me when I write. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ What is more I don't think any woman unless she can afford maids gets care when she does creative work. That is the right of your Jane Darric. When you write you have either me or Amy, or both. You are as nervous as a cat, and as difficult to please. But you never could understand that I should be out of sorts when I write and have the ménage to look after. It happens that I don't mind physical labor, or cooking. I mean what I say. My fatigue this time had nothing to do with the cooking. It had to do with 17 months lack of sleep which had to be made up, and it had to do with my mental state. Now when there is harmony and affection

~~amx~~ I can read until early morning and yet feel refreshed. For you see those surrounding me now do not expect me to be superhuman. They make allowance for my moods as I do for theirs. Anyway, housework has always been a relief for me from the strain of writing.

However we need hardly discuss the book any more. It is too late for this year. When I realized that the venture means nothing to you I also realized that I could not possibly spend this winter in Nice. I dislike the damned town in the first place, and I do not know a soul there outside of Nellie and she will be leaving soon. Of course you and A. are there. But after the experience here I would not more dream of imposing myself on her than I would on someone less near to me. You and she need a lot of rest, you tell me that ever so often and quiet. And I am too energetic, I regret to say, to break in on your peace. What sense ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ then to live in Nice? Anyhow, it is too late about the book. I have written the comrades in England that I can come in Nov. They are planning some meetings for that month. So I will have to go. Next spring if we still have Bon Esprit I will try seriously to write. Whether I will succeed I don't know. I have treated most of the important people in L.M.L. I don't really know how I can use the same material. Of course I feel morally bound to deliver a book. We have been living from the money collected for that purpose. I will have to make good, but there is no hurry.

My, dear, my dear I don't want you to take this letter in the sense of recrimination. In the last analysis all that happened or did not happen here since my return is really merely contributory. The fundamental reasons for my state of mind are the episode with Frank and my return to America. I had completely given up the idea of anything personal in my life...and even more so my return to the States. Frank awakened a fierce longing for a bit of a personal life. Not that I expected him to devote himself entirely to me. I knew he was tied and to a woman whom I would not hurt for anything in the world. But just the thought that Frank could be with me for part of the time and me long fiercely for that chance to have something I had never had before. Complete union, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ understanding and supreme expression of my whole being,

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mental, spiritual and physical. It was stupid of me I admit to hope for that. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ and the amount of time I had since my return to brood over the whole matter made me see how very idiotic the expectation of anything personal in my life was. On the other hand was my return to America and the realization what I had lost and how utterly impossible it has been for me to acclimatize myself to Europe. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Well, not having the one or the other brought me face to face with the fact that I MUST DEVOTE THE REST OF MY LIFE TO SOME FORM OF ACTIVITY. THAT MY PLACE IS MOST ASSUREDLY NOT IN THE HOME. You are too worldly wise not to know that one must have something in life to cling to, a person we love, some creative interest, some people are content with a dog or a cat. Well, I cling to my past and my work because I have nothing else and NO ONE ELSE. NOT YOU EITHER. You see old scout I am frank with you and myself. There is no ~~fault~~ fault of course on any one's part, but all put together brought about the situation not even you understand. Much less could E. who had been so eager to do things for me, and had found me an impossible person to love with.

I have a lot to do this month to get ready for my departure early in Oct. My notes to look over and arrange for use in England, my clothes to put in order and to leave everything in order here before I turn the place over to Ann. I will therefore not have time to come to Nice. Of course I want to see you and also before I go away, but if it 'not to be it will' have no effect on my affection for you my dear. I have in the past I hope and will now face painful emergencies. There is nothing else to do.

Now well I know how missing comes help to 'confuse' but poor me has no right to blame Kapp when my comes are usually in the wrong place. I am glad the matter with the L.A. money is straightened out. But it is so irresponsible of the comrades not to write when they send money. That would do away with many misunderstandings.

I am glad Rudolf has begun his autobiography. Writing to him is like making blintzes to me, but harder to digest I fear. I wrote him and Lily last week. I am delighted they got six months. I am sure he will make good on the coast.

Goodby dearest Wash.

Devotedly, your sailor

Emma

The girls are going to the plage first and then to the village. I hate to give them L.'s underwear to the plage. I am going down in the morning so I will send off the parcel myself and also a letter to L. which I will write, this afternoon. Give her my love meanwhile.

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THE COMMUNIST, BOLSHEVIST AND ANARCHIST (A COMPARISON)

Have looked over the copy. It is OK.

It has about 7,000 words and will make a nice brochure.

Look over the changes I have made (very few). If satisfactory, -- may be you also want to add or subtract something -- than E. could type it clean, in several copies. Let me know how many copies needed.

SOME REMARKS:

Everywhere the word Bolshevik used; except in the title where Bolshevism appears. I consider Bolshevism a wrong formation: a Russian word with an English suffix. Bolshevik is to be preferred. But in the title, after the word Communist, Bolshevik does not sound as CLEAR as Bolshevism. For that reason we might let it stand as it is.

In several places you speak of "16 years after the Revolution". NOW it is already 18 years after the Revolution (eighteen), and it may be 19 by the time the pamphlet is published. So I have referred to "almost two decades" since the Revolution.

There is a place where bread rations are referred to. That system has been changed and the bread cards abolished. May be some note should be taken of it.

G.P.U. has also been changed; rather, the name changed, but in that case we can let the name stand, because it is well known that the so-called Internal Dept. is only another name for the G.P.U.

On page 23, bottom, begins the subject of Anarchist Communism, up to the end. It seems to me that in my original draft there were some passages referring to An. Comm. that are missing in the present script. Particularly at the end of it, I think. I have no copies of it, though. May be you have.

I have here your typed notes on this lecture, and also two other copies of this article, but without the An. Comm. part. Do you need them?

Let me know about all this and then the article could be typed.

Nice
Sept. 4, 1935.

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2 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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St Tropez Sept 4th 35.

My dear, I have been wanting to answer your two letters, the one sent through Eve and the other inclosed in Sasha's. But I have been busy with my guests, Mollie and Senia and a large American mail now everybody is at the plage, and I am alone and undisturbed. I too had intended to go along to the plage, but I woke up with a stiff neck so could not risk it to go into the water. If the weather continues as hot as to day I will get some bathing before the summer is over. So you know my dear I have come to the conclusion that one and by no means the least cause of our mutual irritations was that I stuck in Bon Marit so much, always alone except at meals. The other evening I went with Bella to L'Ancoale. And though it was half empty I quite forgot for two hours all my Zores. I drank two fin a l'eau and danced with Bella and I simply forgot everything. That proved to me that I need some distraction at time even if it is quite innocent and certainly not terribly interesting. After all during the 17 months in Canada and America my life was full of interests. No, not coffee, drink or dancing, except while I was in America. There I used to see some plays, hear music and go out to some of the cafes. While in Canada I was busy all the time. You will agree that it was difficult to plunge down in Bon Marit to be alone in my room most of the time and with absolutely no outlet except cooking for my energies. I am sure that explains to a large extent my depression and rebellion.

My dearest you say you ~~excuse~~ love my gift to forgive. But there was nothing to forgive. You see as long as people are still so wrapped in the old conventional notion that whatever unpleasant ~~injury~~ happens in their lives is due to someone else they find it easy to blame the other and throw ~~anxious~~ it so much more convenient to consider oneself ill white and unchuldig and the other the villain. Well, I have long ago emancipated myself from that. I realize that people do not choose to be good or bad. They are that by virtue of their peculiar make up. They can not help being themselves. Now having stood for the freedom of human beings to the right to be themselves I can not very well find them guilty if their selves jump my nerves. ~~Or~~ Nor can I feel guilty if I jar them. I know that you had intended our life in common should be harmonious. I also know that I wanted it to be that and that I promised myself to do my utmost to make it so. Could it be ~~any~~ a great painful experience that nothing came of ~~our~~ ~~best~~ ~~intentions~~. And I ~~regret~~ ~~pitifully~~ ~~heart~~. But that does not mean that I blame you for the failure, and though blaming you ~~am~~ ~~not~~ I "harmoniously" forgive you. That is nonsense dear. ~~So~~ ~~not~~ do I deserve ~~personal~~ credit for it. I wish I could put you at ease that it was not anything you did which added to my depressed state of mind. And I wish you would believe me that I never meant to hurt you in any way, or to be critical. Once you will have that in mind ~~it~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~so~~ ~~difficult~~.

Yes, I know how Susan is about suggestions. "Overth" class I did suggest he should invite Mollie and Senia during their

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 4, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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2.

short visit in Nice. They only intend to be there a few days and
more has also invited them. I don't know yet when they will go,
perhaps early next week. Of course they are coming back here to remain
with me until the end of the month.

Thank you my dear for inviting me to come with
them to Nice. I fear I can not do it. You see I have an awful lot to
do this month to arrange my MSS and not a that I mean to take along
to England, look over my wardrobe and do over so many other things
among which considerable reading of new works I will have to discuss
will take much time. Of course I shall feel rotten to go away for
the winter without seeing you and Sasha again. I wish I knew how
it might be arranged for us to meet again. Perhaps a way will be
found. Just at present I am very busy with a lot of things. I have
to keep up a large correspondence with England in re my tour and
of course the house though I have four helpers now. Next in I only do
the cooking. One thing I want you to know I had not intended to
go away from Sasha and you so soon. And it will be with much pain
in my heart when the time for my departure comes.

Dearest A. I am sending you the underwear our
sweet comrade Jeanne Levey bought for you. I hope they fit and
you will like them. Please, please dear don't ever sell them. And
will you write Jeanne, her address is 36 South State Street
Chicago Ill. It is too bad about Sasha's wonderful woolen under
wear. For some unaccountable reason Jeanne bought size fifty. Im
agine for our frail Sasha. Its ridiculous. Well, they will be
taken back by the friends who took them along to France. And J. will
send the right size.

I am very sorry indeed to hear about your
mother. What is she suffering from? Yes, one is almost afraid to
open letters from dear ones. There are so many frightful things happen-
ing. That with Ruth. It lies like a nightmare on my mind. And
lovely Florence Capen all disfigured. My dear, my dear in the face of
such calamities how can you say you look "nice". Its nonsense
really. I dare say your last attack has affected you, but I am sure
in a little while you will be your old attractive kid again. So
don't get new false notions.

Everything you sent from the uniprix was alright.
Of course I did not want Eve burdened too much with sugar and
soap. I only had that in mind in case somebody would have brought
her by car. As you see the ribbon is also not grande chose. I will
therefore have to finish now. Sasha will have another look to night.

Goodby my dear. Do not work too much since it
is not good for you.

With love.

Isn't it awful about Sasha's latest experience. The druggist whom
you saw is a fool. A bite on the tongue is very serious.
I hope Sasha is really alright again. Please tell me.

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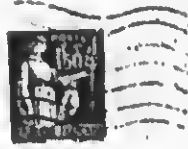
The Emma Goldman Papers

810519107

[Envelope, 1935] Sept. 4, St. Tropez [to] Rose Pesotta, New York / E[mma]
G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 16 × 22 cm.

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RECEIVED
Cherbourg, 4. September



Miss Rose Pesotta
I.L.G.W. Union.
5 West 16th Street
New York City
State Union.

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[Envelope, 1935] Sept. 4, St. Tropez [to] Rose Pesotta, New York / E[mma] G[oldman].— 2 p. ; 16 × 22 cm.

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A.C. Colton, non esprit
St. Tropez var
rance.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 5, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St Tropez Sept 5th 35.

Dearest Sam, This morning Senia and I went to the village to do some marketing and also to send you a wire. I also mailed a letter to E. which contained Modskas wire that reached me around seven last night. I would have sent the wire without spending money on a telegram to you, but one cannot depend on the damned postoffice. And I wanted you to know in time that Modest is actually coming. I must say he is a sport to attempt the trip after his operations. I hope there will be no evil results. Anyway, I wired you.

I inclose a not to Modska which will reach him just as quickly through you than if I sent it to the boat. I will have to know just about when he intends to come here and if I am to engage the Sahstrom room. Its unfortunate in a way that the vendange begins Sunday and we will be busy with it. Still she said Modest could have the room. I am sure she will not go back on her word. Besides, she will have nothing to do about the room because I will want Modsk to eat with us. But I must know almost immediately after his arrival if he wants the room. It will cost him so much cheaper and he will not be forced to eat stuff he does not like.

About the situation here. So far I have had Eve and Hella in the boudoire. But I have already talked to Eve and she understands that when Modska comes I can not have so many people at the dinner table. The girls will therefore get a room in the village which they can find very cheaply and I will contribute a little towards the food they can well prepare themselves. Besides, you know Eve. She always finds someone to help her. She discovered and a woman who lives here four years, has a house and has invited the girls to come to her. I don't know whether it is merely for the day or a long visit. Anyhow, Even will arrange her affairs somehow. She is too sensible not to understand. In other words Modska will not be annoyed by too many people, only Senia and Mollie and they keep much to themselves. I suggest you say nothing to him about Even's presence. She will not be in Bon Esprit when he comes. But I must have word Monday morning when he plans to be here.

Naturally, if you have Modska you can not have Mollie and Senia, nor is it necessary. They had decided to stay with Nonore anyway. They are uncertain when they will go to Nice. They are so enchanted with Bon Esprit they want to stay here as long as possible before making a break. They will arrange next week and when we know when Stai comes, also if you plan to come along.

Dear heart the underwear could not possibly shrink to your size unless it were boiled and woollens can not be boiled without being ruined. No, the Halperines will have to take your suites back and Jeanne will send you the real size. It is a pity because I specifically stated your size. Yes, mine fit though they are not the kind I wanted. But they will do. Emmys are beauties. I sent the size which Jeanne got. I hope they will fit. I had planned to send them by mail. But Mollie suggested she would take them along. Well, E. must be impatient to see them. So perhaps I will send them to day register. You might suggest to E. if they should be too small it would be well to give them to Mollie. I hope though they would fit. Jeanne insists she would not take money for what she had sent. And I have also

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[Letter, 1935 Sept. 5, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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insisted that I would pay. I do hope it's will fix for they are really beautiful.

Dear Ben, you gave all kinds of places where you might have left the hose except the real place the hole near the pump. Benia discovered it. The large hose is torn to bits. We got some plaster and Benia will fix it to day. He is strong and already feels stronger than when he came. He has been watering the plants. The tomatoes ripen very slowly. I had a lot for tomatoe juice which everybody here loves. Now there are only green ones because it has not been very hot. In a day or two I will have more. I am sure. Anyhow they have to be watered. And Benia loves to do it. Mollie has fixed the new ribbon and has cleaned my machine while I was at the market. As you see it works. Allwell far lung.

Dear I did not know that Peyrabhe sells package of coffee with lottery tickets. It is only eighty centimes more than without the tickets. So I got one yesterday and here is the ticket. It's only a hundred part. Still eighty centimes are not much of an investment. If you want me to I will get my coffee with the tickets always, and I let you have them.

About the Communist MSS. I think I shall send it to Milly Desser for final typeing. I don't like E. Burdened. Only make the corrections in your distinct writing so Milky will make no mistake.

With love,

I got your letter of the 8rd, with note to M. and S. Also Posledni. Am sending the Fr. Arb. Stimme in the box for E.

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[Letter, 1935] Sept. 5 [Nice to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Thursday P.M. Sept. 5th [1935]

Dear, this morning came your letter of yesterday, and an hour or two later came your wire re Modeste's arrival.

Well, I assume that the Rex will arrive at Villefranche Sunday morning. Anyhow, I am going down to the ship office to make sure, tomorrow or Sat.

In that case Modu will stop off in Nice, but you'd better write in his last to me that he will have to attend to his return ticket or soon as he arrives.

Besides, may be he will want to stop in Monaco, but I don't know, can never tell about M. Anyhow, I offered that he stay with us, for a day. But he will probably prefer a hotel as that extra bed of ours is nothing very soft and will probably, with all M., though I sleep on it most of the time.

Well, he can get a hotel room now for 15-20 fr. per day, and M. will sure prefer it.

In any case, it would be well to make some arrangement about the coming of Senya & M. You wrote they would come to Nice "early next week." That may mean Tuesday or Wed., just when M. M Y BE HERE. Since I will have to give him considerable of my time, it will be better that S. & M. make some other arrangements. Would be better if they come when M. is gone to St. Tr.

In the first place, I want to spend time with S. & M. Besides, in case M. does want to stay here, there would be no room for S. & M. I offered S. & M. to stay here, though I am afraid there is really no room for two. But in case of necessity we could arrange it.

But the best time for S. & M. to come could not really be determined till Modu is here, for then I will know how long he means to stay here, in Nice.

And in St. Tr? Have you arranged with the Band. for a room for M. & M. or will he stay in a hotel? I wonder if he has written.

Now, if S. & M. come right AFTER M. leaves here, then I'd wait here for them and they'd go down together with them when they go to St. Tr. again. If not, then I may go down together with M. to St. Tr.

At any rate, I mean to return yet to Bon Esprit this summer. To see you there, to help you pack things, to see if things here are really necessary, etc. After that, if Modu is here, for the upper thing is no good at all. E. would probably remain here.

Well, when M. arrives and I find out his plans, then I will let you know and then it would be best to arrange about Senya & M. visiting here. That is, of course, unless they have made definite plans with Honore.

Can't write more now. Everything OK here. But the real contents of your last letter will write separately later.

Affect.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927106

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 5, St. Tropez [to] Rose [Bernstein, Montreal] / E[mma] G[oldman]. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var Sept 5th35.

13929

Dearest Rose,

I got your letter some time ago. I was terribly sorry to learn that you continue to be so miserable. I hope with all my heart that you got over most of your ills this summer. You will see by the inclosed copy of my letter to the Langbords that while myself have been in good health I have had one shock after another from my family and Sasha was also quite ill. I have almost given up hopes for a restful or peaceful time in my life.

You will also see by the inclosed that I am going to England to lecture for this winter. And that there is a possibility for my return to Canada. I know you at least will be glad to hear that.

My dear if I had not been notified by the bank I would have known nothing about what had become of the money collected in the city. I have had not a word from the Zahlers since I sailed. I have heard from not one except Miss Goldstein, Gussie Jaffee, Mrs. H. Stark. But it is alright. It was most discouraging at first so quickly forgotten. But one gets used to the strange ways of friends.

I hope my dear that you are very much improved and will begin your winter's work with new strength and energy.

My love to Meyer, Gustel, Bertha and the boys. I will write to the Weinsteins and all those who have not quite forgotten me.

Devotedly

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916096

[Letter, 1935 Sept. between 6 and 10, Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 10 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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10320

My adored Emma:

I got your letter yesterday. Evidently mine had not reached you when you wrote it. I have two on the way. The first should have reached you by this time. The second will arrive before this one. Any way, if I had not heard from you I would have had to write you immediately about my trip to the colony. I spent the week end there but did not remain as I thought I might. I may try to go there for awhile later, perhaps for a month if they will have me though I have not spoken to them about it. I would offer to teach, of course, as every one there works. One woman wanted to maneuver to get me a permanent job there. She is especially anxious to have her child learn French. She thought I would be the right person. That I decline as to live in such a place permanently would be a living death for me. I am all for collective work and equal distribution of goods but collective or communal living is something I could scarcely abide for any length of time. I want for myself individual living with particular reference to taste and peculiarities. That I want for every one, at least, for all those who want it. My ideal would be to have work become more collective and other aspects of life become more individual.

We had a conference the re to discuss constructive Anarchist propaganda. I earnestly, let me tell you about the conference before we talk of the colony. I want to take it that way because I want to keep the conference and the colony as far as possible separate. Then, I feel the need to explode about the conference while my impressions of the colony are vague and not to be trusted. I was not there long enough and purposely refrained from forming any opinion in so short a time.

The conference was the most futile performance I ever in my life attended. That Anarchist society could be so meek, so harmless, so devoid of spirit is something that I could not have believed, still could be convinced that I had not heard. Such remarks from John and others as, "After this, the main work of the Anarchist movement will be these cooperatives and self help groups," or, "This conference is not met to discuss the revolutionary labor movement. Our subject is constructive Anarchist propaganda," and this I do remember from John, "I think it ought to be up to individual comrades whether or not they want to go into the labor movement or not. I cannot advise a comrade on that." Then, he continues with his cooperatives and self-help groups in which we were all presumably to be interested.

I spoke Saturday night at an open meeting for the colony. We called it Anarchism and the modern world. As usual, our Bolshevik friends were there and the discussion hinged chiefly on Russia. One of these times at a meeting, I am going to refuse to discuss Russia.

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I will take the props out from under them by saying that while I disagree with the Russian policies, Russia is going her own way and that I am not concerned with the problem but with the direction of the revolution here in America. Anyway, that is a side issue just here. The regular conference began Sunday afternoon when John opened it to set the tone and said nothing at great length. That is, he talked all around Robin Hood's barn about the time when the present world and the bad way in which the anarchist movement finds its end. His solution was that we must lead the Anarchistic life and by our example, show the people what Anarchism is, all well and good. One of those things with which no one can disagree, a training at the obvious. Our way of showing the world is by cooperatives, starting stores and apartment buildings in the cities, organizing the unemployed along those lines, etc. Few comrades could always form a group for buying or renting or general living. All of this is true and I have no quarrel with it. Several of her comrades spoke along the same line without specific information as to methods of organization but with obvious variation along the same line. My friend Yelenski spoke. His main thesis was that Anarchists lack moral responsibility and self-discipline. "Tell us to discipline ourselves if we are to convert others." In the middle of Yelenski's speech, some one in the audience made a remark out loud, a harmless enough remark but poor Yelenski's loss of temper that he had to stop his speech and take a smoke to collect his thoughts. Meanwhile, he barged off the man with insults in a way scarcely conducive to the Anarchistic life or to self-discipline either. Mention this particularly to fit into what happened later, in the evening. Please remember, like Yelenski. He is a splendid comrade, very dependable and my way is to try never to lose consciousness of the fine things in people because of their weaknesses or mistakes. The n, saying comrade about twenty years old, Grant Lawry, they call him "Hitler" spoke. He lives in the colony. He has been with the Vanguard group in New York. He has some of the dogmatism of youth. He is truculent but he is a marvelous speaker and an ardent revolutionist. He said that an important event had just occurred, that the I. W. W. has just decided by a national referendum to become part of the I. W. W. M. that that puts a labor movement into the laps of the Anarchists, gives us material to work with on the fighting front. He asked the conference to pass a resolution endorsing in that the I. W. W. and to discuss means of cooperating with them. His suggestions met with the coldest corn. Every possible

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10314

31.

Every possible parliamentary excuse was offered and every circuitous argument used to shelve that issue.

One comrade gave a sermon on brotherly love that should be an Sunday School text. A woman whispered to me, "You know, that comrade speaks seven languages." And does not think in any, I was told. I spoke. I said that I very much and the new, when I think of the plight of our movement, it gives me indigestion but that then, something like the ringing speech of my young comrade from the east raises my heart. I said that as far as I am concerned, the main activity of the anarchist movement is encouraging the masses to revolt and to direct revolution. I said that I had been in favor of cooperatives for a long time but that I favored the machine as a revolutionary weapon. I suggested that there is always danger of their going bourgeois, that at least, they can teach us the mechanism of voluntary cooperation and that if they can be kept from reaction, they can furnish a splendid weapon. That is, strike always need money. The cooperative should help to provide it. They could furnish funds for propaganda. They could furnish money to buy armaments should we need them. I said that I was more peeved about our bringing in matters entirely extraneous to the conference. The anarchist propaganda, not the labor movement. Arthur Weinberg Yelenski said he phew then spoke. You may remember him. He is about twenty, works with the Junior "Bliss" and edit their little paper the Young recruit. He works in the "W. W. W." as an outspoken anarchist and is a fine young rebel. He said, "I see that the reason two tendencies in this conference. One is the spirit of age and feebleness. One is the spirit of youth and with it includes Dr. Heiner. I must admit that that pleased me, notwithstanding about being young. It was having the confidence of the young people and being in the spirit. Arthur pleased with the to accept the resolution. They discovered that at the conference, they were not delegatized by their groups, they could not pass any resolutions, it was merely an information get together, to discuss constructive anarchist propaganda. They had not drafted a resolution but had a list of suggestions. After dinner, four of us met, "Fifty," Arthur Weinberg, Patricia Lavine a brilliant girl of whom I may have spoken to you, and myself. We had only about ten minutes but we drafted a resolution of which I will send you a copy when I can get one but notwithstanding this letter. It was to the effect that since the purpose of anarchism is the emancipation of humanity and since its

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10715

4.
itsschieff concern iss with the oppre sse d mas sess, the be s ti
way to r each the m is to partic ipate in their s truggle.
Thattassthis conference is met to dis cussa constructive
Anarchist propaganda, the mostie ffective p ropaganda isst the
endo rse me nt of the I. W. W. in the ir pre sent stand and
the disoussion of ways and means to coe rate with the m.
Thattiss notthe re solution. It is just my p arap hrase
but itt was short and to the point. Arthur pre sented the
re s solution at the evening session. Thattsshal l we
do with this re solution," said the chairman. "Throw it
in the waste ba sket," says Yelens ki. Then Arthur
spoke defendg it; his uncle broke in on him the very
thing which had almos t cause d him a pople xy t hatt after-
noon. Arthur hass spirit though. He said, "Com r ade
Ye lenski, I am talking. You can talk whe n I ge t through."
Ye lenski did talk whe n he gott troug h, he littling and
p atronizing him, saying that Art hur had just come up to
the colony to show off to play a child's game. Arthur
said, "Once I am a child, I le t me ask a child's h
que stion. How iss itt hat this conference can discus s
any phase of Anarchist propaganda e sce pt the labor
move me nt?" The re were many e xcuses. It was discover
discovered that it is not ne ces sary, not Anarch istic to
pas s re s solutions, that we alway have worked with the
I. W. W. and the labor move me nt. "Ty make a noise aboutt
ittat this conf ere nce. The whole attitude toward the
young pe ople was of p as and m as putting t hem in
the ir place. How many time shaw I heard Anarchistss
be lly-aching t hat the y have no youth move me nt. God
God, how do they e xpect to have a youth move ment iff the y
do t heir be s t to kill it. After the e ve ning session,
one old comrade came up to me and said, "Mr. He iner,
I am ssurprised that you would allow yourself to be s le d int to
ssuch a conspiacy." I said, t he only conspiacy in whic
I am e ngaged, iss the s ocial re volution..
The ne xt day's session was a fute and flatule n ttas
t the previous s ones. Except for a few remarks on a s pecific
point, I did not s pe ak any more. In convers ation, however,
nott se cret conversation, I le t coz cost come ntss fly
in all directions, that I was sorry the governme nt had nott
known of the conference as Washington would have been e n
e nthus iastic, that it was s so harm les s that iff se cret
se rvice me n had been as s igne d to watch us, t hey would
certainly losse their jobs, t that our projectss could very we l l
be adde d to the E. F. O. e merge ncy education al
pr ogram of the governme nt, that Mr ss To o sse ve llt would
have been delight ed to join uss and would p rrobably have
baked uss a cake. I calle d itt the confere nce off the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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10516

5.
I called it the conference off the Philosophic Anarchists.
I spoke off the tire d'and retire d'Anarchists.
It was, in truth, a civilized bourgeois travesty.. All through,,
though,, I managed to keep friendly relations with Comrade
Kohn who certainly was the leading spirit off that pathetic
conference.. I liked Comrade Kohn.. I felt that I must
always try to view a personality as a whole,, never to
denounce or demolish a human being for some deplorable
expression which is but one side off the picture.
Sitting with me on a bench out under the trees Sunday mornings,
he talked to me with a kind of gentle wistfulness off how
complicated life is and of what baffling problems are present
relations present. He may be compromising and opportunistic
in a way but I think that is more a matter of temperament
than it is baser motive.. From the best opinion I
could contact there, he has been honest and well intentioned
in his dealings with the colony.. As you no doubt know,
when he was accused again and again off dictatorship,, he
re signed and suggested that the opposition run things..
They did for two days but could not keep it up. He is there
because he is the only person they have with the ability
to transact the necessary business.. But I must keep
the colony and the conference separate.. To the little
I can say about the colony in a moment. The conference
gave me a mixture off depression and hope.. I was depressed
more by what was not said than by anything said, by the lack
off revolutionary spirit. I was related though by the
stand off the young people and by the knowledge that there is a
growing nucleus off brilliant and ardent young people devoted
to the Anarchist cause.. That is what really counts

I hope you will not have too much trouble
reading this as I forgot I was writing. It seemed like
talking to you and I hope the results on paper will not be
too disastrous.. As to the colony, we went there determined
not to form an opinion in so short a time.. When I spoke
Saturday evening, attempts were made by some of the
audience to make me commit myself on the politics of the
place.. One asked me how I would run an Anarchist colony,
that is, what suggestions I would make for running it.
I told him that I have no experience with colonies and that
I am not competent to speak on the subject. They have
many problems. They have to work very hard.. Their means are
limited. There is the problem of petty people many of whom
worked at sedentary occupations being suddenly trans-
planted to laborious farm work. There is the problem of
people living constantly close together, too close not to
get on each other's nerves. Such a group is therefore no
criticon off what Anarchist life could be in a organized
Anarchistic line. There is fiction.. I dare say
there are abuses more arising from the situation and different
differences of opinion than from evil intent. No doubt,,
No doubt, there is some coercion.. That too arises from

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916096

[Letter, 1935 Sept. between 6 and 10, Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 10 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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6.

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I was interrupted in this letter and it is now the next day. Where was I? Oh yes, we were talking about the problems with which the colony was faced, transplantation and people too continuously neighbors getting on each other's nerves. There is probably some abuse of power but arising from immediate situations rather than from any selfish or arrogant spirit. There seems to be coercion on occasions but this too arises directly from situations. Then crops have to be taken out of the field because if it should rain the next day and some individuals feel that their pride has been hurt and have decided to put on or have had a prejudice against working on Sunday, isn't some pressure necessary? Certainly you and I would regret the necessity but what would we substitute? I am sure there have been, that is, I think there have been no instances of real cruelty... may be mistake. Do not take my report for more than it is worth as I am just giving you impressions picked up at random during a very short stay... My information is very limited.

I think that one cause for condemnation of the colony and its administration by some of the comrades there is this. As I understand, the Anarchists recognize a stage of transition from our society to a new and better one. This stage is different is different from that envisioned by the Marxists in their socialized, centralized state which is so miraculously to wither away. Our transition might be thought of as revolutionary syndicalism if we are sure what we mean and insist that it is going in a decentralized libertarian direction. Am I right thus far? You yourself once told me that Anarchism and revolution are quite different as essential as one is to the other. Then, if that is granted, the colony or any colony like it is in a situation some-what resembling a larger community or its component group during the stage of transition. That disappoints some of our comrades and have often fallen into the same error that while they would agree to this idea of off the transition, in their thinking, they put it by and forget about it picturing a harmonious Anarchist society following immediately upon a revolution or adventure in colonization. This is particularly dangerous as the disappointment occasioned by follies and injustices in a colony may lead one to jump to the conclusion that Anarchism has failed if the idea of transition is not born in mind. Picturing the larger society in its revolutionary stage, it is to my notion unavoidable that pressures will be necessary, that coercions will exist for a time, and that injustices will occur. Imagining these groups in their daily activity in factory, mill, etc. one realizes that a group can be as emotional, as unreasonable, as tyrannical as an individual vested with power. Deceit.

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7.

De centralization will be our greatest safeguard. The right and opportunity of the individual to secede from the group is another. In such a community, it would be the function of conscious anarchists to protest against it, to minimize it, to eliminate it as soon and as completely as possible. The important aim during that revolutionary transition, as it appears to me, would be to prevent the system of injustice from rising or a system which makes the perpetuation of injustice the most likely result.

I take it that that is the major evil of Bolshevism, that systematic injustice was erected. I take it that neither you nor I have any of the rest of those who were there with you would have lost faith in the Bolshevism. It happened that here and there, an official was overthrown in German instances an instance of injustice occurred, especially if correction was possible. In instances multiplied, however, the horrible Kronstadt affair culminated in them, you knew that that system would necessarily breed oppression.

Tell me, please, if you agree with me on that idea of transition not necessarily as we could wish. It seems to me to have the merit of explaining difficulties met with in colony ventures, it seems to have authority in anarchist writings including your own, it seems to arm us against disappointment in the distresses which are almost certain to come with larger opportunities.

The people whom I talked to in the colony, though, seemed happy, seemed to want to remain there and my limited impression is that things are going well. I would like to return for a longer time, a few weeks and I may try to do so. The collective living, all having the same meals together etc. would be intolerable to me as a permanent way of life but that is not a criticism of the colony since it is satisfactory to them.

I did things in connection with the colony in which I am not sure that I am right. "Who should I ask but my Goddess. It was this. The only decision arrived at by that paid conference was the appointment of a committee to investigate charges made against the colony in the pages of Man by some of the people who left it, criticism in the Freie Arbeiter Stimme if I am not mistaken, and what the colonists considered an unfriendly and aloof attitude growing in the movement against their venture.

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2.

The committee was made up of representatives of the various groups in the different places. I was asked to represent our group. I declined. I was not asked for an explanation though several people tried to persuade me to accept and I am sure that I am impartial enough to have served without bias. I had several reasons for declining. Colonization is not one of my main interests and while it certainly seems legitimate to me from an Anarchistic point of view, I do not think it is important. More important reason is that if I am to be of any use to the Anarchists I must surely do not make much of my usefulness but speaking without false modesty, of any use, it is as a propagandist. For that reason, I feel that it is imperative to keep clear of factional bickerings and I know that the committee will be deep in them whatever its reports: with the likelihood of plenty of enemies for its pains. This brings me to the last motive which I do not so greatly respect and am confessing to you. I should not be as critical of myself as of others and more so. This motive discovered on probing is an uncertain moral cowardice, a pathologically tendency to regard for people's feelings. I have plenty of moral courage in defending an idea, in flouting a majority, in defying the enemy but a woe full lack of it with my friends. Both the desire to be liked by people and the unwillingness to use the scalpel if necessary on people who treated me kindly filled me with a spontaneous distaste for accepting. I think that my other

A bit of an interruption. I forgot my top coat in the colony. They sent it back with a Chicago comrade who had remained over for a few days. That if my head were not fastened on, I was delighted to find also that this comrade Caplin lives in my neighborhood. Dearest, the Anarchists are the best people in the world which is the reason for my pleasure when another one moves into these parts. I have heard a good deal of grumbling of late about the worthlessess of Anarchists by Anarchists. But they lack my experience with other groups.

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9.

The y forge t what other groups are like . . . ve n you, d
d ar ling, s ometime s , when t he y have b e s i e g e d you
o r r we e r d i e d you with the l r u s e l e s s q u a r r e l s , m y p o o r
s w e e t , f o r g e t h o w l a c k i n g o t h e r g r o u p s a r e b y c o m p a r i s o n
B u t t o r e t u r n t o m y c o n f e s s i o n , i t t h i n k b u t i a m n o t s u r e
t h a t I w a s r i g h t t o d e c l i n e t h e c o m m i t t e e . . T e l l m e
i f f y o u t h i n k s o o r i f y o u t h i n k i t w a s a m i s t a k e . A s t o
m y c h i c k e n - h e a r t e d n e s s a b o u t n e c e s s a r y p e r s o n a l c r i t i c i s m
w o u n d i n g o t h e r p e o p l e , f r i e n d s , s h o w m e , m y d a r l i n g t h a t
t h a t i s s t u p i d a n d c a n b e o v e r c o m e . .

r e f o r e i f f o r g e t , l e a t m e c l e a r u p
t w o p o i n t s w h i c h i t h i n k i h a v e l e f t a l l i t l e v a g u e .
O n e i s t h a t t h e c o m m i t t e e o f i n v e s t i g a t i o n w a s a s k e d f o r
b y t h e c o l o n i s t s a n d t h a t i t w a s n o t i n i t i a t e d b y o u t s i d e
c o m r a d e s . T h e o t h e r p e r t a i n s t o t h e c o m r a d e s . c e r t a i n t o
t h e c o n f e r e n c e . . . o s t o f o u r o u t s t a n d i n g C h i c a g o c o m r a d e s
w e r e n o t t h e r e , w e r e , f o r o n e r e a s o n o r a n o t h e r u n a b l e
t o c o m e . I w o u l d n o t h a v e y o u d o s o m e o f m y b e s t
C h i c a g o c o m r a d e s a n i n j u s t i c e b y n o t k n o w i n g t h a t .
T h e e O l a y s s a n d t h e M a x i m o v s c o u l d n o t n o t i c e o m e . . T h e y
b e e n t h e r e , t h e y w o u l d h a v e c e r t a i n l y p r o t e s t e d w i t h v i
v i g o r a g a i n s t t h e m a s s i v e t h e o r i e s . . . H e a t r i c e s L a v i n e s
w a s o n e o f t h e y o u n g r e v o l u t i o n a r i e s a n d h e r m o t h e r w a s
s t r o n g l y w i t h u s . . . H a d o u r C h i c a g o f o r c e s b e e n t h e r e
o r r m o r e o f t h e y o u n g V a n g a r d i s t s , w e w o u l d h a v e p e r h a p s e
m a d e t h i n g s a l l i t l e m o r e u n p l e a s a n t . . . A s i t w a s , n o
n i m p o r t e . . . W e w i l l d o a s w e l i k e d e s p i t e t h e f o c i l e s . .

There w e r e a h a n d f u l l o f I t a l i a n c o
c o m r a d e s t h e r e f r o m C h i c a g o . . . I d o n o t s h a r e t h e i r
a n t i - o r g a n i z a t i o n v i e w s t h o u g h e m o t i o n a l l y t h o s e v i e w s
a p p e a l t o m e . I d o l i k e t h e i r f i g h t i n g s p i r i t t h o u g h a n d t h e y
t o o k t o m e . M y f a v o r i t e a m o n g t h e m i s o n e , C o m r a d e
A n t o l i n i . H e h a s a b o l d , s e n s a t i v e m i n d a n d a b e a u t i f u l v o i c e
b o t h i n s p e a k i n g a n d s i n g i n g . H e i s t h e b r o t h e r o f E l l a w h o w a s i n p r i s o n w i t h y o u d u r i n g t h e
w a r . I h a d s o m e i n t e r e s t i n g t a l k s w i t h h i m a n d o m u s t
g e t b e t t e r a c q u a i n t e d w i t h h i m . .

O n e o f t h e t h i n g s w h i c h a m u s e s m e b e y o n d w o r d s w i t h t h e
I t a l i a n s i s t h e i r m e t h o d o f s w e a r i n g . I t c o n s i s t s i n c a l l i n g
t h e V i r g i n M a r y s o m e s o m e n a m e . I c a n ' t a c c o u n t f o r t h e
o r i g i n o f t a k i n g i t o u t o n t h e p o o r v i r g i n b u t t h a t s t h e w a y
i t g o e s .

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870916096

[Letter, 1935 Sept. between 6 and 10, Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 10 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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10.

You are undoubtedly familiar with the custom. They will say "Por ca' adonna adonna Vestia." One of the comrades got excited and ended a voluble explosion with "Cucina adonna on of abitch."

There were gorgeous Italian songs. Antolini sang a beautiful song written by Pietro Cori and my favorite "Nel bosco del finto cello" by Volinari's sonnet. There were the line are possibly beautiful Jewish and Russian songs so close to my heart. The "Anarc hisst" March has become a great favorite with me.

I met another old comrade from Cleveland whom you must remember. His name is Carter. He spoke with touching devotion of you and said, "I always felt that the ideal of the super-man is realized in Alexander Berkman. After I had worked with him a little while, I felt that I just couldn't get along without him."

That her interesting person - me - was the daughter of our comrade Chayro. I am vile on the spelling of names. Excuse the undoubted misspelling of this one. Anyway, Helen lives in the colony. Her husband is a fine young fellow Sidney Greenburg. He is a professional agriculturist and manages the farm. He told me charming reminiscences of Krupodkin as she knew them in her childhood. We welcome always every addition to the lore which steepens in the anarchist tradition.

Darling, I have to finish this letter. The Fagins asked me to go out with them this evening and I will be here in a few minutes and I am sadly in need of a shave. How wonderful it was to have you hand me the razor though I knew where it was; just to feel the touch of your hand. How I love you my dearest, my own. My year is long but the goal being definitely there makes it glorious and I have already begun to count the moments. I am going to the Dunes for a week tomorrow but will write immediately on my return. Oh, Goddess, inspiration, woman of my heart, I love you, I love you.

Frank.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 7, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St Tropez Sept 7th35

Dear, For three days we had the most violent mistral we had in years. Especially yesterday, it was more than the mistral, it was a regular tornado, and hot. One was in a sweat all day, but to day it is glorious. No still and the water so calm as if there never had been such violence in nature. That is the beauty about St Tropez. It does get so beautiful and the atmosphere so clear after the mistral. I confess I was glad you and E. were not here the last three days. Especially E. could not have stood it. I am so glad that you do not have the horrible wind in Nice, but for that St Tropez would be a heavenly spot. But one can not have everything.

I can't tell you how much our kids enjoy being here. They think it the most lovable spot and do not even care much to go to the village, or the plage. It will do them a world of good this month of their holiday. They both need rest, peace and good food. They have all that and they gloy in it. I am glad to report that Mollie had no more attacks since the second day when she was here. I hope it may continue. Perhaps all she needed was the rest and the peace both of which she does not have in Paris. She is besieged by people there Senia tells me.

If I wrote Senia and Mollie mean to go to Nice early next week I made a mistake. They never intended to start until they have been rested somewhat, the end of next week, or something like it. There is no hurry as she will come back here for the rest of their vacance after they have been in Nice. In any event they mean to be with you and E. only during the day and with Nonore evenin. You see Nonore works during the day so they would be free to visit with you and E. Senia means to take some photographs in Nice and vicintly. So he will be busy part of the day, and the rest with you and E. They are hping though that you will come here. They feel the place is not complete without you. Of course, I do not agree you know that don't you?

About Modska, it is up to him to decide when he wants to come here. I am sure of getting the Sandstrom room, if he wants it. As I told you I have spoken to her about it and she said alright. It will be a little awkward to come upon the S. now when the vendange ~~is~~ begins tomorrow. But I mean to tell her I will look after the room at their place for E. Until the vendange is over. Anyhow I must have word from Modska whether he ~~wants the room~~ he wants the room. So have him wire me though every wire costs 4,50. Its a nuisance, but it is alright. I sent Mollie over to the Lattitude about a room in case Modska does not want to go to Snad. and wants to be near us. It is forty ~~francs~~ francs a day without pension. Naturally it will be very little at Sand.

About the Communist MSS. I have no suggestions to make except that everything moves so fast in Russia, on paper any way that the essay already seems out of date. Such as their pact with

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France, their attitude to French militarism, their new song of respectability about parents, marriage, the Komsomoltsi. But of course it would mean an entirely new article which I have no intention to undertake, or ask you to do it. Otherwise the old one is alright. I want to send it to Milly Messer to type but as you corrected only the one MS I am afraid to let it go. I will need it for lecture notes in England. I don't remember, is the other copy you took along the same? In that case you may care to make the revision from the copy you sent me. Then we would have two and I could mail one to Milly. Let me know.

You will see by the inclosed from Stella how strange life is. Nancy the son of Kopeloff whom I knew as a small kid and who once wrote on Lincoln for M.K. the head of that psychiatric institute where our unfortunate Ruth is. Of course I am writing him though I am sure whatever can be done for Ruth he will do.

Alte Liebe certainly does not rust. Stella loves you as if you were her own blood, perhaps more. But then you have luck with the ladies always. Dear Stella who has proved a brick in the case of Ruth. Marvelous devotion.

You will laugh over Ben R's letter. You did not know did you that he willed his son to you. He is funny that Ben. I wonder how he imagined we would treat him?

I had two marvelous letters from Frank. I don't mean the personal part that is marvelous in itself. But his general ideas and observation, his descriptive powers. A remarkable report of the Sacco Vanzetti meeting held in Chicago and the speech of Morse Lovett who is the Dean of the Chicago University. The latter gave a lot of new facts in the case, among them that young Rockefeller had contributed 25,000 for the investigation of the Sacco Vanzetti trial. Frank calls it "Capitalist conscience money". And the personal of the commission, Lowell Stratton and Grant. I'll let you read the parts in Frank's letters when we are together again it is most interesting, both in itself and because of my poor blind friend.

I am sorry to hear that your teeth are again not a success. Its simply awful about French dentists. But of course he must insist that the man try once more to make the teeth fit.

I hope the registered package reached M. and that the suites fit. No sings from the Halperines. But they do well not to write me from Russia. If they do not return by the time Modska sails back. I will ask him to take your underwear along and ship it to Jeanne.

Goodby my dear. Have a good visit with Modest. I hope your cold is over and that M. is again feeling better. You silly boy, of course I did not mean seriously that it was worth being bitten by guinea pigs to write so humorously.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 7, St. Tropez [to Emilie Coops, The Hague, The Netherlands] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 7th 35.

Dear, dear friend. Pardon the delay in answering your letter of May 27th. I had hoped to get to it much sooner. But so many unpleasant things have happened since my return from Canada I simply had to cut down my correspondence. It is more continued depression than lack of time. But today I definitely decided to write you, so here I am.

I am so glad to learn that you are back in your own schauung. I had been telling you about moving in with members of your family into one house that it will not work. The older I grow the more convinced of the necessity of ones own corner. Indeed I have come to the conclusion that the greater the love between relatives the greater the need of living apart. I even go further, I think every grown person should have his her own home, or apartment. No matter how no interfering parents and ~~child~~ children, or man and wife and they can not escape intrusion and invasion. Of course, I know some quarters are impossible now. Many millions have not even separate rooms or beds. But one of the charms of anarchism to me is the possibility it holds out for separate homes and the sanctity of privacy for the individual. I don't mean that anarchism does not prosper in communal homes as well for those who want them and are temperamentally propensious. But for very sensitised people crowding in the a torture. Especially with ones relations. I am delighted to be free to know that you have your own place. I am sure you, or does not feel such relief.

I know nothing about the Silvio Gesell theory, but I do not think it can solve the intricate social problem though it may be a more pleasant one than the dictatorship. I find all such ideas as Gesells and others are excused from the inevitable which is a fundamental rooting up of all our institutions. The colony for children is another matter. But here too there is the danger of Schablonenhaftigkeit. Unless a new approach to education is like Francisco Ferrers. I dare say you know about him and his venture. He was killed by the Catholic Church and the Spanish government because his marvelous schools threatened their foundation. Nevertheless I am keenly interested in the experiment you wrote me about. Let me know how it works.

About myself you will realize all there is to know from the inclosed copies of recent letters. Since I did not get started on my new book I have decided to go to England for the winter to lecture. I do it mainly because of the anti fascist and anti war work I will be able to do there. You see England is the only country that can not expell me because I am a British subject. All the government can do is to lock me up if my work should be considered too threatening. Well, that will not be the first time. Besides, I see small difference between prison in four walls and the frightful ~~situation~~ fortress the whole world represents. And I need something to buck up my spirit. Prison usually does that for me. At least it makes me feel that my life is not wasted. So I am going to England early in Nov. I shall leave here by the middle of next month for Paris.

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 7, St. Tropez [to Emilie Coops, The Hague, The Netherlands] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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While Don Esprit, St Tropez is my permanent address I can be reached more directly after Oct 15th c/o the American Express Co. 11, rue Scribe Paris. Then after Nov 8th c/o Mme L. Koldofsky 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue London W.11

Please give my kind greetings to Mr Coops and my love to the girls. I am so glad they are doing well, each one in her own way.

Affectionately

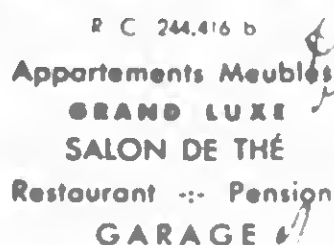
P.S. Very dear comrades and friends of mine Dien and Ton Meelis whom I met in Toronto are visiting his parents in the Haag. I wrote Mrs Meelis to try and get in touch with you. They are both charming people and they can tell you much about my activities in Canada. They are also Dutch.

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TELEPH. : VAUGIRARD 70-63
70-66 1 1 6 4 1

193

Paris, le 8. 7

My dear Deacon, you have doubtless by now
perceivably, not having got any news from you
for several months, been anxious to know what
the matter is with me. Here you see Francisco took
it. He seemed to separate when we got, my dear
Deacon, I was not a "rock" for you

[illegible]

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[Letter, 1935] Sept. 7, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Angelica Balabanoff].— 2 p.; 13 x 21 cm.

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A few messages, a conversation with Sam Gold, I wanted me to send my
Memorandum to an English publisher, who seems to be inclined to
publish and suggest some modifications which I would have suggested
myself. I shall write him and see what he will say. I shall
also write to the publisher. If something will come out of this story
I shall be able to. I can find out to some chapters which I shall
write to you at all. I want to tell you, however, that this English
publication is my last hope. I am now more without any kind of help.
for more than a month. I had a kind of work like A. B. translation
a typewriter, and a substitute of a Russian lady. She has much work
and wants me to help her. I want to exploit her. I was very grateful to her for her sincerity, besides I prefer to be
exploited than to exploit myself. The action has not yet begun.
I was quite exhausted by the whole of it. So I try... Quite
exhausted. I have some of the two beautiful as to be real. A kind
of house for intellectuals. I don't know at all very clean
quiet, but I want to have the smallest room. Oh, to pay 400
which is an enormous sum of money for me just now, but
compared to what I have for the same money elsewhere a fair
bit. a small kitchen for me, the same house. There is a cheap restaurant
a hall where you can see the pictures. I still have much
happier than I was when I had 22 rooms at my disposal at the Hotel
107th apartment. I don't know but there are some people here.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 8, Westmount [Canada to Emma] Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Marjorie Goldstein. — 4 p. ; 19 × 14 cm.

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555 Argyll Ave.,
Westmount, Sept. 8th /35
Sunday Evening.

Dear Miss Goldman.

It would be more considerate on your poor eyes if I wrote this letter on the typewriter. But I am writing in bed, not through illness but because complete exhaustion has made it seem advisable for me to go there early, and if I do not write now, another week will pass before I can write again.

This time of the year is even worse than the spring, for more students are preparing to write supplemental examinations in order not to lose their year than I have to prepare for the spring finals. I start at 8 a.m. with them and go on until 11 p.m. with only half an hour at lunch and at suppertime in which to prepare, eat and wash up, as I have been all alone for three months now. My mother,

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 8, Westmount [Canada to Emma] Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Marjorie Goldstein. — 4 p. ; 19 × 14 cm.

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who has constantly been going downhill, is out in Vancouver with my sister. Hence my silence.

Your welcome letter of August 10th arrived 2 or 3 days after I had mailed my last one in which I expressed my concern at not hearing from you. I was glad I had mailed the book of Russian plays as I see you require it. I trust you received it?

Regarding Eugene O'Neill's plays which Mr. Whitehead has in his possession, they will, I am sure, be sent to you on his return to Montreal. He left on a business trip for his firm a few days before your letter arrived and hence I was unable to make the request for its return. I am sure he will be deeply distressed to learn that its presence here is retarding your work of preparation for your forthcoming lectures in England in November and for which I wish you every success. I will be most interested to hear how you make out.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 8, Westmount [Canada to Emma] Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Marjorie Goldstein. — 4 p. ; 19 x 14 cm.

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and sincerely hope they will be well received, as they should be. I have rarely heard so much material put into one lecture, in as succinct and entertaining a manner as were yours. It is incredible to look back upon the subject matter covered in less than half lectures. During the winter there were some very fine musical recitals given at the Kit Kat (Carlton on Wednesday nights called the "Wednesday nine O'clocks". I was invited twice to attend, but nothing would induce me to forego your lectures.

I think Mr. Whitehead was going to try to see if he could combine a little rest with his business trip to the Maritime Provinces. He was very sorely in need of it however, in addition to his run-down condition, the further handicap of a cracked ankle which required hospital attention. I believe when he left it was very badly swollen and all shopped up, from what he said, and that he required a cane to get around, poor fellow! I have not heard from him, so I do not know how he is getting on, nor if he managed to get any rest. Just

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When he will be back, I cannot say, but ~~he will~~
 He thought it would be around the 20th of September
 or thereabouts. I presume he will have some to show
 me when he returns and hence should be leaving
 from him and will not fail to inform him of your
 need for the O'Neill dramas. I have never heard from
 Mrs. Estelle.

I was so sorry to learn that you have been feeling restless and ill at ease. No wonder, as I know times like these, when one does not know where the thread holding that web of Dainties, Meats, & Fruits, is going to snap! And being in France is the height of alarms, so to speak, you would feel it even more than I have in this country. Of course one cannot force oneself to write a book of the nature yours and be. No urge to write must be there as well as the will, else there can be no spontaneity, no personal touch which is vital in our work autography. I do so hope you are feeling more composed and at peace with yourself! Possibly you may enjoy your trip to Holland and to England after all, I earnestly trust everything will turn out better than it anticipates. Forgive me if I close now. I am so weary. I so sincerely appreciate your writing to me - I want you to know that.

Affectionately, Wm. J. S. S. S.

Effectively, Majority / 1 Stem.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 9?] Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 16 cm.

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Nice, Friday, 9 A.M.

Dear, the mail comes here at 10 A.M., so I don't know whether there is anything from you, but I want to reply to your previous letter.

The printed matter (two Arb. Stinson, etc.) arrived. All OK.

About the underwear -- well, I am sorry mine is too big, as you write. But in reality I do not need any WINTER underwear. I have those heavy ones, woolen, of former years (that you sent from Canada, etc.) So I really need none. I will need some for the autumn, because I have only the BYDs (without sleeves or legs) but those I can get here at some sale-out.

So it really has no sense to trouble those Chicago folk about exchanging the underwear or buying new ones. Before all that is done, it will be summer again. (For they would have to wait till some one leaves for France before they can send it. You can't rely on the French customs, they will probably charge duty even on one pair, unless it is a worn one, or at least a made one. In short, it's not worth while bothering.)

Just as I am writing this, there arrives the registered package with that underwear for M. Fine exactly, she says, and is beautiful. No doubt she will write you about it.

Also a letter from S.M.

Well, I expect Mada will come tomorrow. Still meet him at Villafrañca. And will M. also give him the note you sent for him. In part my movements will depend on his plans, so we will see what he means to do. He'll probably remain for days here. In any case, I'll notify you or he will.

Yes, dear, I know that the fundamental reason for your present condition is, as you say yourself, the episode with Frank and your realization that you cannot return to the U.S., at least for the present. I don't know why you believe I did not consider this matter properly. I did consider, my dear, and I realized that in other words the same. It is more advisable for each to live in his own atmosphere, except for an occasional visit, of course. As to your soul struggles -- my dear, you say by this time that I don't like to speak of any of my soul struggles and similarly I do not broach any soul struggles of the other fellow. You yourself did not seem disposed to speak of it, and so naturally I did not refer to the matter. I know you always say that I am of a sensitive nature, but it really has nothing to do with it. I simply don't care to expose my feelings, -- to wear my heart on my sleeve, it is called -- and I don't encourage others to do it. It may be for THIS reason that you think I was indifferent to your feelings as Frank as well as in other matters. No, my dear, I am NOT indifferent to what you feel and to your struggle, but I believe much no one, not even the best friend, can help one in a real inner struggle. One always has to fight it out himself. Words are of no help in such matters.

For my part, I feel that words are of no help. The more one tries to explain,

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[Letter, 1935 Sept. 9?] Nice [to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 21 × 16 cm.

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particularly in these matters, the more the thing becomes complicated. Every one has his own attitude, his own way of looking at things. It is not at all lack of interest or lack of understanding. No, my dear, it is rather the fact of different natures, different attitudes.

But what's the use philosophizing? The thing steht fest: whatever our differences, you have been a devoted friend of a lifetime, and as I feel towards you, and I think that is the important thing, the really vital thing.

I have a most lovely note from S.A.M. Tell them, dear, that my movements for the next few days will be on Mols' plans.

Otherwise nothing new here. Things the same as usual.

Affect.

Greets to you as to usual.
Tell her how much I
was glad to hear
from her. I hope she
will be as well enough
to be on her feet soon.
Love to her. A. B.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927108

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 9, St. Tropez [to R]ob[ert Low, New York?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Low

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St Tropez Var Sept 9th 35.

Dear, dear Bob.

The ~~new~~ news of Ruth's break down was a terrific blow to me. But your letter was if anything, even a greater shock. It was a jolt to my cocksureness about human personalities, the accuracy of my impressions of the intimate life of people. Now if ever there were two humans who made me sure of their harmonious mating it was you and Ruth. Both in Toronto and in New York you two impressed me as the most properly mated, and the most successful fully married couple, as far as there ever can be complete oneness in the narrow confines of marriage or intimate living. You can therefore appreciate the jolt the contents of your letter gave me. Indeed I should not have believed a word of it if it had not been you who wrote the letter. I don't mean to say I had never before appraised human relationship before. I never claimed infallibility in that respect. But neither ~~did I~~ were the external manifestations so misleading. Who on earth could have guessed that two people whose external expression of their love and companionship impressed one as complete were going through such emotional friction as you describe in your letter? It is incredible and as I said it just staggered me.

You seem to think your letter is very clear. I am sorry to disappoint you. I unless I am unusually dumb I must say I ~~am~~ am puzzled as I never was before. To mention only one point that about Ruth's family having expected Ruth to play a role. Now, everyone who knows me will bear me out that I am not guilty of family sentimentality. Yet I am at a loss to understand what you mean by saying that Ruth's family wanted her to live up to a certain idea of theirs. Who exactly? Surely not Saxe or Stella. And ~~even~~ even her parents for they were too far away. Now then can they be blamed for lack of complete mating between you and Ruth? Her love for her mother. Yes, that is strong. But that too I am certain had no relation whatsoever to whatever lacked in your emotional life.

However, the fact that Ruth cared for a woman, (I am not clear whether you mean her mother or some woman) is another matter. I never knew Ruth cared that way for her sex. But if she did then much might be explained. In any event Ruth cared for you tremendously. I have observed that while I was in New York and in Toronto, it was always her concern for you which made her arrange her movements accordingly. The rest you need, the outings you want to make, the food you like. Yes, I am certain there was no lack of love for you in Ruth. As to your idea of "giving in", I suppose you mean sexually. Well, my dear Bob I don't believe there is such a thing as who gives in to whom. It may be true that you did not satisfy each other emotionally and sexually. But I don't think it had anything to do with "giving in". Well, I hope with all my heart that all that maybe changed when Ruth is back to her normal self in her home and with her child. If the frightful shock of her breakdown will help you to a deeper and more ecstatic love and a deeper blending together perhaps the suffering of Ruth, of you and all who love her will not be in vain.

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Of one thing I am certain. You will make a grievous mistake to attempt to keep Ruth from her family. She will resent that and it may again create a wall between you. You see my dear Ruths family love her and want only her peace and happiness. Any sign of resentment on your part would again corrode her spirit. So be careful, please my dear. And the baby. I can not understand what you mean. She will just be plain Helen Low. Was she to be anything else? Surely we all want her to be yours and Ruths. If it should happen that Helen has more of the characteristic of the family that surely can be no tragedy. Look at Stellas children. Could anyone want any more perfect specimen.

Dearest Bob, it is very common for women after childbirth to have nervous breakdowns. If you will only bear that in mind you will not dig into your innermost being or Ruths too much. The longer I study psychiatry there more I come to the conclusion that entirely too much weight is been given to what is called family inhibitions. There is truth in much. But it is not all.

Yes, I think Ruth is in good hands. I am writing Dr. Kapeloff who is the son of an old friend of mine to take a personal interest in Ruths case. I am very hopeful that everything will be done to bring about her recovery. It is really then that your adjustment and hers will only begin. And it will be most important my dear that you do not overstep the bounds in the sense that you impose your new discoveries on Ruth. Let her come to them slowly and gradually.

Stella wrote me a wonderful account about the baby. I am so happy about her and so relieved that you found a reliable and kindly woman to look after her.

Write me again my dear, soon and tell me more plainly just what was the trouble between you and Ruth. And don't lay it all to the door of Ruths family. I have known more devoted and loving members in my life.

Hug you darling baby for me.

With deepest interest and load of love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 10?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Nice, Saturday, [1935]

Well, Emma my dear -- you have no idea how much I am pleased with these underwear you sent me. They fit just wonderfully, as if made by measure.....

I am all the time looking at them. You know what it means to be clear and nice underneath-- I remember you told me that you feel the same way about it. So I am dressed underneath for more than a year..... I will put on one to-morrow to receive Modest. Oh, not that he will see them --no. I mean I put them on and the pleasure will be mine !!!!

Listen, dearest.... I e'pose Sasha will go back with Modest. But, you know, better not to talk about it.... I told him that he needs the Zaehne fixed etc and that it will be best he should not wait any longer....

I am very, very, very happy to know him amidst you all, dearest people. There, everything will be O.K. then.....

Listen, Emma, dear --- they are just ravishing beauties, these things.... I am sooooo happy, you can't imagine.

Nothing new.

Sasha is --- my dear girl, not strong at all. Mmmachen, he is getting old, our own, beloved man.... weak, quickly ~~worn~~ tired.... and Emma, the worst of it, he is in 'his' state of health not fit for any work. That between us...

It worries me. Our boy who was so strong.

I'll be very relieved if you will write me how he is going on there... Just now he is sitting in the sun.....

Emma, so, bad girl, if you don't come to Nice I very well know that, when Sasha was there, you are perfectly satisfied --- and don't care to see me. Well, that is so. Think everything over.. Life is so uncertain, may be before you come back from your tour this winter, bin ich schon geplatzt !!! Wer weiss.

Emmal, bin so FROM, dass die lieben Kinder mit Ihnen sind, und bald kommt unser boy.....

Can't you send me a photograph of yours SMILING???? I'll hang it on the wall and look at you every morning, and will be very happy..

Tell me and Mollie, the pleasure is great auf meiner Seite (ist das nicht höflich?)

I'LL BE GLAD ANY TIME THEY COME.

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[Letter, 1935 Sept. 10?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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give also my greetings and to Nella unbeknownst to her...
I thank Eve for her kind letter. Tell her. She is a good
thing.

Good bye, dear, dear Emma... and don't rush so quick to
Paris... That can wait....

better come over, stay with Molly, if you care to,
bring things along that have to be "masterly" cleaned,
and Emmy gets you ready what the practical part concerns.

Then I think really, I would feel VERY happy.

Good bye, and I'll close a letter to those people
who sent me that underwear!!

Yes, if Sonia and Molly come I will be very pleased
with ANY AMOUNT OF FRUIT!!!!!!

Yours, Little Emmy (CHEN)

Emmy / Chen

*Will I send things with S. in case he
comes? Not for sure, he does not
like carrying things.*

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023180

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 11, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 11th 35.

My dear, little Emmy . I ask you is that nice to say if I do not come to Nice before going away it is because I do not want to see you. For shame to have such a suspicious idea about me. No, dear heart it is not because I do not want to see you that I think it advisable not to drag myself to Nice first with all my baggage and then to Paris. Of course I WANT TO SEE YOU VERY MUCH. If only to show you that if there is cause to smile I can do it. Really, truly I can. But not before the camera. I have never succeeded before that beastly thing. It makes me too ~~unpleasant~~ conscious. But I can smile whether you believe it or not and even laugh if things strike my funny bone. I will admit it is not often. But dearest Emme when smiling is no indication of inner depth. Look at Roosevelt. He always smiles, it's what we call in America the smile that never comes off. But there is no depth behind such smiles. Whereas, if you only had faith in my love for you you would not feel bad because I am so seldom jolly, or rarely laugh.

However, that is not the point, my not wanting to come to Nice is as I already wrote you due to the amount of preparatory work I have to do, about my notes, about leaving everything in order for Ann to come in. After all, if I am willing to let her have the house I must leave it so she can give her own touch to it, or see her own atmosphere and not fall all over mine. That means work and time. I thought that perhaps you would come with Sakha for the last two weeks as you did two years ago. We were quite harmonious then weren't we and you did not feel I am in any way depressing you. At least I believe you hadn't. Maybe you could stand me this time too. I promise not to drive you from being gay, or "frivolous" or any thing you like. Just you try me kid, and you'll see.

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There is however one thing that may make me go by way of Nice. That is if I go to Paris by bus. I have wanted to do that so many times and never got to it. I hate the French trains so much I would like to save myself the ordeal. The question would be whether the buses go by way of Grenoble in Oct. It is called the route Napoleon. Would you find out for me dear? I may then send my trunk to Paris by petit vtean and come with my handbag for a week to Nice to be with you and Sasha for a week. Of course I would see Nellie as well, if she is still in Nice. By the way you keep on saying I could stay with Nellie does that mean you do not want me in your Apt. You must feel perfectly frank about telling me my dear. I will understand.

Our Sasha looks frightfully worn and thin. I think his cold must have taken it out of him. These awful sweats they are enervating. I am trying to get him to see Dr. Rye. He helped him somewhat with the medicine for his heart. He maybe able to give him something against his sweats. My heart is heavy like a stone when I think of leaving S. in his present condition. Of course England is not far. One can get back in 24 hours by flying. Still I feel sick to leave him so frail, so thin and so deathly pale as he is. I had not intended to go away so soon after my return from Canada. But our unfortunate misunderstanding knocked me on the head. I felt I must go away, far, far not to be a nuisance to Sasha and you. And now I can not change it anymore. The comrades in England have fixed definite dates. I can not disappoint them. But of course if anything serious should happen I will drop everything and come back. You can rest assured of that my dear.

I am so glad the undies wear fit, yes America is grande for that. I am going to ask Modsko to take Sashas underwear back such lovely soft wool. And Jeanne will change them. Even if a littl

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 11, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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even if it will be necessary to pay some duty for the suits it would be worth while. But I found out that one can send one suit at a time as an *Maohnatillon*, I am not sure I spell the word rightly, and Jeanne will send Sasha's suit that way. Here they would probably cost 75 or 100 francs a pair they are of the very best pure and fine wool just what Sasha needs.

Sasha went to the dentist early this morning. The man is most decent. He offered to make a new plate for S. So he will have to go often to the dentist. Modest went a little later to meet S. at the port. We had intended to go to some interesting village Mollie was told to visit. We thought we'd make a picnic. But at six th this morning a violent vent D'Est started and it looks like rain. So of course we are staying at Bon Esprit.

Modest looks remarkably well for all the operations he went through. He is a little of an exhibitionist about his ~~body~~ ^{mainly} strength and ~~muscular~~ ^{muscular} prowess. But there is no doubt that he is very much stronger than Sasha which is the more remarkable because M. certainly lived faster than Sasha. But of course he was not hurried alive for 16 years, never in danger and nearly always in good material condition. That makes all the difference in the world.

My dearest, you say Sasha can not work much. I fear the there will be no need for it since it seems almost impossible to place anything of Sashas. True we have nothing yet from Ann Lord. But the very fact that we have not indicates that she has not succeeded in placing his story. Of course Sasha will have to try something else. But it is no use deceiving ourselves. Even if he should have an occasional story or translation accepted it will not be much security. No, my idea is that Sasha should rest as much as possible this winter.

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 11, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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I am rather hopeful that the fund raised for his birthday will enable the two of you to live until the spring. And then we will see. Most likely we will have to sell Bon Espirit. But there is no use worrying now. The main thing is Sasha should be free from mental work which worries him so much. And that both of you should be secured over winter. That may build our Sasha up a little and also help you somewhat. At any rate dearest Emmy don't let Sasha know about all this. He must be kept free from anxiety. It seems to affect him more than usual.

Emmett will probably go back to Nice early next week and of course Sasha must go with him. Mollie and Senia will also go for a few days. Or maybe they will come later and then go back to Paris direct from Nice. They are so happy to be here and they enjoy so much everything about our place. Emmett my dear, if only you could do that it would mean so much to me. But I realize one can and should not be forced into any situation or atmosphere he dislikes.

I must make lunch my dear so I will stop.

I hope you are keeping fairly well. I take you in my arms dear and kiss you tenderly.

Sasha must have left the Russian paper of Thursday and Friday last. Will you please mail it to me.

Much love.

The kisses of their love and Sasha has probably written you

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Sagte -- ist ein Kapit. fuer sich. Da kon Sie nur nicht, dass ich nicht alles sehe, obgleich ich ihn taglich vor mir sehe. Dann, brauche ich Ihnen zu sagen, dass ich ... (unintelligible) ... Grundes allein sein muss, ... (unintelligible) ... dass ich habe solche Dinge um unseren Goldjungen. Er hat ja es abgenommen. Ist GEISTIG KUEDE, was mir noch ... (unintelligible) ... ist als alle ... (unintelligible) ... DER ... (unintelligible) ... DARF!!! Dann -- Er ... (unintelligible) ... (unintelligible) ...

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023179

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 11, Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 17 cm.

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Andererseits, darf Sasha sich dieses nie bewusst werden — seiner Unfähigkeit etwas zu schaffen. Emma, dieses ist strikt zwischen uns. Also — wie ich Sasha kenne, WENN der Doktor ihm sagt, er solle nicht geistig sich anstrengen (natuerlich ich meine nicht appale schreiben oder Artikel die ihm liegen, you get me, or help you for the movement), but I mean CREATIVE WORK, then he will feel that he is obeying the doctor and when he feels like it, he will do it anyway and feel grand about it! Emma, shall I tell you that these last weeks I kept Sasha all the time busy with something, because I dreaded the moment that he started feeling oppressed, superfluous etc. You know all that.

Unser Sasha. Ja, Emma geht, ich fuehle sehr erleichtert, dass Sie nicht weit sind. Diesen Winter, Emma, fuehle ich nicht sicher ueber unserem Sasha.

Sehen Sie nun, dearest own friend, that I — probably instinctively cling and cling to that man, who after all has 90 years more than I!!! Thirty years. Oh, Emma if he had 200 years and he would feel alright, there would be no difference to me, but I am haunted — haunted by that terrible idea! — that is my sorrow in life, and it is not so now. Already I feel so quietless about that 3 years....

You are right, that is another matter. You are of another stock. You yourself know that.... Our Sasha has not the strength, tenth part of Widerstandskraft as you have. And that also we all know...

Well, I am every so glad he is with you now and that he gets his care he needs. And I can tell you that I feel perfectly happy here alone now, because my stomach is nice. You know, Emma if one is sick and suffers hell one needs SOMEBODY around. True the village does anything, but it is not as agreeable as somebody you know well. Get well!!!

Can you imagine — Emma, I am washing and ironing!!!!!! Don't make a joke of it, PLEASE. Sasha will jeer at me otherwise. I suppose he knows it, because my dear, I have a lot of work and it would cost a fortune to have it done.... Because they are really terrible. I am not a housewife, but I am a housewife now. I do it nicely, I do it myself. Besides, I would not spend money on it as long as I have time to do my work.

So, dearest Samchen, alles ist in Butter.... Wegen der letzten beiden Wochen, dear, I leave it to Sasha. Say YES. I will also.

And now, Auf Wiedersehen. Was gibt es gutes zu essen, heute!!!!? I propose, so I get zum Abschied CHICKEN! There is no cone at any rate!!!!

True, between us, you are RIGHT to go to England. Because for an

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Intellectual woman as you are — Nice is such a beautiful place! I can imagine of the great beauty — the world — the world is beautiful because there is nothing, nothing, nothing. I want you and always arrange to meet again in spring in the beautiful landscape. The only one known may be you from London, New York, etc. It is not so attractive, however. But wait!

As to selling Ben Hur, you know what I think about it. As long as you can keep it — do. I, even myself am not anymore indifferent to it. I know each little corner now. But if it has to be. Emma, dear — there is no use or reason to be sad. We always can get in summer a nice little house with garden for rent. And on top of it we can change a bit the country. I mean the Ogeand. I believe that one has to do the best one can and then we feel O.K.

So, then, I wish to know, Emma how Frank is. I think of him — often, and believe me, at a time I see a blind man. Ask Sasha — here is a beautiful young man, very beautiful. About 36 years old, High front, intelligent, polite, and sells newspapers (LION). Hebblich, I tell you. But, dear Emma, what are all troubles in life compared with that — not being able to see — and never. When I think of that, ich habe Angst in meinen Nerven und das die Sonne unterkommt mich "Wahrscheinlich nicht ich, und dieser noble Menochja?"

Take it easy. In case you have chicken send me eine Kiste eingekochte Leber!!! I am very conservative, you know, I suppose I will never get over my admiration — love, devotion for a good meal of CHICKEN.

Yes, the underwear is a marvel....

I embrace you first of all —
Then Modest (who got really very good looking)
Then Mollychen
Then Benia

And when they are all out of the room you embrace our Sasha a hundred times. PLEASE!!

YOUR BOONKIM

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870820125

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 11, St. Tropez [to] Roger [Baldwin, Paris] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

7004

St Tropez 11th Sept 35.

Dear Roger. I am delighted to know you have come over after all. Even a short holiday will rest you. But I am sad at the possibility that you may not get to come this way. Of course I realize the prior claim of your father and your wife. But that does not change my desire to have you with me, if only for a little while. Unfortunately I am 16 hours trip from Paris. Of course if you could go back by Marseille, or Villefranche which is near Nice then you would be but a few hours from St Tropez.

I want very much to see you yet I do not feel justified to put you to the strain of 16 hours travel to me or the expense unless you could come for a week. You would have no other expense but the fare because I would want you to share lovely Bon Espirt, my little place with me. Won't you make a great effort? Please do and let me know. But if it should be entirely impossible you will know that my affection will go with you back to the States where you are doing such necessary and devoted work.

Remember me most kindly to Miss Doty.

Let me hear from you again soon.

Affectionately

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411

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924070

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 11, St. Tropez [to Nicholas] Kopeloff, [New York?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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St. Tropez Var Sept. 11/35.

Dear Dr Kopeloff.

You will no doubt be surprised to get a letter from one who, though remembered by name, must have long ago ~~this been~~ eliminated from your consciousness. But I do not think your surprise will be keener than was mine when I heard about the position you have attained. Not that I did not think you capable of great professional achievement. I simply did not know that you had turned to medical science.

The longer I live the more convinced I am that life is sadder than fiction. Just to think of the things that have happened since your father and I shared the same hopes for the speedy realization of our ideal and worked so ardently for it. And the years that have passed since I nursed your sister when she was but a baby, and enjoyed the hospitality of your father and mother. And later when you became the youthful contributor to Mother Earth. So many, many ~~years~~ extraordinary events have happened during that period.

My past contacts with your family and yourself were vividly brought to my mind when I read of your father's passing away. And now a letter from Mrs Stella Ballantine, my oldest niece informs me that you are the chief bacteriologist of the psychiatric institute, where Mrs Ruth Cornelia Low my youngest niece is now being treated after her breakdown since the birth of her child. It is surely strange that the remembrance of you and your family should suddenly be brought to me by a very close and beloved kin of mine whose whole hope of recovery depends on what you and your colleagues will succeed in doing for her.

Mrs Ballantine also wrote me that she recently met your mother in Woodstock. I wonder whether she is in good health and how is my erstwhile patient, your sister, and what is she doing?

Please remember me kindly to your mother and sister. And if it is not asking too much, write me about Mrs Low. I do not have to tell you that her breakdown means to her family and to me, so far away and so utterly helpless to be of the least help.

With my old affections.

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412

The Emma Goldman Papers

881010455

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 12, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 29 × 21 cm.

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28806

St Tropez Var Sept.12/35.

Frank my Own. That was a Red Letter Day to receive two letters from ^{you} within a few days of each other and such marvelous letters at that. Darling, I don't know of anyone who has ^{the} gift to write so vividly and to transmute himself in his writing. To read your letters is to bring you close so vividly, so much alive, it is a tantalizing feeling not to be able to touch you with you ~~xxxxxxxx~~ emerging from your letters so overwhelmingly near. You have no idea how happy you made me with both your letters.

Unfortunately I can not reply now. I want to go into many of the points you raised and I can't do it because I want this to sail away Saturday which means it has to be mailed this afternoon. Also, I do not want to intrude on your short holiday with Mary. I mean to write you a long letter soon. I will then answer all your questions. One thing I can say right now I am not at all surprised that you left the god damned government job. I knew you would not last because I knew you could not possibly put ^{up} ~~for~~ for long with the fake and the pretense, not to speak of the insult to common humanity, contained in the government relief. But I am glad you had the experience. It ~~will~~ has given you a side of life you knew theoretically, and not from actual observation. That is so much to the good for your future usefulness. All the other things contained in your letters I will take up in my next.

I am delighted to know you are with Mary in the country and that you will also have a chance to visit the colony.

I should like to get a report from you of your impression about the venture. You remember the complaints the comrades made who come to Langbord, in the Camp. Your view will mean much more to me so you must

The Emma Goldman Papers

881010455

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 12, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 29 × 21 cm.

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28887

not fail to write me.

Just now I have Sasha here and an old friend who whom you will remember ~~from Living My Life, Petya~~ from Living My Life, Petya. I also have two young comrades, the wonderful girl who had been given 15 years in America, served nearly three, and was then deported to Russia. There imprisoned, underwent several hunger strikes, and finally also expelled. Mollie Steimer and her lover, Senia Flechine. He has since become a very great artist in photography. They came for a month on their vacance. I am happy to have them all but it leaves me little time from my ménage to write or read. But I promise faithfully to write you a long letter before the week is over.

I hold you close to my heart that yearns for you and the magic your love can give.

With all the intensity of my being
I am yours my precious Frank.

Emma

The Emma Goldman Papers

870916092

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 12, St. Tropez [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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40286

St Tropez Var Sept.12/35.

Frank my own. That was a Red Letter Day to receive two letters from you within a few days of each other and such marvelous letters at that. Darling, I don't know of anyone who has to gift to write so vividly and to transmute himself in his writing. To read your letters is to bring you close so vividly so much alive it is a tantalizing feeling not to be able to touch you with you ~~emerging~~ emerging from your letters so overwhelmingly near. You have no idea how happy you made me with both your letters.

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10257

not fail to write me.

Just now I have Sasha here and an old friend who whom you will remember ~~from Living My Life~~ from Living My Life, Fedya. I also have two young comrades, the wonderful girl who had been given 15 years in America, served nearly three and was then deported to Russia. There imprisoned, underwent several hunger strikes and finally also expelled. Mollie Steimer and her lover Senia Flechine. He has since since become a very great artist in photography. They came for a month on their vacance. I am happy to have them all but it leaves me little time from my ménage to write or read. But I promise faithfully to write you a long letter before the week is over.

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With all the intensity of my being

I am yours my precious Frank.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881010456

[Envelope, 1935 Sept. 12] St. Tropez [to] Frank G. Heiner, Chicago / E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 13 × 16 cm.

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25584

Dr Frank G. Heiner

5704 Harpers AVENUE

Chicago ILL

UNITED STATES.

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417

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[Envelope, 1935 Sept. 12] St. Tropez [to] Frank G. Heiner, Chicago / E[mma]
G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 13 × 16 cm.

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25585

E.G. Colton, St Tropez Var
France.

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418

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 12, Philadelphia [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Mi[l]dred Mesirov]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Garden Court Apartments
47th and Pine Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 12, 1935



Emma dear:

So good to have this correspondence resumed - even though what I'll be able to tell will neither scintillate nor inspire. "Because everything's so dull, dull! DULL! It's my own fault. I haven't made an effort to meet people. But even if I were inspired to that I wouldn't know how to set about it. Well, here's a chance to test my self-sufficiency.

That's ghastly about Ruth. Haven't heard from Stella since I got home, so I don't know what the last reports are of her condition. And I should so like to know. Perhaps you'll tell me, even from that great distance. I do not expect to hear from Stella regularly. My God! what that kid bears on her shoulders. I do not see how she can support the many demands that are made upon her. She's a courageous soul. And I quite understand that when she neglects her correspondence, there's a number of excellent reasons for it. The day we left Ruth was going into a sanitarium and the doctor there offered every hope for an early recovery. It's unfortunate, what happens to women in child-birth; but Ruth's condition, dreadful as it is for you all to accept, is a not unusual one. As a matter of course, being with us, and strangers had a very helpful effect upon her. There were hours at a time when she was perfectly normal with us. She was fond of playing bridge, and when we were so occupied, she was as normal as could be. Even though I know you don't consider bridge players normal. So I feel with those long perfectly natural interludes she exhibited there is a ~~great~~ great great deal for the doctors to work on.

Emma, I've just read a grand book that you must get hold of - "Lean Men" - about social conditions in Spain at the time of the revolution. You've probably had it by this time, as I know that's one of your favorite subjects - conditions in Spain. You won't find it entirely sympathetic to your point of view and philosophy -- but you will enjoy reading it. By the way. Stella sent me "Forty Days of Mus Dagh" - your copy I believe, inscribed from you to me, through Stella. Thanks so much for it, dear. It's a book I had been wanting to read, but just not dash through. So I didn't take it from a library. Now I will have the great joy, thanks to you of reading it in a leisurely way. I haven't started it yet.

My time's been crammed. Jim just got home from the summer ~~vacation~~ holiday. Outfitting him, finding a school -- all that entails. You know, up this time he had absolutely refused to leave NY. He was attached to his school, attached to the friends he had there, and he wouldn't be parted from them. Of course the youngsters been jerked around so much in his school life, I feel that he is actually longing for stability. I wish we would have given it to him. He still doesn't quite comprehend how much a matter of ups and downs, of precarious escapes life can be. But these kids who've lived

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[Letter] 1935 Sept. 12, Philadelphia [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Mildred Mesirow]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

on the ragged edge- (others much more of course than Jim) will have been impressed with the instability of life, more or less. They will not have been able to escape its impress whether they understood it or not. And what is that going to do ~~to~~ to those individuals? Christ! what a world. Are there rumors abroad that Mussolini is cracking mentally. We read veiled suggestions of that in the press. Of course he's acting like a madman, and one can only pray that he breaks before he precipitates the world into another holocaust. We got rid of our dictator this week- Huey Long. A great pity that he was removed in just that fashion. Because there are nit-wits everywhere who will rally now to what they deem a martyr's cause. Still, it was surprising- at the funeral of his assassin there were thousands of notableS who thus proved their tacit sympathy. And at Long's exhibition (he lies in state at the Capitol) only two thousand of his own people came to pay homage. That's significant, don't you think?

Darling, I'm so glad you plan to be in Canada next year. I'll come up and spend some time with you. We have a car now-- and I'll be driving. I absolutely must see you before any too great further time elapses. Meanwhile, for the winter I know you will use the time profitably. It's grand that you're being offered the trip through your friend. I'm pretty much at the stultification point myself. I've got to get away- soon, or I'll blow up. Therefore, as I can't go abroad I believe I'll be able to procure a pass to Chicago and back. Then if I can look forward to part of next summer with you-- I'll bear up.

The last address I had for Charlotte was 14 Morse Garden, Chelsea, S.W.3- London. However it probably isn't that any more, as I believe they went away for the summer, and this was only a furnished flat they had. But you can probably trace her from there. When she was here she told me she had written a play which her wealthy father in law was willing to finance, and she had an outstanding German refugee director who wanted to handle it. So who knows- she may be a Broadway success in a day or two now. I hope so. Charlotte's a good kid- even though she did disappoint me in regard to you.

Nic still loves this town. Of course he would. He has been relieved of so much worry since he came, and the tempo of his life is more leisurely and pleasant. I'm glad for him. He looks much better than he did- and feels better. Will I hear from you soon, dear. I'm thrilled, feeling I will soon see you. That means a hell of a lot to me--
Love,

M. G.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920001

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 14, New York [to] Emma Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Robert Whitcomb. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4524

216 West 16 St N Y City Sep 14 '35

Dear Emma Goldman

I have just had a major experience in my life, the reading of your life. My friend Ruth Widen brought me the book, and said to settle down to it for a month, not to lend it to anyone else. Oh, I said, I won't read it that carefully, and what's all the fuss about Emma Goldman? Being a rather lazy sort of writer, I knew about you in only a general way. The movietone shots of you recently were too fragmentary to be revealing. Being a former Communist, I had heard vaguely about the Russian stories you had "concocted", and had the idea that you had turned into nothing but an egocentric in your odd age.

But I read every word of your 993 pages. At first I marvelled at your energy, both as writer and as active public figure. I was somewhat suspicious of the frequent mention of famous names, the brief mention of this or that writer, actress, liberal, as though you were a celebrity hunter. I tried to see in your honest portrayal of life as you lived it a rationalization for a sort of exhibitionism^m and a flair for the dramatic. But I couldn't stop reading, and the attempts to minimize you were lost in the reading. It is all the more funny when I tell you that I have been very happy in marital existence with a fourth cousin of yours, a rebellious girl^{daughter of a} of the Brooks', ~~family~~, although it is perhaps the proximity of family that prevented the communication of too familiar things. I was sitting up nights, forgetting everything but events^{seen} through your eyes. It didn't take me a month.

Your account is of course the more important to me because I have lived through some of your attitudes, in an infinitesimally smaller way, but nevertheless experienced the suffering entailed in the discovery of that despoiler of revolution^x and of democracy - bureaucracy. I dropped out of the Communist Party to write a book, but I determined to keep my finger in the revolutionary pie by maintaining membership

The Emma Goldman Papers

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2

4525

in the N.Y. Communist writers group then exploiting the name of John Reed. As one of them I started the Unemployed Writers Ass'n, later the now flourishing Writers Union, only group fighting for a gov't project for writers. But I could not reconcile the talk of "rank-and-file control" with the actuality, and eventually I was expelled on charges of disruption, fascism, kleptomania and everything else but sodomy. Recently I made a trip to Minnesota to look over the Farmer-laborites^{Third Party people} and the cooperatives, but until I read your book I have been swamped ^{by} with a feeling of hopelessness, and confusion.

From meeting some of the ^{Russians} in New York, I guessed the bureaucratic condition of Russia, but I never imagined even in hateful moments the atrocities that could occur during "revolution in practice". I feel that I would have reacted just as you did; I do not see how the heirs of Lenin's Stearnroller can do any better than the Czar. I don't know that something good will not come out of the Russian situation, or has not already, but for your description of the anguish suffered by so many, for your honesty and realism, I thank you. I am so grateful that I want to offer to do something. At least I would like to meet some of "your people" here in New York, and to help them. And I would like to know them, people who are revolutionary and yet who live also in a world of flesh-and-blood people and not blind sheep.

Above all, what do you think is coming? In Russia, in America? And what are the anarchists and the Emma Goldmans of the present hour doing? Please tell me, or refer me to sources.

I enclose a project for a book to be submitted to the Rockefeller Foundation, in which you may be interested.

Once more I thank you for your bravery.

Robert Whitcomb

W

As a laborer told me the other day he saw something by you in the Hearst papers. So?

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Sept. 15, Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 3 p. ; 27 × 18 cm.

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Sept 15th

Jove Cottage
Lodge Road,
Walberswick, Suffolk. 15424

Emma, dearest: It is always such a gala delight to hear from you, though imagination suffers with you all the trials, so apparently unending. But the pleasure of friendship remains even while one rages in sympathy. So exactly what this means as to human selfishness I don't know -- to feel happy in news even though it is bad news. Anyhow my day invariably begins well when you are there brought nearer by the postman. And this is so true that my almost continually distraught state can really be judged by the fact that it is beyond me to keep even my most precious correspondence going at the pace it used to -- just as I suppose, alas, it would be impossible for you to reply with the speed which would satisfy my eagerness.

I think your generosity with enclosure is a stroke of genius, too, in that besides the joy of the direct communication, one is, through your carbons, allowed to participate in the mental-emotional life of many as you respond to them and they to you. Surely your correspondence alone would make a most powerful contribution to any picture of the situations and problems of our era and add something yet again to the splendidly sincere self-portraiture of *Living My Life* and to the history of pure anarchist idealism in its martyrdom to the compromises of the age. No wasted martyrdom either, for I shall never fail to insist, because I believe it deeply, that while so much has happened to frustrate your expression in your public character your being and example continue to influence and impress through more submerged channels hundreds of people, who again carry on their own expression with extending reflections from your life and opinions. I am without one single word to modify the attitude so utterly with you in your brave defiance of all equivocation. Ibsen utter many many truths that people now ignore without ever having digested their significance, and that like about refusing to spit in one's own face is a characteristic one. This business of muzzling the critic, if accepted as a principle, can be applied to art equally with politics. Nothing, we might say, should be written in derogation of the American scene as it is because, for sooth, if it be written the critics of America, obtuse to their own shortcomings, will then be able to utilize the material to disparage the American as against the non-American. For instance the British adore *Babbitt* for it seems to put America in its place. I don't regard *Babbitt* as great satire in any sense, but it says one thing about America true and worth saying as far as it goes; and it will serve as illustration as well as anything could, for the world-wide approbation of this book isn't based so much on approval of the satirist as on this same fondness of one nation for condescending toward another. I mention this in a minor way as a facet of the whole business -- the supposed "treachery" of applying criticism to any group purportedly working along lines more nearly congenial to one's own ideals than those of the extreme opposition. It seems to me that until people are able to face calmly and without hysteria of any sort defects existing under their own standard their purported idealism is without the true guts of realism. One sort of self-intoxicating deception is substituted for another. Lies go on accumulating to eternity. (over

The Emma Goldman Papers

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I am mighty glad you found Alexander Berkman in a ¹⁵⁴²⁵less acutely grave state of health than you had feared, and whereas you are probably right in saying that none of us are completely indispensable even to those for whom we care most, and they reciprocate, still it must mean to him, as it does to me god knows, an incalculable lot to realize that concern for him existing and especially in you, after all the years of tried devotion. I think I do know something of your feeling in parallel in that I have never in a deeply human sense cared more for anybody in the world than Cyril and never shall; and I too feel baffled in my desire to make his life easier as some return for the deepest of all debts I owe to him. There isn't much one can do for people, except keep the loyalty intact and be ready to answer whenever there is a call on it which circumstances allow you to meet. I shall, by the way, send Cyril your greetings which I know will please him for he has always felt a most profound sympathy and admiration for you and all you have stood for in your life.

Publisher -- ach! There little head or tail to be made of their messes beyond what I now grasp of the business conception of pushing the dependable best sellers and being indifferent to the fate of other books so long as the firm's aggregate dividends exceed losses. Most of us exist on publishing lists as names -- advantageous ornament. Still it does seem stupid when so often the most obvious things could be done to increase sales and aren't.

I can't bear the thought of your having to sell Saint Tropez. But here is another parallel in our difficulties. One would naturally presume that having a house here we were "settled". But I think I wrote you Jack got a small bequest from the famous Aunt Mary -- too small to invest to any advantage. So he scoured England for a cheap freehold and a spot in which, because of an absence of so-called improvements, taxes would be a minimum. The idea was to build a cottage to rent. Walberswick is a mere village but near larger Southwold and he was assured that renting here to the wealthier sojourners in Southwold would be easy and pay more per the small investment than anything else could. Anyhow he sunk all he had in this house, not yet quite complete; and here we are with it while that incredible ease of renting seems less and less what we thought. It isn't even now quite completed, and we haven't been here long enough to be certain how wise or foolish we are, but we are both very hazy as to whether or not we have made a rather fatal error. I can't stay over here continuously even if I would as my separate residence in U.S.A? has to be maintained by my bodily presence there periodically and if we don't rent the thing there will be the deuce of a situation of a practical sort. We shall have to sell and probably end by losing a lot of our so-called capital, so that the whole business will have been utter folly -- as I'm afraid most of our inexpert ideas on how to make living more secure are. Meanwhile Jack is still in very bad health, my mother in America has been thrown on me as complete dependent again by the second withdrawal of relatives who were helping me, the difficulties with the publishers aren't settled, etc. Jig, thank you, I understand to be improved in health, and he did some very fine painting I am told by friends when he was away recuperating; but Cyril is leaving for a job elsewhere (has to) and Jig wants to go on with painting and goodness knows how he can with everybody broke. If we can do nothing about this house at once and I stay on I should like to get Jig over for a while. And if I had finished my book (which I haven't) I had meant to go to France end of October for material on the work on the French Revolution. Now I can at any rate

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Sept. 15, Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 3 p. ; 27 x 18 cm.

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have I hope the consolation of seeing you over here. It would be really supreme irony (it gets tragi-ludicrous to me it is such a repeated disappointment) if, having finished the book, I found myself going to France just as you arrived! It is conceivable because I should have to use my advance on this as an investment for the F.R. book which is highly important to me and go quickly while I had the cash. Also, this damned war cloud gives one a feeling that anything to be done must be done promptly or risk never being done at all.

A muddle of plans this. No head nor tail I know! But in any case it seems to me, and will I think to all those who love you, better for you to be in England than in Saint Tropez while things are brooding which you are not allowed to say or do anything about though you would bear the brunt just the same if the European mess exploded there. I hope you'll continue to feel this way. We have thought often and worriedly about your status in France under these ever more complicated conditions. If you were there for active reasons it would be different, but as it is wouldn't it merely risk present relative liberty for even less for you to remain?

It simply broke my heart not to have money to put behind your next book, even though you feel a present disgust with the idea, darling Emma. So don't misinterpret stringent circumstances as inevitably significant of lack of interest. Many persons like me who knew of the proposal may have like myself had all their hearts with it and no funds. All the worse in the practical aspect but at least a profound contradiction of your idea about indifference.

What a life we all lead! Indeed beloved Emma I shall never lose touch with you voluntarily all my life; so no reminders for that are needed. Nursing a sick man, doing housework and cooking (one can't for some reason even hire a char in this village) and as usual desperately straining to get work done while that may be, make me slow and seemingly dilatory at times, but my heart, my loyalty to all you, in your courage and purity of approach, will never be any less or different.

Bless you and my very dear love, which Jack asks to accompany (lord this spelling) with his,

Evelyn

Evelyn

The Emma Goldman Papers

870823061

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 16, St. Tropez [to] Jo[seph Goldman, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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7482

St Tropez Var Sent 16th 35.

My dear Joe. I had not the slightest idea what letter you were talking about which I had failed to send you. Had I known it ~~was~~ I should have sent you one. I wish you would understand that Sasha sent the letter only to Rudolf. He did not send it to any one else. Had he done so you would have been next to R. as to the Sec. of the publication committee. It was I who asked him permission to send Jeanne and Ben Cohen a copy each. I did this not because I wanted to slight you, but because I happen to be in constant correspondence with Ben and Jeanne, hence sent them ~~these~~ copies of Sasha's letter. If you had been corresponding often I would have sent you one as well. Anyhow I inclose a copy for your own use and possession. But please believe me no one had any intention of slighting you.

The last letter from Rudolf in reply to Sasha's and mine gave us the impression that James will translate Rudolf's work free of charge. The Saturday I heard from U.V. Cook that Los Angeles having recommended James will have to carry the ~~financial~~ financial responsibility. And you write it will be hard to raise additional money. I confess it is very confusing. Well, between you and me and the leastest I am glad S. has been released from the whole thing. I only hope the James translation will prove more satisfactory to Rudolf. Whether it will prove equally satisfactory and understandable to the average American reader is another matter. One thing is certain the publisher who will take the book will insist on his own deletions.

I leave for Paris around the 15th of next month. My address there until the first week in May will be c/o the A.E. Co. After that c/o Mrs Liza Koldofsky. 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Ave. London W.11. Affectionately

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 16, New Rochelle, N.Y. [to Alexander Berkman] and Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Harry [Kelly]. — 1 p.; 27 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

25 Prospect St.,
New Rochelle, N.Y.,
U.S.A.,
Sept. 16, 1935.

7087

Dear Sasha and Emma:

Your letters of a few weeks ago and I could have been
easier to read before this. I think, lack of energy and partly lack of
time for I go to the city six days a week now and many reasons for
not writing before.

There is not much to say at that for you both
read the papers and know the parlous state this country and our move-
ment is in. As a matter of fact "our movement" is in a state of com-
plete extinction and the only people who talk of liberty
or "the good old days" are the "old timers". They must surely believe people
are still waiting for the "good old days" and would not indulge in
the fact that the fact of the matter is that people listen to them may be due
to their old habits. But, the people know the fact that they are
and know that the "good old days" is the liberty to exploit others or two,
people no longer believe in liberty. You can talk your choice but
the fact is that the "good old days" is a thing of the past and is laughed
out of court and it is a sad and sad time for us.

I called several times to see Philip Kap at his
office 212 West 10th St., New York City but was not there twice because
he was away but finally saw him last week for a few moments. He told
me he had heard from you - one of you but I forget which - I explained
at you Sasha had been away for fourteen years and did not know that
Kap was ~~expatriated~~ Caplowitz and he just pardon you.

As I wrote both of you my part in this affair is
limited to signing checks with Kap for what money has been collected
was done by the "good old days" purely nominal. There will probably
be a meeting of the committee soon and I will write you when it takes
place and what is decided.

You have probably heard that Henry Alsberg was
appointed by Harry Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator as one of
four assistants to disburse \$700,000,000 yes, three hundred million
dollars, for what has been designated White Collar projects. Drama,
Art, Music and Literature. Henry has charge of the last and you will
be glad to know that Leonard who has been out of a job for some time
and pretty hard up wrote me a card which came on Saturday from Wash.
telling me he was now working. He didn't say so but I am sure it is
with Henry. I feel I tell you that all the unemployed writers are being
rounded up and will I hope soon be enrolled under Henry's wing.

I am still plugging away with Fish but it is a
slow and tough job trying to build anything in these times and to
rebuild what was is even harder. We barely get \$10. a week each out
of the job but he has hopes and I - well, I plug along and do the
best I can.

Elsie, Kat. and the baby are well and so was Wally
when Leonard wrote me last week. Leah is in poor health and it is
pretty hard for her to keep going but necessity is a hard task master
and so she must.

With love and best wishes to both of you and to
Emma from us and write when you have time,

As ever, Harry

*will write him about
the new Henry
will write him about
the new Henry*

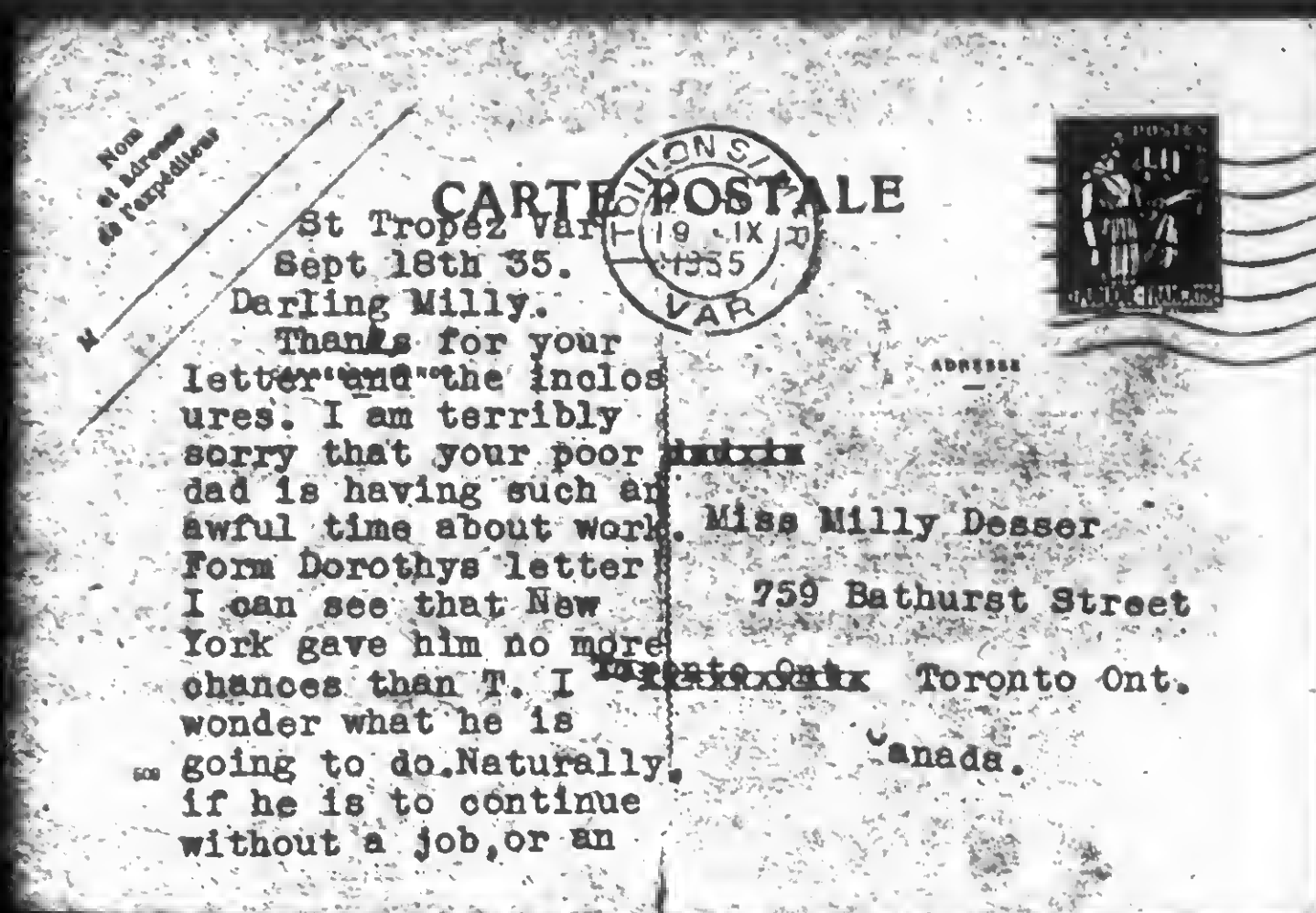
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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417034

[Postcard] 1935 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Mill[ie] Desser, Toronto / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 11 x 15 cm.

Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Postcard] 1935 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Mill[ie] Desser, Toronto / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 11 × 15 cm.

Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

occasional one, it is more practice he should be home. The expense will not be very much more. At least he will be able to help the group.

No doubt Dorothy has read my letter to the group gathering so you will know my suggestions in re my return to Canada next year. I hope it will appeal to the comrades, and to those who have started the Publication Fund. This winter I will be in England. I leave here about the 15th of next month for Paris. My address there will be the American Express, 11, rue Scribe. The fifth of Nov. I go to England. My address there will be c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court Beechcroft Avenue London N.W. 11. I have written Stella to send you a few dollars. You have probably received it by now. I have no further letters for you to copy. I will before I leave here.

Love to the family. And loads of it to you my dearest. Next year, unless you have been grabbed up by some male I will again want

you as my girl. Love. E

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115054

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Scarborough Bluffs, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 18th 35.

Dearling Dorothy.

I had little time to read your letter of August 30th and relieved at the same time. You had always been a joy as correspondent, not that you were not also that in many other ways, your silence was a disturbance. I wondered whether you were ill, or had some trouble at home. I thought of everything except what actually helped you from writing. I am so glad your ordeal or serv to your "friend" is over. I hope it had no real effect on your health. That kind of a friend is that owner of the restaurant to exploit you senselessly? I must say, I would not describe the term FRIEND in relation of such a creature. Really, those who call themselves friends are often more hateful than open enemies. They haven't the slightest feeling of the meaning of friendship except to trade one day in its name. I dare say the experience did you some good. ~~xxxx~~ Truly I think that it helped you to see how it was and the intrinsic meaning of friendship.

I am happy to know that my letter to Ben clarified some of your views. I was in a way loath to send you a copy. I know how it hurts to read anything is a thing of those we love. Not that I mean to tell you to be that, but I feared you might take it in that light. I am happy you proved bigger than that. Yes, Ben is moved by the attitude of present day revolutionary youth to a state of feeling that covers, even in the least real human feeling. The Russian game is responsible for that. You have no idea how hard and cruel the tone of the Soviet press is and the stress on being ruthless and hard to every feeling because it is bourgeois sentimentality. Of course the I.W.O. also had it but not in the same degree. It became a fad only since the ascendency of the Soviet Union. I think it frightful for young people to crush all their best emotions. As if one can not be an uncompromising rebel and yet feel deeply in an individual sense. I can hope hope that Ben will outgrow his notions. I am sure he will when he is swept off his feet by a strong emotional upheaval, some strong passion or love. The strongest thing is that those who would have none of the individual passions because of their concentration ~~xxxxxx~~ their ideal actually ~~xxxxxx~~ became indifferent to the ideal when they are stricken by some person love. Let's hope that this will not be the case with Ben. That he will grow deeper and clearer when love comes to him in a strong way.

Dearest, I feel very proud and glad that I mean so much to you. I want to help you to become a force in our ranks. I am determined when I get back to cover Canada and have you with me in the capacity of general cook and bottle washer, and not the least my own blessed comrade. I think it ridiculous to have been in Canada twice for nearly two years and to have remained only in Toronto and Montreal. Next time I come it is to be a real tour. Another reason why I am anxious that the fund for me should be turned into a fund for my return. One needs a little capital to start with if one is to go on a long tour. Since I wrote you it came to me that if we succeed in getting dates from various organizations, such as the birth control, the various Jewish social societies, the Rabbis in Toronto and Montreal, ~~xx~~ it might be

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115054

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not be difficult to get dates all through Canada. I inclose copy of letter our comrades in England have sent out to all sorts of organizations all through England. Why could we not do the same? I don't mean appeal for money. I mean state that I am planning to do a tour through Canada and am open for dates. All that we can do when I come since I would rather not cover the West of Canada before the early spring of '37. Its too terribly cold during the winter. Besides I shall want to be in Montreal and Toronto for a few months. I am sure there are many ways to reachieve a successful tour. I always thought it would be but I never had anyone to cooperate with me, and I cared about and who is afraid of it. I am happy to have found one I care so much about and who could be a real help. And that is you my dearest own Dorothy. So lets work it out and plan for next year.

To tell you the truth I wish it were this year. I am most pessimistic about England especially with war so close at hand. Also because nothing is happening in Canada. Also I can not go away so far from Sasha with war stirring everybody in Europe in the face. So it will have to be England. One can get back quickly from there to Russia. Anyway, the preliminary work can be started. The ~~xxxxxxxx~~ collectors will back next week. They will be in Toronto the first week in Oct and then the group can begin its work in earnest..

I know the Vanguard would let the plates go for less than hundred. In fact they should get only fifty as they are of no use to them. I am glad the plates will be secured. I hope the people who got lists will get busy now that you may soon start to reprint the A.B.C. I am discouraged about the Memoirs. New York and Chicago wrote they can not send money in advance. Los Angeles has so far not replied and I myself can not lay out so much money. When I get to London I may succeed in inducing the publisher to pay him something on account and take the books when I go to Canada. Perhaps it will even be more practical because I will be able to sell the Memoirs at our meetings and be sure that Sasha gets something off the sales.

I had a lot of visitors this month among them an old friend whom you will know from the book as Fedya. How rich is Sasha and my life in comparison to his. True the price we paid was terrific. But we'll gladly do it all over again rather than to be so empty as his life is. He began with very considerable artistic talents and sacrificed it on the altar of commercialism. He began with a great ideal and believes in nothing now. He still has the same kind heart, ready to help those he knows. But he has nothing, not even friendship in his life except Sasha and me. It is sad.

Goodby dearest mine, greet all the comrades.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Fannie [Barrett, Toronto] / Emma Goldman. — 4 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 18th 35.

Dear Fannie. Your letter of the 27th of Aug. found me busy with a lot of visitors who all came here at the same time. And as I do all my housework and cooking myself it kept me very busy indeed. Fortunately, my friends are all true comrades and they were most helpful carrying my purchases from the market, fifteen minutes walk from Bon Esprit, and also with the dishes. Still, I was occupied and had little time left for my correspondents. To day some of my guests have gone. I can again get at my machine. I am anxious to send my letter via the Empress of Britain because it is a fast boat. It sails from Cherbourg Saturday and must leave here the latest tomorrow. So I have determined to write you and several other of my Canadian friends.

Yes, the situation here is pretty serious. St Tropez is not very far from the Italian border and the gangster Mussolini may run amuck any moment. But after all, one can not escape the inevitable. If there will be war as it is very likely to break out any moment, one will only be one of millions. To tell the truth I am not in the least worried about myself. I am much more worried about my old pal, Alexander Berkman. He is not very well, he has no papers of any sort and no country would let him in, if he had a passport. To cap the climax he lives in Nice which is even near the Italian border than St Tropez. I tremble to think what might happen to him in case of a world conflagration. Yet I am powerless. Even if I remained near him this winter I could do nothing to save him from being interned. This is very likely to happen. In addition it is impossible to sit back in the face of war. I would have to raise my voice in protest against the new mass murder. I will never be permitted to do it in France. So I must go to England where I will at least not be expelled if I do anti war work. You can imagine that I will go with a heavy heart. But it will have to be done.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Fannie [Barrett, Toronto] / Emma Goldman. — 4 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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One pays dearly for one's ideal. Yet it is worth any price. For life without an ideal is mere vegetation, without meaning or value. Never having cared for that it is rather late to begin. So, I do not regret the price. In fact, I would much rather face prison ~~and~~ than the life outside, if I must be gagged. So I am leaving here the middle of next month for Paris and from there early in Nov. for England. Friends of mine in London are organizing a tour for me to deal with anti fascism and against war.

No, my dear a war is never the ^{beginning} of the end. Lots of people made that mistake in the last war. It was to be a war to end war, a war for democracy and all such nonsense. And what was it in reality? Only the ^{beginning} of a more frightful war. For war only perpetuates the evils it comes to destroy. It never was, or ever will be anything else but the conquest of power, the greed for loot, the arch destroyer of all that is best in our civilisation.

The League for Peace and Freedom must have changed very considerably since I left Toronto. For then it was most sectarian and bigotted. Perhaps it is ^{accepting} the new trend dictated by Russia as it had accepted the old dictation, ^{namely} a complete and general united front. The newest tune from Moscow is ~~the~~ the need to protect Capitalist Democracy. It is to laugh if it were not so sad that a revolutionary government should be willing to make common cause with the governments it has fought for 19 years. And it is the same with the League. If you have any doubts about it have a talk with Dorothy Giessecke. She has worked with the League for some years. She will tell you how "liberal" it is. However, there is no reason for you not to test the League yourself.

Yes, it is only too true that some people learn only through hardships. But that is no reason why all of humanity

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860522051

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Fannie [Barrett, Toronto] / Emma Goldman. —
4 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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must go through horrors and devastation so that the self satisfied and ~~happy~~ blindly contented might learn something. At any rate, I do not see that wars do bring about ^achange, or that the misery since the war has had any awakening effect. It is the old religious notion that sorrow purifies. It does come people, the most sensitive. But not the vast mass. I am certain the only motivation to progress and fundamental changes is the inner need for freedom, for the ^{beauty} ~~beauty~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~ of life derived through economic justice, and cooperation. That has to be awakened in the minds and hearts of men and women. That alone, I feel sure, will lead to real changes in society. And that alone is worth working for, each one according to his ability. In this sense, you my dear, can do much. But you must free yourself from the thought of what your friends will say, or how much you will get yourself into trouble with them. That is the first step, the rest is not so difficult.

No, I will not be able to come back to Canada in the spring. But I hope to do so a year from now. I have as a matter of fact suggested a plan to Dorothy G. and the Neebites which I asked them to submit to the few who have formed the E.G. Publication Fund. It is to the effect that the money so far collected should be turned into a fund for my return to Canada. It is natural that people should be more interested in something that is near at home than in the remote. The fact that I mean to get back for a long stay, and active work will, I believe, interest more people than the book that has yet to be written. I feel the therefore that more people would contribute to my return than for the book. If only \$25 a month could be raised from now until next autumn it would constitute a small capital for my fare and the

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 18, St. Tropez [to] Fannie [Barrett, Toronto] / Emma Goldman. — 4 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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initial expences of lectures. Besides that various organizations could be approached for dates. Surely Rabbi ^EEisendrath would prove as liberal as Rabbi Stern who had me speak before his congregation three times while I was in Montreal and paid a fee. There are also gentile Canadian societies that might be gotten in touch with. Dorothy Giessecke could do that while you and the others of the committee could approach the ^Jewish societies. If only I could get a number of dates for paid lectures I should want the independent meetings dealing with social topics to be free admission. That would attract the people I always have reached before when in the states. Anyway, the matter will be taken up ~~at~~ by the small committee. I know that you will do your best to help. In that way I may be back next year. That is if nothing of a grave nature happens until then.

Give my love to your family. I never hear from Clara Pollock. But you can give her my best regards, also to Mrs Fox.

Affectionately

Emma Goldman

I am a rotten typist and not having a secretary I must ask my correspondents to forgive the bad work on the machine. Fact is, I really dislike having to do my letters. A few hours at the typewriters gives me fierce pain in my spine and neck. I can ~~xx~~ do but few letters in one sitting.

Write me here until
further notice
of

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029104

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 19, St. Tropez [to] Marjorie Goldstein, [Westmount, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var, Sept 19/35.

Dear Marjorie Goldstein.

What a beautifully distinct handwriting you have. If only I could say the same about mine I should never use a machine. I hate it anyway, partly because a few hours at the typewriter gives me fierce pain in my neck and spine. And partly because I have never acquired the finger touch and have therefore remained a rotten typelist. There is an anecdote connected with my first taking up the machine many years ago. My friends clubbed together to buy me one in order to be relieved from reading my awful scrip. But after some months one friend wrote, "give us back our money because your typing is worse than your handwriting". It has remained all these years as in the beginning. Yes, you have one of the clearest handwritings among my correspondents. So, you need never hesitate to write by hand to me.

I can imagine how hard worked you are with all the duties to attend to you mention in your letter. I myself have been rather hard worked the last month, physically I mean. I had a lot of visitors and as I myself attend to my ménage and had three meals a day to prepare besides the marketing to do I was kept busy I can tell you. Fortunately my visitors were all good comrades who helped with the dishes and other jobs. Still at the end of the day I was completely exhausted. But it had its good sides. I never slept so soundly at any time during my stay in Canada. In fact I suspect that my system was so fatigued from the lack of sleep during my entire stay in Canada the physical fatigue of labor merely helped to sort of drug me. I have been sleeping completely lost to the world for ten hours a night. There is also this about my attacks of insomnia, it always comes when I do a great deal of mental work. I tire from that much more than from physical labor. One does the latter instinctively. Where as mental concentration runs one completely so that one is too worn to sleep. But enough of this.

I am frightly sorry to learn that our mutual friend has had a new accident added to the old. I don't see how he managed to get away on his trip which no doubt required considerable walking in every town. It is too bad that he could not rest his ankle. I know from experience of a sprained ankle how long it takes to get back its normal strength. I hope Mr Whitehead's condition has not grown worse because of the strain put to him. I will write him a line to day. I should have done it long ago only I feared he might get the idea that I wanted to force him morally to write me. It is alright about my volume of O'Neill. But I would like to have it sometime before I leave for England. I am leaving St Tropez for Paris about the 15th of next month and for England the end of Oct. I think it will be best if the volume is mailed to my London address which will be c/o Mrs L. Koldosky, 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W.11 I will write Mr W. to that effect.

I am going to England with a heavy heart. First because I hate to leave Mr Berkman. He is so near Italy and with the gangster Mussolini running amuck spreading devastation and lighting the fires of war it is rather dangerous to live in the South of France and so close to the Italian border. Secondly I am not very hopeful of any

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029104

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much response in England. But I have to go. I can't bear to sit back at a time when strong voices of protest are so needed as now. After all one does not devote a life time to ones ideal only to retire at a moment when everything one had held high was in danger of utter destruction? I realize of course that my voice be prove one in a wilderness. The more so because I am one of a small group that refuses to be blinded by the fact that Russia too will be involved. Nearly all radicals will fall for that. They will insist that between the fascism of Mussolini and Hitler and Russia one must stand with the latter. I can not accept this alternative knowing as I do the nature of the Russian beast. At the same time I can not be blind to the fact that from a historic point Russia is a great experiment far more important than Italy or Germany that have retarded progress. My objection is to the methods employed and even more so to the idea that war ever had, or ever can settle anything. In other words, we Anarchists are the only consistent anti war rebels because we know that war always destroys the best in civilization, that it brutalizes humanity, that it brings out the worst and not the best in society. Yet there are people who again repeat the blunders of 1914 by saying that perhaps this war will be the beginning of something new. Exactly as they reasoned before the world slaughter. It merely proves that people learn nothing from their own experience much less do they gain from the experience of others. Yet it would be wrong and short sighted to deny the fact that many more people see the murderous nature of war now than 21 years ago. My one fear is that even these will be carried off their feet the moment Russia will become involved. However, that will and can have no effect on my stand. I am to day as irrevocably opposed to war as I have been all my life. Indeed, more so because the last war proved that everything I had proclaimed against war had taken place. In fact more than even I had anticipated. And so I am going to England to engage in anti war and anti fascist activities, no matter what the price. But it is with a heavy heart that I will go.

I am glad to know that you enjoyed my lectures so much. Most Montrealians who had first had been entusiastic about taking the course would not even give us their gymnasium, let alone good music. You see their figures meant more to them than intellectual food. But you and a very few others remained faithful to the end. That was the only encouragement that made me hold out one of the most trying experiences in years. And the few in Montreal and Toronto are also the force that drew me back to Canada. In fact I mean to try very hard to return next autumn unless the world is in the clutches of war. I had friends from Toronto for a visit, they are Dutch people but live in Canada. And with them I worked out a plan which might enable me to come back. It is the following which may also be submitted to the Drama League, or group.

I left a small committee in Toronto whose aim it was to raise a monthly publication fund. While no money has come from that so far something has been subscribed. I suggested to my friends in T. that the fund should be turned into an A.C. return fund. I am sure most people are ever so much more interested in anything in their locality than in remote purposes. They will probably want to subscribe for such a purpose than for a book yet unwritten. I feel therefore that between now and next year quite a little capital might be

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029104

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raised that would not only pay my passage, but would also serve as a source for the initial expenses of lectures and meetings. You see all that had to come out of my lungs. Naturally nothing could possibly remain, or very little towards my personal expenses, rent and living. In fact if I had not come to Montreal with some money earned from articles I simply could not have gone on for ten weeks with the few dollars that remained from the drama course. I feel confident that Toronto will work along that line. Whether Montreal will have to be seen. Please show Mr. W. this letter and talk the project over with him before bringing it up to the Drama Group and let me know what he thinks about the plan.

Of course, a world conflagration may knock all such all our plans on the head. But one can not just wait until the calamity will overtake humanity. One has to go right on. If only the world were not full of fools who insist that people never learn except through some cathclysm. They forget that only the very sensitised learn through sorrow. The majority only grows bitter through suffering. The idea of having to suffer in order to become purified is the old ~~Platonic~~ theologic concept. It is cruel and silly at the same time. For if the world could learn from great tragedies surely the war now so close at hand could not be. For far from having brought anything worth while to man the last war has brought more evils than it was supposed to destroy. And the next war will only add to the frightful results of the last. War is a vicious circle and must be fought to the bitter end. Surely someday humanity will realize the crime and futility of the monster and will have none of it anymore.

Well, my dear this is a longer letter I had intended to write. But I must close now and take it down to the station, else it will not reach Cherbourg to catch the Express of Britain. Let me hear from you again when you have the time and the need.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916093

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 20, St. Tropez [to Frank G. Heiner, Chicago (fragment?)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 5 p. ; 26 x 21 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 20th 35.

My precious, wonderful Lover .

I wonder if you realize the supreme happiness your three letters have brought me. Just think of it three letters in less than two weeks. Such joy, such ecstatic nearness to you, my own Frank.

I wrote you a brief not to say that two letters had arrived and that they marked a red letter week for me. Then this noon your third arrived. Why, Frank my boy, tend a childlike yet worldly wise sweet heart, I feel richer than if I had won the Irish sweepstake. Except that if I had own it I should cable you instead of writing to come at once to me. It makes me dizzy even to ~~try~~ contemplate such an eventuality, remote as it is. But the more real living throbbing factor were your letters. And I feel rich indeed.

My dearest, I wrote you this week to say that I had so many visitors this month it was impossible to do justice to your letters. Even to day although only two dear comrades are with me I am still unable to reply as your sweet letters deserve. Well, this does not leave here until Monday to catch one of the fast steamers. So I will have to write on the instalment plan, each day a little. To begin with my visitors, we had no one until the middle of August. Then dear Dutch comrades who live in Toronto arrived with the mother and sister of Dion McElis, the wife ~~of Tom~~. Four people and no room to be had in any of the hotels at that time. They stayed only four days. But it meant work and congestion which was worth the pleasure of having our young comrades here.

After then two friends of mine, Lesbians typical tramps arrived without a sou to their name. They came for a week and stayed three. They were so poor I could not send them away. But they earned enough for their return to Paris. So they left yesterday. Next was a friend of our young days whom I mention the L.M.L as "edya. That is not his real name. ~~But~~ He is a school chum of Sasha's was with us when I first entered the movement, belonged to the little Commune we had and was one of my youthful lovers. More important he was a very talented painter. All that has gone by the wayside, except the bond of the past. He had been out of our lives for nearly 25 years. Then he suddenly appeared in 29. and he has been coming here every second year. He is touchingly devoted to Sasha but there is nothing left of his idealism or his talent except as commercial artist. He is a living example of what our system does to a rich personality when it is caught in the wheels of commercialism. His life is barren and really tragic. But he has retained his old decency and Sasha and I are the link with his past. That's why he always comes back. This time his visit is very short. He sails back the 26th.

The most wonderful visitors are my two children Mollie and Senia. Mollie who had been sentenced to 15 years penitentiary in America. Then deported to Russia, imprisoned there and expelled. And Senia who worked with me in Mother Earth, left for Russia after the March Revolution, went through the horrors of the damned there. was expelled with Mollie, has suffered all sorts of privations in Germany and France and is now one of the finest art photographers in this country. I can't begin to tell you the fortitude, courage and loyalty of these young people. And their sweet devotion to Sasha

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and me not to speak of their fervor for our ideas. Verily they make up for dozens of Anarchists who this by name merely. You would love them as they already do you. For I have spoken to them about you and how marvelous you are. No, they know nothing what you symbolize to me. They know of you as a personality and a comrade, one of the rarest souls. My dear Mollie and Senia leave me tomorrow and Sasha and Fedyu come back from Nice to stay until Tuesday when the latter sails. You can see I had many mouths to feed and while ever body was beautifully helpful still it meant a large ménage and not a minute to oneself. And how can one write to ones lover unless one is the the privacy with him even if it is only in thought and not in the flesh. Thats why I could not write you a real letter before. I have started this and by heaven it will be a real letter when I get through.

My dearest, as I said in my short note I was not in the least surprised that you gave up your job at the shelter. I was very much surprised that you could take it at all and that you held out so long. After all those in authority can not be blamed if they ~~refuse~~ refuse to have their slaves and dependents awakened by one whose very personality radiates flaming revolt. So it was but natural that you should begin to be out of place in the shelters. Of course you needed the money pitiful as it was. But really my Frank you did not belong there, and I am glad you have resigned. It is a comfort to know that Mary has been offered two positions. Of course it means double strain on her. Yet I know that her love for you will make the work less exhausting. I am sure she will feel relieved to know that you are no longer forced to submit to a situation that must have been an insult to your sensibilities. Perhaps you will find some teaching to do that will bring some income and yet not outrage your ideas. Now I wish I had money now. I would ask you to come over now to this ideal place, ideal for work and for love. Always that cursed money. I will come back to this later.

What a wonderful discription was yours of the Sacco Vanzetti meeting and the speech of Lovett. I let Sasha read this part and he too was carried away by it. Yes, Lovett seems to be a grand old spirit. Strange I never met him. Or was he at the dinner where you delivered that poem on Anarchism and thrilled me from head to foot? I really don't remember. Some of the things I told about the Sacco Vanzetti case I knew. Others were startling. For instance that about Rockefeller having contributed 225,000. It is ironic indeed this should have happened while the workers in America remained so indifferent to the fate of our two heroic men. Had they rebelled in a general strike Sacco and Vanzetti would be alive and free. Yes, I knew the foreign elements were active. But not American labor, and not the intelligentsia until it was too late. If nothing else would speak for Anarchism the martyrs it gave to the world would be its justification and its beauty.

I have to stop now darling. I will continue tomorrow. Meanwhile I take you in my arms and hold you close to my yearning heart.
Saturday afternoon, Sept 21st.

Here I am again at my machine at last. Though I am only fifteen minutes walk from the village and the house is very

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small I keep busy all day working and ~~doing~~ attending to the ménage. So it is only now that I could resume writing my letter to you which I started yesterday. I may not even get through this after noon because I expect Sasha and Fedya back from Nice at three forty five and it is already 2.30. If I don't I will finish it tomorrow.

Dearest, I can tell you little of Molinari. I have never met him and though I know that he was most active in the movement in Italy I have never read much about him. I did meet Fabri, twice, at the Amsterdam Congress in 1907 and in Paris in 28. Next to Malatesta, Fabri was our best theoretician a very brainy and brilliant man. He had published a literary scientific and anarchist magazine for many years, he also written many books and brochures, unfortunately never translated. He was most charming as a human being. I saw a good deal of him in Paris in 28th. He was frightfully harassed then by the French authorities who refused to let him remain in France. As a result he and his family left for South America. By the way, Fabri's daughter is among the very few children of anarchist parents who turned to anarchism out of her own interest in our ideas. She became a most active worker in our movement.

While I think of it Mary's remark about the Jewish and Italian comrades going off by themselves really has no serious meaning. It is only because they ~~each~~ keep to their language, neither understanding the one the other speaks. There is no other significance in their separation. Certainly no anti semitic significance. Fact is I never discovered the slightest indication of anti Jewish feeling among the Italians and I worked in their midst both as a nurse and propagandist. And the Jews certainly have no anti Italian feeling. It is just as I said, their different languages stand in the way of close proximity.

The Conference at the colony you describe is like dozens of other similar conferences I had attended. Especially has this been true of Jewish gatherings. They talk a lot and permit their personal pet schemes to take precedent over the most important issues. That is the more surprising because the Jews as a people are large in their world outlook. But they become frightfully small and petty in their appraisal of large issues when they have been stricken by some bug of their own. They are born Tamudists which means boring hair splitters and never get to any kind of instructive decision. The Anarchist movement is particularly unfortunate in attracting just such ~~misleading~~ exasperating individuals. Then too they are sticks in the mud, slaves to habits and incapable to take a broad view, or approach to vital questions. Yelinsky is one of such caliber. Yet he is not a bad sort. It is only that he and his kind have led a circumscribed life, hence have remained set. I hope your experience has ~~not~~ not dampened your ardour. I am sure it couldn't. One Malatesta, Fabri, Cafiero, Kropotkin or Reclus fully make up for ten thousand Yelinskis and his kind.

About the Colony, strange how our tastes blend. If you had known me all your life you could not have articulated my feeling about colonies as you have when you say, "I want collective work. But individual lives". That has been my contention ever since I came face to face with the idea of Anarchist colonies. And that is more than forty years ago. ~~And~~ Moreover, all colonies no matter where it was started have failed because collective living ~~was~~

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in the closest proximity had been insisted upon. Incidentally I may say that nearly all of the European Anarchists, especially those who had gone through social democratic training had really never quite understood anarchism Communism. They all insisted that in a free society not only work but also every detail of life will be communal. I fought that in the German movement when I first realized that strange contradiction. The Jewish Anarchist in America having been strongly influenced by most have kept up that tradition, hence their idea of collective living in the Sun Rise Colony. Of course, there are many other reasons for the failure of nearly every attempt at colonies. Primarily I think is the fact that theories alone are not enough to hold a group of people together outside of large centers. Community of taste and congeniality of temperament are more essential than common theories. Now, every colony I have ever heard about represented a conglomerate of people miles removed in taste, absolute of different and contradictory temperaments and leanings. Naturally there ~~xxxxxxx~~ was war and conflict within a very short time and final break at the end. In large cities even people can not be so closely together that they are everlastingly under each others feet and in the minute presence of others. The city offers many distractions and comrades meet only at meetings or socials. In a colony they have nothing except hard toil. Of course they grow irritable, jealous, petty in their criticism. That's why every colony failed of its aim. Last but not least is the fact that only those tend towards colonies who wish to escape the grinding industrial life forgetful that their life in the colony ~~will~~ must prove equally grinding. True, it may give the colonists a feeling they are working for themselves and not for the capitalist. But the past ventures along that line have proved that invariably the sensitized members were either squeezed out or left because they could not stand the boredom and the ~~only~~ hard boiled remained in charge. Anyhow, my Frank we agree in this as in so many other respects. I'd rather live on a crust of bread in my own individual life and have all the advantages imaginable in the constant presence of others.

Dearest, can you know why you have so completely captured and fascinated me? It is the response to my every thought and feeling that swept me off my feet. I can say without exaggeration that no man has ever so completely blended with me, or has anticipated my needs, intellectual and physical as you. How then could I help going out to you with every fiber and every nerve.

Oh, yes about rules and coercion in colonies. Well, I hold that if the group that goes in for colony experiment were harmonious in taste and habits work would come voluntarily and without even the need of talking about who should do what. Let us take these lovely comrades, Hollie and Senia. Never would they have to be told what and when to do their share in a common ménage. I have had them with me for eight months at a time. Not once did I have to remind them of their chor. They anticipated what was to be done and did it beautifully. And I know scores of others who have lived with me and I with them. True, I have also had very painful experiences. But on the whole I can say, the willingness to share labor and responsibilities depended always on how harmonious the group was. I realize it is hard to find a large group that would or could blend. I agree. But surely in a sanely organized society where people will be free to cooperate with this or that group more to ~~like~~ their

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liking and yet have their own individual life and privacy. They will not have to be coerced to contribute their share of work. And those who will will prove less costly to society if left to learn through experience than by a newly organized machinery of coercion.

I have had some very disturbing views about the International Workmen's Association, largely about its last congress in Paris. But as I never take reports lightly I am waiting until I will reach Paris to find out what it is all about it. In any event I am delighted to learn that the I.W.A. had voted to join the I.N.A.

Helen Chernikoff was a very precocious child ~~making~~ ~~very~~ young girl, not alone very pleasant or deep lines. I am glad you found her interesting. That means that she has grown and developed. Her father is among our best informed and active comrades, a revolutionist to the tips of his fingers.

My precious Frank, it is definite now that I am going to England. The comrades have already arranged three lectures in London to begin with, the 11th, 14th and 15th of Nov. Then in Manchester, one in Leeds, one in Glasgow and Plymouth. Other cities in the province may come later. While I could not find in activity this winter I shall go away with a heavy heart. It is bitter hard to leave Sasha with the war clouds hanging so heavily on the European sky. Somehow I would feel less worried if Sasha were in Paris. We have fine comrades there and personal friends. In Nice he is absolutely alone except for his girl of course. And Nice is so near the Italian border. The too England offers so little except that I will feel free to discuss internal affairs. Nothing was further from my mind than England this winter. But ~~my~~ ~~my~~ so many disappointments of a personal nature since my return made me turn to the idea of a tour. Another motive for it is my longing for you. I will not be so tortured by it when I am active as I have been this summer.

Anyhow, I am leaving about the 15th of next month. In Paris my address until the 6th of Nov will be c/o the American Express 11, rue Scribe. After that c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beecheroff Court Beecheroff Avenue, London N.W.11.

Have I written you that a Montreal friend of mine plans to come abroad with her and wants me to join her on some trips to Switzerland, possibly Spain and Italy, finally to end up in the South of France. It is foolish and futile to make plans for next year with the gangster Mussolini round the corner torch in hand to light the conflagration of war. But if it should be possible to join my friend I will leave England in March with her. Otherwise I may stay on until April or May then come back here to write.

To write if the father of the book will come over. I think it a shame for the father to have fructified the mother and not to be here to help her over the agony of childbirth. Don't you think so my darling? Oh, you can't possibly know how I need you, how terrifically I want you and how wild is my dream of your visit to Bon Esprit. ~~So you must not fail me my Frank.~~

Well, I got rough with the letter after all. But I may add something

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 20, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 20th 35.

My dear Amychen.

You can about imagine how busy I have been with five people to feed three times a day, a large was to iron and to attend to my correspondents in England regarding my tour. When I tell you that I did not even have time to answer two glorious letters from Frank you will understand that you are not the only one I had to neglect. But to day I determined to write you come what may. I want Moll and Genie to give you the letter when they will see you tomorrow. So it must be written NOW.

First of all I must take you ~~across~~ my knee in good motherly fashion and give you a spanking for your gloomy outlook on life. Its impardonable in one so young as you. Must think you ~~can~~ grow disgusted with me because I am depressed. Yet you write that life has no meaning and that death is preferable to life. My dear Amychen, life is to a large extent what we make it. Though of course there are ever so many outside forces to handicap us from making life beautiful. But at any rate we can make life interesting and vital, each one in his own way of course. I hope therefore that your pessimism was only a mood. In fact I know it was because you have too much gaiety for such an attitude to be permanent. But you are right when you say that most events loom high while they last. Only in retrospect do they ~~seem~~ seem unimportant. But we none of us are quite capable to be moved deeply by whatever happens. Only shallow people can overcome everything easily. People of depth naturally feel everything intensely. The main thing is a large approach, the effort to understand human complexities, the realization that each one of us is a by-product of so many motivations, and not because we want to be hard or unkind to the other.

Yes, I have been happy with Genie and Mollies with it. Everything was so harmonious and peaceful. One felt no need of explanations or fear they could misunderstand. One just was oneself or at least part of oneself. Both Mollie and Genie are such devoted friends and they have learned enough from life to understand that only that is intrinsic that comes spontaneous, and not artificial. I wish they could have ~~stayed~~ longer. But of course they have to go. I am ~~not~~ in the thought that I will see them again soon before I go to England.

Sasha's short visit was also without a cloud. I think he left in better physical condition than he came. His cough was better and his sweats stopped. I did not urge him to see the doctor because he was feeling so much improved. But if his sweats should return I will try to prevail upon him to see the man. As to his mental activity, after all Sasha needs a complete rest from serious writing at least for a few months. So if he should have nothing to do this winter it would not be so terrible. He should be given the feeling to write when the spirit moves him. In any event we need make no definite plans about it until we hear from Ann. Let it be certain she must be having difficulties in placing the Mackay sketch. That's why we have not yet heard from her. I will though in due time. I really think that the most important thing is that S. should take care of his health. The other will follow. I am hoping that the fund raised

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that is being raised for Sasha's birthday maybe enough to secure him and you ~~stay~~ until the spring if not for longer. That will also help to keep Sasha in better physical condition. Material worry is an awful drain. Anyhow you must not be so panicky about our Sash. It does you a lot of harm and does not help him.

You silly child, I did not mean it seriously that you do not want to have me in your Apart. I should not feel bad even if I seriously thought you did not wish me there. You know how I feel about the privacy of each individual and how impossible it is for me to live in the constant presence of another. Why then would I not understand if you should feel that way. Besides I meant it jokingly because you kept on saying I could go to Nellie. Of course I would go to Nellie because she has a larger place and also she is all alone and you are not. But in any event I know perfectly that you want me to visit you and I. before I leave for England. As I wrote you last I will really come to Nice if I decide to go to France by bus. Sasha is to find out all particulars about the cost, the direct trip to Paris, whether it is still possible to make it by bus in Oct over the Alps. I will decide then.

You were quite right in not coming along with so many people here. Since you and Sasha would not take my room there could ever have been no place to sleep if you had come along. So it was for the best. Now as to your coming here for a few weeks before my departure. You say in your letter "I leave it to Sasha". Please my dear do not misunderstand when I say that is just what I do not think just. If you will come only because Sasha tells you to you will again be unhappy. So why not feel perfectly free not to come if you yourself have no desire. Then Sasha can be here ten days or so and I will come back with him for a few days to see you. More and more I am convinced that if we do things or act according to the desire or decision of another even if it be Sasha it turns out to be a failure. It leaves a bitter and resentful taste in the end. So please my dear feel absolutely free not to come unless you really have a strong desire to spend the last part of my stay in Bon Espir. Not otherwise. Most assuredly I will understand and I am sure Sasha will.

I left Modest's visit for the last because I really saw no little of him except at meals that I do not know why he came or whether he enjoyed while here. I am only supremely happy that he clings to Sasha so much and that he ~~is~~ is generous with his money for Sasha. Perhaps the next few days with only Sasha and Modest here I will have a chance to get a little closer to Modest. So far we were as much apart as if he were in America and I hear.

Frank continues to be as non-erudite as ever and as remarkable intellectually. A real great spirit, worldly wise and tender as a child. But you will be glad to know that I have myself in hand. Not that I lose less for him. But that I can face the inevitable which is that his coming to France can never be. But if I should return to Canada there will be a chance to see him again. But in any event I can only hope for snatches of the wonder of his love. And not for anything of lasting closeness. The odds are too many and they are against me. As I said I have myself in hand and that is the

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I needed that desperately to regain peace of mind.

Listen my dear, if you can send some

winter models for a dress I might make for the platform out of my gro-
ve; in and black velvet. I have please send it come. The aunt of is
pe-tite will make it for me. I had a beautiful platform dress in Ca-
Canada given to me by the friends who gave me my little blue spring
and yellow dress. But the lace had worn out and I left it with
them. So far they have not returned it. And I must have a decent loo-
ing dress for the platform in England. Send me some models if you can
can find nice ones. I don't want to leave everything until the last
moment.

Goodby my dear. Always with deep affection.

Of course my dear I never seriously teased you about your washing
and ironing though I do think that you make yourself more work than
is necessary for two people. But it is your pleasure so why should
you not indulge in it.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920208

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 21, Montreal [to] E[mma] G[oldman], St. Tropez / [M.T.] Stark. —
2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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TELEPHONE 664

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STARK BROTHERS RIBBON CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

GRANBY, QUEBEC

Montreal, Sept. 21, 1935.

Mrs. E.G. Colton,
Bon Esprit,
St. Tropez Var,
France,

My dear Friend:

I have just returned from a trip to New York, and I find your very welcome letter of August 27th, addressed to me, and also a nice long letter that Fan has received since her return.

Fan has been away for quite some weeks in Saratoga Springs, and while there, she was feeling a great deal better, as she was taking the Baths, and massages, and treatments, but since she has been back home, she isn't feeling at all well. Just at the present time, she is laid up with a very nasty cold, in fact, I am very much worried about her general condition, as she doesn't seem to respond to treatment and the general rest that she gets. In other words, when she is away, and is getting very special care and has none of the ordinary daily worries that one has home, she seems to come along alright, but on the other hand, as soon as she gets back and takes up her regular duties, she gets in a nervous state, and too rapidly loses what she gained, while away.

This is so unusual for Fan, as she has always been so healthy and active, that I am quite sure it has a great deal to do with her general condition, as naturally, she gets entirely fed up, and disgusted with herself, as she is not able to do the things that she has always been accustomed to doing, and I believe that a great deal of that affects her as she gets blue, as it tends to keep her in a rather unhappy and dissatisfied state. All in all, I don't know just what we will finally have to do, perhaps we will have to entirely break up housekeeping, in order to relieve Fan of trials that one has in the daily grind of looking after a family. Perhaps that will help. At any rate, I am most anxious to do anything in the world that I possibly can to have Fan regain her usual good health and spirits.

I am terribly rushed for time, having been away so long from my desk, and papers have accumulated, and they are now about a foot high, and I am leaving for the factory tomorrow, and next week I will be back in New York again, and after that in Toronto, so you will see that I really can't call my soul my own. I am constantly on the go, and have very little time to tend to personal or social affairs.

I sincerely trust that you will excuse the brevity of this letter, but I hasten to reply to your very kind letter, as I feel that it is only fair that we give you some kind of an idea of what we have in mind, and also to let you know that even that, is anything but definite. So many things, can happen between now and the end of the year, and furthermore, I had planned for many years, to come over to England, and Europe, and as a matter of fact, have made reservations time after time, and most of the time had to cancel same. Last year, and the year before, was the first time in all those years, that I have

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been able to carry out my plans as contemplated, and while I am hoping that I will be able to go over again the early part of 1936, that, nevertheless, is not 100% definite. It is also my hope and desire, that if I do make the trip, that Fan will be able to accompany me, and in that event, she naturally would want to take the opportunity, while over there, of seeing you and spending as much time with you as she possibly can, but just what her plans definitely are to be, I positively cannot say at this time.

Both Fan and I are therefore, very anxious not to have you, in any way, inconvenienced with reference to your regular routine of plans, whatever they may be at the time, and will you therefore, my dear Mrs. Goldman, go ahead in your regular way, making whatever plans you find necessary, in order to look after your own affairs, and if, and when, we do decide to come over, and we are definite in our own minds just what we will do, when we will do it, in other words, just when we will sail, and when we will arrive, and where, if you will be kind enough to let us know what your address is to be in England, we will then communicate with you, in England, or wherever you happen to be at the time. In other words, kindly just give us your address, so that we can get in touch with you, when we definitely know just what we are going to do.

In the meantime, please do not, under any conditions, make your plans so that they will in any way interfere with your regular routine as to the various matters that you must, of necessity, take care of, for your own personal benefits, and not be handicapped by what we may or may not have in mind for the future.

I am sure that Fan, as soon as she feels a little better, will write you a nice long letter, as she is very much interested in you and all the nice and interesting things that you do, and I am sure she loves to write and hear from you in return.

Please accept my very kindest regards and best wishes, and take care of yourself.

As ever,

Sincerely yours,

MTS/R

Empty Stark

Conditions on your side of the water, don't look at all bright for future peace. We all feel we just couldn't stand another great war, but I am sure we could and would, what else could we do? It's all so unfair, much ado about so little, and to think that a whole nation eyes for so long and Jewish seems incredible don't it?

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[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, St. Tropez / John Haynes Holmes. — 2 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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THE COMMUNITY CHURCH OF NEW YORK

6894

MINISTER
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

STUDY
26 SIDNEY PLACE
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

September 23, 1935.

Dear Emma Goldman:

Your letter of July 11 last came duly to hand, and I read it with eager interest and gratitude. It is so nice to be in touch with you! I wish that I might have seen you in connection with my visit to Germany in the month of June, but I was so fully occupied with my travels and investigations in that country, that I had no time for anything else. Germany may well occupy any student of political and social pathology for a period of months rather than of weeks. I left with great regret after nearly four weeks in various parts of the country, and had to make straight for America.

I have been intending to write you long before this, but have been inordinately occupied, right through the hottest part of the summer, with the production of a play which I wrote some time ago, and which is being presented here in New York by the Theatre Guild, this very week, as it happens. The play is a peace play, and I have put my whole heart into it, and have been working myself threadbare in getting it into shape. Everything else has gone by the board. But I am prompted this morning to write you without a moment's further delay, by reason of a letter just received from our friend, Mrs. Posner, of Rochester, in which she tells me that you are troubled by a report which you saw in the New York Times of what I said on my return from Germany. I have got to correct that right away, as I hope you yourself have made correction in your own mind.

The fact is that I have had some such experience with the newspapers as you had with the American Mercury. It was largely my own fault, I fear, as I did not guard my words carefully enough. But the report, as published, was hopelessly garbled, and gave a wholly wrong impression of my point of view. What I tried to say was that I had found the Hitler regime strongly rooted in the country, that the opposition to it was negligible, that Hitler had infected the masses of the people with an insane, nationalistic fervor in his support, and that, failing an economic debacle or a foreign war, his rule was destined to endure for a long time. This testimony was twisted, or at least interpreted, into an endorsement of the Nazi regime. Imagine it! Thirty years' strenuous

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, St. Tropez / John Haynes Holmes. — 2 p. ; 25 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

-2-

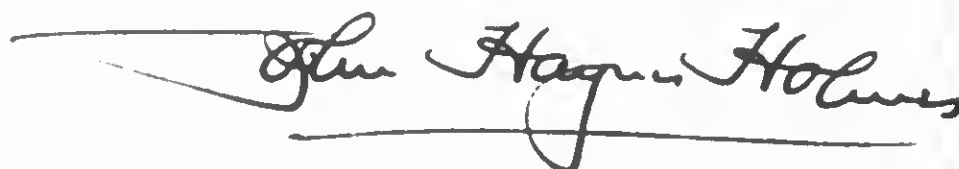
6895

service of my ideals of freedom, non-violence, and brotherhood, did not avail to protect me from the charge that I was a convert to Hitlerism. You are one of the last persons in the world I should want to have misunderstand me, and I rejoice, therefore, that Mrs. Posner sent you a copy of the issue of Unity containing an article in which I summarized my whole reaction on my experience. If this paper does not reach you safely, will you let me know, so that I can send you another copy. Also, I enclose herewith an article, which I wrote for one of our anti-Fascist papers. Please let me hear from you, with the assurance that you understand.

The European situation is terrifying these days, and I see little hope. It may be that England will frighten off Italy for the time being, but it is the old imperialistic game, with England interested primarily because Italy is standing in the way of the Empire, and whatever settlement (if any) is made now, will be made at the expense of Ethiopia and will only serve to delay the next world war which is impending. If we get by, this time, it will only be as the world got by in Morocco, etc., in the days before 1914. I can see no slightest chance from escape of the final smash-up. I hate to be a pessimist, but I hate still more to be a fool optimist.

You must write me again, before long. Believe me,
dear friend,

Very sincerely yours,



Mrs. E. Colton,
"Bon Esprit"
St. Tropez (Var) France.

450

The Emma Goldman Papers

900111006

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23 [Brooklyn, N.Y. to] Emma Goldman, St. Tropez / [John Haynes Holmes]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: John Haynes Holmes Collection.

September 23, 1935.

Dear Emma Goldman:

Your letter of July 11 last came duly to hand, and I read it with eager interest and gratitude. It is so nice to be in touch with you! I wish that I might have seen you in connection with my visit to Germany in the month of June, but I was so fully occupied with my travels and investigations in that country, that I had no time for anything else. Germany may well occupy any student of political and social pathology for a period of months rather than of weeks. I left with great regret after nearly four weeks in various parts of the country, and had to make straight for America.

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Institutional Location: John Haynes Holmes Collection.

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Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. E. Colton,
"Bon Esprit"
St. Tropez (Var) France.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23 [Milwaukee, Wis. to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Rose Pesotta].— 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations. Institutional Location: Rose Pesotta Papers, Rare Books and Manuscripts Division.

September 23, 1935

Dearest Emma:

No, I did not loose my faith in you nor in any other comrade in whose friendship I have no doubt. But knowing how you are moving around this globe, and with me on the other side of the globe, it stands to reason to loose track of one another. Come what may, please let us keep up this correspondence. I need your counsel and advice. It's been awfully hard for me to speak to our old-timers. They either do not want to see realities, or else they are dreamers—only.

Permit me to give you an account of my whereabouts: you last heard from me from Seattle. Well I had to wind up our campaign there and leave the local people to carry on (I trained several of them for that purpose) simply because the chamber of commerce did not give me any rest. Believe it or not, but knowing that the dog was on my heels and realizing that any false move might jeopardize our strikers—I had to stay at home, like a good little girl. No activities, no lectures of any sort, save several courses at the University, which were as dull as the life in that burg. Hence I visited California, and the middle west and arrived to ...—to remain there for good.

Knowing that this would be impossible I requested Dubinsky to permit me to become a "rank & file" member of the board. He suggested that it would not break the decorum of the GMB, and ventured that he'd like several others to express such a same desire. But great was my astonishment, when an SOS call came from Milwaukee, and I was the only person available. The manager was ill and pressing Arbitration Board hearing was scheduled to take place. So off I went. And here I am over three weeks. Our case for arbitration is coming up tomorrow, and I expect to depart either by the end of this week or early next week.

Meantime I visited Chicago several times. The comrades arranged an evening for me. It was a repetition of the one we had in Montreal, you remember, and when finally they gave the floor to the "chushiver gast", meaning yours truly, it was nearly three o'clock. Without mincing any words I had to tell our sleeping anarchists what I had to encounter, as an ordinary union organizer. What the American proletariat is thinking of, etc. etc. and most naturally several of the ex-I.W.O. plunged into a tirade the gist of it was condemnation of the A.F.O.F.L. Somehow they seem to omit the fact that over 20,000,000 of American workers do not care for the A.F.O.F.L. at all, clinging to the bosom of their employers. When I told them that in my experience I had workers in the shops go to the mayor of Seattle with a petition to drive me out of town, knowing that I was a citizen and a legitimate organizer of an A.F.O.F.L. union. Well, well after long bickering the majority had to admit that there something more deep rooted than the A.F.O.F.L. that controls a little over 5,000,000 workers.

Somewhat I can not drift off into platitudes when I am constantly facing realities. Here in this city I come across the roughest and toughest elements.

Love, Rose

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870921323

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23, New York [to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / Arthur Leonard Ross. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

ARTHUR LEONARD ROSS
COUNSELOR AT LAW
ONE CEDAR STREET
NEW YORK
PHONE BEERMAN 3-9348

file

2955

September 23, 1935

Mrs. E. G. Colton
Bon Esprit
Chemin St. Antoine
St. Tropez (Var) France

Dear Emma,

Belle has given to Beverly Stark and to Mimi Stark each a two volume set of Living My Life. I also have presented a set to my friend, Miss Terry Grant. All three desire your autograph to be pasted in the books. I enclose three slips of paper on which you can do the necessary.

I hope this finds you in good health.

With love from the family, I am,

Always faithfully yours,



ALR:R
ENCs.

The Emma Goldman Papers

840305675

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23 [New York to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / A[rthur]
L[eonard] R[oss]. — 1 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.
Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the Tamiment Library, New York University.

September 23, 1935

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Bon Esprit
Chemin St. Antoine
St. Tropez (Var) France

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I hope this finds you in good health.

With love from the family, I am,

Always faithfully yours,

AIR:R
ENCs.

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455

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920003

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23, Los Angeles [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / H. Yaffe. —
2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4520

767 N Kenmore St., Los Angeles, Calif

Sept 23, 1935

My dear Emma:

I am very grateful to you for your interesting letter and for the highly interesting inclosures, as that is about the only way we can hear from you when we have no English paper of our own and nowhere else for you to write. The more I think of the circumstances the more I admire your vigor and determination. I hope you will continue.

I shall call a few people together and we will have your letters read to them. I am sure the letters will bring a little relief to some of our pessimists.

I have called the Wopetkin Group here on behalf of the Prison Memoirs, and I am sure that the secretary will call for 25 copies or more, if he has not done so already.

You give me too much credit in regard to helping Berkman; I did but a little in comparison with other comrades. We are always ready and willing to do anything for Sascha and always have been.

Rudolf we expect here in Los Angeles on the 17th Dec. and he will stay a month. You may be sure we shall do all we can to make his lecture a success and to give him some material aid. In one of his letters he says he has been told that this last extension is to be the last; but we have not yet given up hope and are manoeuvring from another angle. Anyway we shall do our best.

If my memory serves me right an attempt was made to enable you to write a book in regard to the people you had met in your life; but my friend C V tells me that the matter has gone forward very slowly. I think a book like that would be an extraordinary contribution as so many of our own people were misrepresented even in our own movement. Some of our own people, for instance, have taken up some of John West's phrases and have never considered his cultural and spiritual value, just picking a phrase or two to make him appear boresome. We would be fortunate if we had someone to present such men as they really were from all points of view and to develop their value.

I have been dreaming for quite a long time to issue a series of biographical sketches in pamphlets, reserving the type so that ultimately they could all be put into a book. If we could succeed we should have it in the same kind of thing as Georg Prader put forth in his book on the literature of the nineteenth century. If there was any chance to interest you in writing some such sketches of libertarian women we would first put out one in a pamphlet, sending it out with mention of the three others to follow and making an appeal. While it is hard to raise a large sum of money we might in this way raise a small sum and still keep in touch with the public. I believe C V would be in full agreement with this. I hope you will consider

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456

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920003

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23, Los Angeles [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / H. Yaffe. —
2 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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2

4529

this suggestion.

Let us hope that you will have a successful tour in England
and later in Canada.

With best regards to Sasha.

Cordially yours,

H. Yaffe

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457

The Emma Goldman Papers

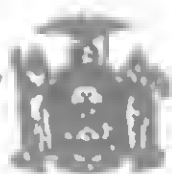
870924071

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 23, New York [to] Emma Goldman, St. Tropez / Nicholas Kopeloff. — 1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Form 7-34

16002



CLARENCE O. CHENEY, M. D.
DIRECTOR

New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital

722 WEST 180TH STREET, NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF BACTERIOLOGY
NICHOLAS KOPELOFF, PH. D.

September 23, 1935.

Emma Goldman,
St. Tropez var
France,

Dear Emma Goldman

It was a pleasant surprise to hear from you after all these years. I have not only followed your various movements as reported in the daily press but curiously enough Knopf was publishing a couple of my volumes at approximately the same time as your memoirs which are most interesting were appearing.

In spite of the many years which have elapsed since the days of Mother Earth I still can remember the thrill of first having something in print and I must confess that I have not grown callous to repetitions thereof.

Stella told me in Woodstock about your youngest niece, who is in our hospital and I have been down to visit her and find her somewhat improved. I then discussed her case with the doctor who is looking after her. When I received your letter I spoke to him again. He feels that she has made further improvement, that her prognosis is fair. She will probably have to remain in the hospital for several months more but he anticipates that she will be able to make a fairly good adjustment to her life outside these walls when he feels it advisable for her to leave. You can be secure in the thought that she is being very well taken care of here, for this institution, although supported by the state, is far superior to most private and public institutions of a similar nature. For old times' sake I shall keep in touch with the situation so that any personal influence I may have, will be exerted in her behalf, although this is superfluous.

My sister Helen died 13 years ago after an acute mastoiditis. My mother suffers greatly from arthritis but seems to be getting along fairly well. I am sure that she would like to have me send you her kindest regards as I do and best wishes for your continued activity. With warmest greetings.

Sincerely

Nick

NICHOLAS KOPELOFF

LDB

458

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935?] Sept. 24, Bearsville [N.Y. to Emma Goldman, St. Tropez] / Stella [Ballantine].— 1 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Bearsville

7000

September 24th

Dearest:

This may not reach you in Bon Esprit any more. However I am taking a chance and sending it there. There is nothing to report about Ruth except what Saxe wrote you last week. Bob saw her again on Saturday but I haven't heard. Mother sent your letter to her to me.

I had two beautiful letters from Sasha and I will write him soon, in a few days in the meantime give him my love. Glad Modest came over and I hope you had a nice visit with him. Give him my very best.

Have you read Paths of Glory yet? Let me know and I will send it to you. On Saturday we motored to New Haven, Kate, Ian and I, where I saw the matinee, and after the show we brought Teddy back here, as he didn't have a rehearsal till Monday. The play opens in N.Y. on Thursday of this week. You will see in the Sunday Times mention of it as well as of the play written by Haynes Holmes, which opened last night. I will send you the criticisms. The play is magnificent - one of the greatest things I have seen in the theatre in years, but so harrowing and bitter and true, it tears one to pieces. Teddy has a small but effective part, Capt. Sanoy, a scientist, one of the company commanders, who select one of the four victims, as examples. The dramatist has made it a more important part than it is in the novel.

I failed to write you that last month Bessie took Allen to Northport and gave him into Moe and Babsie's care for the year. I haven't heard from them direct, though I wrote Moe for his birthday and sent him a drawing of Teddy but Saxe does hear and keeps me informed. I am so glad for them, but more for Allen than anyone what a grand thing for him to get away from his Mother.

Kate didn't get her job in Detroit, because she did not have a college degree. She came back to N.Y. about ten days ago, the Ian brought her out here for a rest. She left with Ian and Teddy yesterday and sent you and Mollie and Senya much love. I gave her a letter to Charlotte Carr, Mabel Crouch's niece, who is now in charge of the J.P.A. in N.Y., the chief of the Welfare Bureau.

I realise Fan Stark will not come over till January. Anything may happen till then, God knows. The situation is very tense. I am glad you are going to England. Will you see Harry then?

I plan to stay here alone with Davy till November 1st. We had a slight frost last night but I keep very comfortable with the stove in the kitchen and I shall be so glad of a little peace and quiet for a change and a chance to rest because I am terribly tired.

Davy is in the fifth grade in his school and doing brilliant work. The long hours from 9 to 4 at a desk is hard on the poor kid, not being used to it and having gone to an experimental school up to now, but it can't be helped. He is very clever and quick. Ian is taking a room near college and we will take a small furnished apartment for the winter. Ian needs privacy to study and he can take his dinners at home.

Devoted love, darling. I will write again soon.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029286

[Receipt, 1935 Sept. 25?] London [to] Emma Goldman, [St. Tropez] / Wishart & Co. — 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4376

Wishart Books Ltd.

~~Wishart & Co~~

(L. E. WISHART)

Publishers

Telephone : Temple Bar 9185
Telegrams : Wishartbook
Westrand, London

2 Parton Street.
9, John Street
Adelphi
LONDON, W.C.2 1

Received with Thanks from,
Miss Emma Goldman, The
sum of fifteen shillings
for five copies of *Murder*
Red & Black at 3/.

WISHART BOOKS LTD.

Appld

460

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 25, London [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Tom [Edmond]. — 1 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

3904
Just, at back from Ply with
been ~~away~~ 3 days

Dr. Emma

25/9/55

The name of the
publisher is WISHART,
there was a review of the
book in Times & Tide
Aug 3rd

9 John St

London

W.C. 2

Will write more fully in
a few days

My best love as always

Tom

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 26, St. Tropez [to] Leon [Malmed, Albany, N.Y.] / Emma [Goldman].— 1 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe College.

St Tropez Var Sept. 26th 35.

My dear Leon. You are very funny indeed to ask me why I do not write, or if I had forgotten you? Don't you think I have all the reasons in the world to ask you the same question? You must realize that there is no fun in waiting in the void. I don't know how many letters of mine have remained unanswered. In fact, there was a time when I wrote you repeatedly without hearing a word from you. I certainly wrote you from Montreal before I sailed thanking you for your lovely roses. Why have you not answered. Anyhow you know the saying, "Wen MAN IN EINEM GLASHOUSE SITZT? DARF MAN NICHT MIT STEINE UM SICH WERFEN." You are so lax in writing though you tell me that I am constantly on your mind that you really have no reason to think I had forgotten you because I failed to write you again.

Well, we need not argue who owes whom a reply. I certainly did not forget you. But you will see from the inclosures that my summer was by no means without many clouds and why I have not written you.

A letter from Ann Lord told me that you are still holding on to your collection which she understood from your son is "rotting" in your cellar. Why do you do it? You know yourself that if any thing should happen to you, your collection will be used for waste paper. Why not realize that it would do some good in the library? I confess I cannot understand such conservatism. But you do cling to property don't you old man?

You will see from the inclosures that I have failed to buckle down to writing. I was too terribly disturbed all summer intellectually and emotionally to concentrate on a book. And as I can not continue gagged as I am in France I am going to England for the winter. I am going with a heavy heart. With war so near it is painful to leave Sasha behind. And also I expect little in England. But I am going because any activity against the horrors of war is better than nothing at all.

I leave here the 15th of next month for Paris where I will be until the sixth of Nov. Then to London. My address in Paris will be the American Expresse, 11, rue Scribe. My address in London c/o Mrs L. Kolofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue, London, N.W. 11.

No wonder Stella looks bad. She had a terrific shock in the break down of Ruth, my youngest niece. And she entertains a great many people during the summer. I am hoping that now when she is left alone with Davy, and has the reassuring news that her sister is slowly getting back to her normal state Stella will pick up.

You will see the unfortunate trouble with Rudolf in re his work which Sasha translated, I mean the first part. It was a great shock to us that R. should be dissatisfied. Sasha's letter to him of which I am sending you a copy will show you how big a blow it proved in the unfortunate affair. My friendship for Rudolf has in no way diminished but I admit I was grieved sick to find R. discontented with Sasha's work after he put his very soul into the translation. I do not have to impress on you dear Leon to keep the matter to yourself. With my old affection.

in & is doing the 2nd part

CGMMA

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023016

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 26 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest [Stein]. —
2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Sept 26 - 1935

Dear Emma

I'm about to leave for the East —

I have spoken to Sacha in regard to his passport
and trip to Paris. There is practically no
opposition as he seems to realize the ^{absolute} necessity
of obtaining some legal papers. The prospect
of a intellectually fuller life in Paris also
seems to appeal to him. So it is only

a question of money. I shall be able to
tell more about it after I have been in N.Y.
for a little while. I should think that I shall
be able to contribute personally ^{between \$150.00 and \$300.}
dollars. In addition to the money I gave I left I
gave him I left him \$20.00 before leaving. As I
will not be able to do anything for him for a week or
ten days after I arrive in New York, perhaps you

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023016

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 26 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Modest [Stein]. —
2 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

could have after him for a little while more.
I send them him some money and remembering himself
later. Sasha told me he shall let you know if
he runs short. — Sorry I could not
make it a longer story. I appreciate very
much the way you went out of your
way to make my story in St. Tropez
pleasant. — Perhaps if I ever go
near you I shall be more definite
the time I am going to be in St. Tropez
and we may have some more uninterrupted time
together. — All news and good luck
old pal; May your trip to England be
a successful one. — Regards to Malley
and Sylvia.
As ever
Modest

% Beaumont
112 So 17th Street
New York

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022002

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 27?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein]. —
2 p. ; 24 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Friday --

Bo

Dearest Emma!

I had intended to write to you in the same time when I sent you the Mode-Journal. Hope you did find a dress-model.

But there was not a minute time for correspondence left. I was very busy all the time. And Modest took all our time. We went with him out, I especially went shopping with him. So the days went, without having had the time to think.

Well, yesterday Modest went off. Sasha went with him to Villefranche. I would have loved to go with them, but I felt tired, and then, I am not so fond of driving in a cab so long. So I bade him farewell from here.

I have never seen Modest in such a fine spirit and mood. I was so surprised. He was very tender, affectionate, and then such a gentleman. He slept on that divan and was quite content -- really with everything. And I can imagine how much more comfort he is used to. In the bathtub he sang and made jokes. Well, we both were very glad to find him satisfied....

The last day he took me out on a very "important" business. I wondered what it might be. AND, Emma darling, think of it, he bought me a beautiful winter coat -- something marvelous. I did not want it, at first, explained him that I don't care so much about the style, and am satisfied with the things I get here and there from my sister or friend of ours -- But he didn't listen.... I had to take it. So I have a beautiful coat -- a black silk inside, and a beautiful astrachan-collar. Sasha was tickled to death, when he heard that at our arrival at home... He knows so well, that I am satisfied with anything, as long I can wash it and iron!!!! and look decent.. but, he knew I had no coat, and so he was so glad...

Well, Emma darling, there is a little carte-lattre from you today. Announcing that Senis and Mollie will arrive today. We had wished you had mentioned the train, so I could have gone to the train and meet them. Well, but anyway, Sasha will go over to Monore in the afternoon and tomorrow we make an appointment ----

I was really surprised that they should WRITE before they come up --- they are welcome any time, dearest. Only, may be, they thought that we live so far. Well, but I am glad, anyway they will come over....

How are you, dearest? Hope you are well -- as usual... Sasha and I are so busy with our guests that we had no time for ourselves yet... He did not tell me about his plane....

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 27?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p.; 24 × 18 cm.

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Modest told me (in confidence) I mean confidence in so far that I will learn it later on and should not start to say anything before Sasha himself tells me ---- that may be Sasha will have to go to Paris this winter. And that he may arrange his passport. He thought that bei dieser Gelegen-heit I also should see to it to get a paper... THEREFORE He insisted I should get that coat, you see, that I look decent in Paris.

Well, darling Emma, we will see. ~~EMMY~~ You know, that anything suits me, as long you and Sasha are satisfied... I think really it would be splendid if Sasha would have done his papers.... so far, Sasha only mentioned it shortly to me, and it seemed that he didn't like the idea so much. But you know, I have not talked with him about it. I leave all that to you.

But anyway, Emma, Sasha tells me POSITIVELY that you will not come here before you go. Please I want to hear that directly from you. Because then, there is nothing left for me but to come over. I would not want at all to let you go without having seen -- and embraced you, dear. Life is uncer-tain. What may happen to us, we don't know. So, after all you are leaving France, Emma.

So, I am expecting very soon a plain letter about your definite arrangements. I think Sasha may be soon with you.

What would you think, dearest to it, if I would come for the last few days before your departure?? Let me know all that.

So, then, dearest friend. If only you would realize HOW MUCH I WANT TO SEE YOU HAPPY ---- No, Emma you never did you never will. But that doesn't matter.... I know for myself, how much I want it.

I kiss you tenderly,

Emmy Eckstein

Dear heart: just now Sasha (who is writing to you in the same time) tells me that he intends to go soon to St. Tropez. So we thought beginning next week. SHALL I SEND YOU ANYTHING FROM HERE? for your dress, or uniprix or what? Let me know....

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Sept. 27 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, St. Tropez] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Sept. 27th

Dearest Em,

I hope you have not been anxious, for you know how busy Madelon has been. This is the first chance I have to write you a decent letter.

But it is not easy on my machine. It is really entirely played out. However, just now I cannot bother about it, because there are more pressing needs. We'll see about it later.

M. gave me in all 150 dollars, which made about 2,250 fr. But of that just now there is left only 1,000 fr. The gas and electric bills are paid up, also the taxes, about 250 fr. and other small things. But the rent for the last three months is not paid yet, nor the dentist, and the two will amount to a little over the 1,000 fr. But I still have a couple hundred of francs besides the thousand, and then I have \$10., Emu has ten, and M. also left me two travellers checks at \$10. each. So we have plenty for the present.

I am continuing this because M. wanted me to buy a new machine, go to see a doctor here for regular treatment, and do other things — all for that money. I showed him of course that that was impossible. Well, he was really not stupid, and so he has to be satisfied with \$50 or \$60 after he lands. So that is OK.

It is a surprise that Senya and M. are coming in today. I'll go to meet them, though I don't know exactly when they are to come. Probably they will take the 3.52 train out of St. Raphael. I guess I can catch them.

Now you are all alone. But I think you will welcome a little rest from all the work and all the people you have had during this summer. Even the best of friends are too much when always about. And such a M. got quickly on one's nerves. He is good at heart, but cynical and quarrelsome, probably because his life is so empty and devoid of affection and friendship.

He did not say much about the house he wants to build. I hope he does not change his mind.

I am sending you today a bunch of Russ. papers. I am through with them, but maybe it would be good for you to send them to Senya, so he does not miss the continuation of the story. One issue of the paper, of the 24th, which was a Tuesday, is missing. I gave M. to read it and I suppose he used it to write his article in it. But it had nothing to do with it.

Well, I shall be coming out to you soon again. I have a few things to do here and to revise the Communist article, so that E. can type it, and that I can get it about the middle of next week. Will of course let you know before about it.

Here nothing new. E. feels pretty good, though yesterday she had a dizzy spell. She will not go to see M. off, so that I went alone. The last

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couple of days he discovered some more things breaking out on his groin.

He said they were local infections, but I point it to his blood.

Well, dear, I am prepared to go to meet S. & M. Will go in to Honore -- may be she knows what time they are to come. They don't know Neco and they may have trouble finding her place. Besides, I want to surprise them.

I hope you are feeling well, dear, and getting a chance now to rest up. I think you need it, for you have worked hard enough this summer. Of course physical work may be a rest for you, still it is more all right. And then, you have your MSS etc. to look over, so I know you are not idle even now.

Yes, Made bought a coat for M. Must be a good one, for I know M. But I did not see it yet. ~~There~~ There were some alterations to be made, and the coat is not to be ready till tomorrow. He also wanted to buy her shoes and a rinceat, but she declined and told him that was enough of a present.

No mail from the U.S. here, but I am going to ask and hear news from Stella about Ruth and may be also about Joe.

I embrace you, dear.

P.S. dear, let me know what color paint you want for your trunk. May

I can get the paint cleaner here.

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 28, St. Tropez [to Henry G. Alsberg, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 26 x 21 cm.

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St Tropez Var Sept 28th 35.

Dear old Scout. What do you mean neglecting me for so long? I wrote you June 2nd. Did I get an answer? Not a word. You really do not deserve to hear from me again. What you do deserve is a good schmeissen in Toches. Really dear you are hopeless as a correspondent. But what will you, one loves ones friends for their vices. For, if one had to love them for their virtues, one could not love them at all. And how get on in this world of hate without attachments or affection? As you see I am a selfish critter. I still like you a heck of a lot though you do not deserve it.

What is this about you holding the key, or part of it to jobs for white collar unemployed? Surely Sasha and I have always kept fairly clean. Sasha wears a ~~skirt~~ white shirt only a day. Could you not sh

ove

r some jobs for him and me? Whats the use of having friends in responsible political positions if you can't benefit by them. I ask you? Seriously speaking I am glad you will help a few starving people to something that will get them on their feet again. There must be loads of them in the states. I could name you quite a few in our own ranks most deserving poor. There is Van for instance. He has been out of work for ages and is in a most deplorable state. There is a very gifted poet, much more gifted than most of those whose poetry is being raised to the sky. Her name is Grace Allington and she lives in Pittsburg, here is her address is 1033 Kingsold Crafton Heights Pittsburg Pa. Grace has been starving for years. ~~xxxx~~ There is a very remarkable man handicapped by blindness yet seeing more than many with ~~both~~ use of both eyes. His name is Dr Frank G. Heiner, his address 1412 West 57th Street ~~Chicago~~ Chicago Ill.

Let me tell you about this wonderful person. I first met him in Chicago when I was in America this time. ~~He~~ was one of the speakers at the dinner arranged for me. He delivered the most marvelous poetic speech on anarchism I ever heard. He was then taking courses in sociology and psychology in the Chicago University on a scholarship. Last year that was denied him because "younger men had to be given that". Incidentally he is only 30. So he had to leave the university and live in his wifes earnings little as it is. She teaches domestic science in the Chicago U. Heiner had a job in the shelters, taking data on case studies, talking to the men, teaching them. He could not bear the graft going on, and the degradation to which the men were daily being subjected. So he left his job. They would not have kept him anyway because they discovered that he is an Anarchist. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that Heiner is one of the most informed and cultured men I have met. A beautiful American type and a man with singularly clear conception of our social fabrik. The greatest wonder about him is his optimistic attitude to life so rare in people handicapped by some physical defect. I am sure you would find him most interesting and valuable in any work given him. Imagine, he does not use a Braille machine, he writes and how he writes on an ordinary typewriter and he is really an abtist as teacher. When I tell you that Sasha is amazed at Heiners clarity of thought, (he corresponds with him) and his logical deductions ~~from~~ ~~his~~ you will not suspect me of exaggerating the fine qualities and ability of Frank Heiner. Don't you think such a case should receive consideration? I really hope you can do something.

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I inclose copies of some letters to give you an idea of our doings or rather lack of doings. Fact is we have had one damned disturbance after another since I returned. The one that upset Sasha and me most was the unfortunate disagreement with Rudolf Rucker about the translation of his work. Its all settled now, the second part is being translated by someone else, a man in Los Angeles. But the whole business left a scar on Sashas spirit as well as mine. Don't think Rudolf is to blame. It is only that he failed to grasp that the work written in an involved and heavy German would read abominable in a literal translation. Needless to say we understood R.'s side and we are the same old friends as ever. Sasha wrote R. a wonderful letter. I wish I had a copy to send you, if only that you might see how big our Sasha is, and how understanding.

Well, the many disturbing things that happened here in addition to the poor response to the appeal to enable me to write the proposed book just paralysed me this summer. I simply could not buckle down to writing. You of all my friends will understand that one can not force oneself to writing. Anyhow I have done nothing except take care of Bon Esprit. No not the garden, I am a rotten farmer. But the ménage kept me on the run. Especially this month with a lot of visitors to look after. Mollie and Senia were here a month. They had the first vacation in their lives. They gloried in Bon Esprit, perhaps more than ever because they felt able to contribute to the expences. Senia has a job, the first that gives him something both materially and the work he so loves. He has really developed into a great photographer. I wish you might see his work.

Since I have failed to begin the book and have no hopes that I will be more in the mood to write this winter I have accepted an invitation of our London comrades to come to England for some lectures. Its a hell of a time to go there in the horrible weather that begins next month. And now with Eng; and likely to be involved in the bloody ambitions of the gangster Mussolini; it will certainly be no easy matter to get a hearing in England. Lastly is Sasha. To leave him behind is going to be bitter hard. While he has improve since my return, he is far from well. He and E. have not a single solitary soul near in Nice everyone of our friends having fled from France because living is so high. E. gets frightfully panicky when at the least cold of Sasha. And to cap the climax of it all S. has absolutely no means of a livelihood. He got little enough for the translation, still it was something. Now that too is off. I realize that my remaining within reach will change nothing in Sashas status. Still it gives me the jitters to go away. Nice is so near the Italian border, and Mussolini set on embroiling the whole world. However, I must go if only to save my own soul. England is the only country where I can raise my voice without being kicked out. I might get a taste of British prisons. But I have discovered there are worse misfortunes by far. So it is not the prison outlook that distresses me. Its leaving Sasha and having small hopes of success in England. But anything is preferable to hanging around in Nice or even Paris doing nothing.

I expect to leave here the 15th of next month. My address in Paris until Nov 4th will be the American Express 11, rue Scribe. In London it will be c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20, Beecherroft Court, Beecherroft Avenue, N.W. 11

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What has become of Cliff. Has he gone the way of all flesh like
everybody who suddenly comes into money? I had a letter from Ann
rd giving me a telephone conversation she had with Cliff before
dahsed off to New Mexico. It was to the effect that he had
collected \$200 for the book fund, that he would add some and send it
to me when he knows that I have reached St Tropez. And of course
that he loves me as ever. Nice isn't it? Of course I heard nothing
further in the matter. For Cliffs sake I hope Cutting left him an
allowance and not a lot of cash. For the latter will go quickly
if dear Cliff has free access to it. Now is his chance to write.
Will he?

Well, dear old Hank any hope of hearing from you. Or are
you more busy than ever to drop me a line? Please find a little
time for an old friend what has so often cooked you gefilte and
made you blintches. If not for our old, sweet friendship sake do it
for the blintches. I really miss like hell hearing from you? So
do sit ye down on your Toches and write me soon.

With my old and never ~~changing~~ changing
affections.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 28, St. Tropez [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 18 cm.

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at Tropez Var Sept 28/35.

My dear Modest.

The inclosed letter came this noon together with your farewell letter and a card at last from Sasha. He gave me a big scare. He never left here without writing me by return mail. This time not a word until to day. Ordinarily I should not have been anxious. But he and Emmy are ill every Montag und Donnerstag, I can't help but ^{be} anxious when Sasha does not write. It was just carelessness on his part. It gave me days of worry and cost seven francs ^{fully} because I insisted he should wire me, and I had to pay 4,50 for delivery. But it was worth the cost to be reassured.

It was very thoughtful of you to write me a parting letter and to let me know the result of your talk with S. I knew he would eventually see the imperative need of getting straightened out on his passport. And also to contact some people that may put some work in his way. I hope fervently that you will be able to raise the money needed to take him and E. to Paris and for their stay. Will you let me know at your earliest opportunity exactly how much you will be able to send him. Because I would then urge him to come to Paris while I am still there. I know a lot of people and it is always less difficult to plead for others than for oneself. Especially when it is Sasha. So be sure to cable me c/o the American Express Paris. I am almost certain to go there the 15th of next month for three weeks.

My dear Modest how can you speak of "reimbursing me" for anything I let Sasha have. Don't you know that in all the forty five years since we met I have never considered anything I had or owned that was not also Sashas? One does not like to talk about what one does for others. But now that you have mentioned reimb

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U. I must let you know that as long as I had a dollar it was shared with Sasha and Emy. I never started out on a tour without leaving S. some money. Nor did I stay away for any length of time without sending him as much, indeed more than I could spare. Of course it will be the same this time. As for my own peace of mind that I will leave S something. I never could bear to think he is in want. And since his health began to decline I feel even more concerned. I only wish I myself were not dependent on the few dollars subscribed to enable me to write. I will have to hang on to it until I buckle down to deliver the goods. For I can't accept support without making good the purpose for which it was given. Well, I don't expect much from my efforts in England. But I think I will realize enough to support my needs. That will enable me to send S. some money every month. It will not be enough to keep him and E. But it will be better than nothing. Perhaps the fund that is being raised for his birthday may bring enough to secure him for a year. One can't make plans even for that length of time these uncertain days.

Indeed, I should enjoy having you and Sasha here, just the three of us in memory of our common life when we were so young, so naive and so full of ardent hopes. Let us hope we will still have Bon Esprit next year. And it will be possible to arrange that no one else shall be here when you come. It could have been arranged this time as well had you not been obliged to change your date of departure so many times. I am delighted to know you enjoyed the little I was able to do to make your visit ~~pleasant~~ pleasant.

With love.

I wrote Mrs Joanne Levey that you will send on the underwear directly you get back.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 28, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Ben Taylor. — 3 p. ; 34 x 20 cm.

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43 Beverley Blvd.,
Scarboro Bluffs Ont.
Sept. 28th, 1935.

Dear Emma

As you see I have removed myself far from where I last wrote to you, but the change is geographical only. I was glad to get your letter as it again concentrates my thoughts on my own mental conditions (not such a big proposition) in an effort to explain it. I recognise the mental struggle you experienced in your youth by reading "Living My Life" as very similar in many respects excepting that by virtue of your sex and your superior abilities you were able to overcome them much more easily than I will.

It is perhaps surprising to you that I should refer to your sex as an advantage, when in most circles the female is considered at a disadvantage. Not that I infer that you capitalised on your sex but many of our psychological puzzles are inextricably bound up with the sexual impulses. As long as this impulse remains insufficiently soothed or satisfied it remains in conflict to devoting all one's time and effort to the movement that it requires. With the prevailing ideas on the matter and the vestiges of the conventional ideas of the same that still remain among the radicals it is easier for a woman than a man to be at peace in this way. I do not refer to the physical aspect only. If I was only concerned in that way the problem would solve itself much in the same way that the lumberjack solves it in his bi-annual trip into town. So far, tho, I am still quite ignorant of this means of satisfaction and have never availed myself of the use of these noble institutions so aptly depicted by Lecky. Some of the more active radicals find solace within their confines and appear at ease. But I still retain a great deal of the idealism of youth that has been fortified by experiences, some pleasant some otherwise, in this particular phase of life.

Whenever I find one with whom I could enjoy association my ideas and way of living arising out of them ~~disappear~~ conflict and I find myself at loose ends again. Travelling on the box cars without any long periods in one place does not lend itself to making satisfactory association for those of different sexes. Again you had the advantage of me because with my mediocre ability it is impossible to remain in one place or travel with a desirable companion. To settle in one place necessitates a degree of economic security which would inversely approximate one's activities in the movement. To conceive of such a drab life, as it would prove to be, is beyond my endurance and has resulted in the abrupt ending of several pleasant associations. However, I will muddle thru, to look back in later years with a rue smile or sympathetic understanding, according to my position mentally and materially, at the maelstrom at present enveloping my mind. Dorothy apparently endured a similar mental condition for years because of conventional inhibitions but has recovered somewhat thru her activities as an anarchist.

As expected, no doubt, I am at odds regarding some ideas expressed in your letters. As to my being steeped in Marxian ideology I wish that I had you to answer the orthodox Marxian interpreters as to the failing of my logic or explanation according to Marxian dialectics. My Marxian impurity is a sorry spot with many, even yourself. It is the height of dogmatism to set up the cry of "Marxian" every time one differs with you. Anarchist at one with the capitalist in that way. If Marx and Bakunin did differ it is still quite possible that Charlie might have stated some truths, isn't it? However it is dragging the red herring across the path to put me in the position of defending Marx against anarchism, when the crux of the discussion is different ideas ~~that we are facing~~ arising from conditions facing us now-- not those of conditions of 75 years ago. Admitted that human aspect is the same, the ~~material~~ material conditions are not.

As to the number of intellectual "leaders" as you please to call them, who have gone back on their idea is not even pertinent to the issue of our discussion because it is next to impossible to analyse and compare the exigencies at the time that made it expedient to betray one's ideas. Marx never went back on his ideas because he was never faced with the matter of bread and butter. Inflation and deflation of the gastronomical organs play havoc with the inflation or deflation of one's ideals. There is no rule of thumb

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[Letter] 1935 Sept. 28, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Ben Taylor. — 3 p. ; 34 x 20 cm.

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formulated yet to determine just what the affect will be of the changed proximity of the vest buttons and backbone. As to not coming to their ideas thru economic experiences, this is a ~~very~~ wrong conception unless you confine your references to personally experienced poverty. The economic experience of society is what makes most of us come to our opinions.

You do not agree with A.B.'s ideas and action regarding revolt thru the stomach. He supported strongly the unemployed demonstrations in New York in '14 and condemned Haywood for being opposed to them. The anarchist, in many places today take the same attitude as the the IWW did then and you do now. Once the unemployed have been satisfied with bettering their conditions they cease to rebel. Or perhaps the N.Y. affair changed your mind and influenced your present opinion?

We have always taken the stand that fighting for mere reforms or alleviation of conditions is not a conscious revolutionary act in itself nor is likely to lead to such an act. Now do I agree with the philosophy of poverty bringing about the rev. Events have proven to everyone's satisfaction that poverty depresses and paralyzes the mind instead of influencing it to galvanic rev. action. Each and every one of us will arrive at a revolutionary frame of mind because of different circumstances in our specific environment. But we must do more than arrive at mere conclusions. We put them into effect. The Marxian stress of the economic impetus of revolt as the only motivation is a stress erected by Marxian interpreters but not by Marx himself. Again I repeat that our difference of opinions is not a because of different interpretations of Marx, or that I am Marxian and you are not. Considering the the Marx wrote and the prevailing prejudices it was necessary to stress the material factor in the development of society. Perhaps today it would not be a necessity.

Your taking the word "power" out the context and abusing the poor thing is hardly fair on the English language nor me. One can, and must, develop the knowledge of power ~~to use it without directing against others.~~ My use of a little power was of the individuals knowledge of himself and over the means of production and not as Lenin use it to mean a little power over others. Doesn't the IWW stress education as well as action? And what organization in America has better demonstrated the power of the combination of both?

Again you bring my admiration of Lenin in whom we have been at loggerheads with him and his followers constantly with dictatorship and his policy of compromise and terrorism of radicals. You misunderstand the use of "intellectual" as used by the IWW. As Mark Twain said most arguments are over the same word to mean different things or the description of ~~different things.~~ Please understand that when the same thing with different words. When speaking disparagingly of the "intellectual" we mean that class of learned egotistical opportunist philosophers who are under the impression that they are ordained to lead and direct the workers in their struggle for emancipation and their life thereafter. If the hat fits those whom you refer to or Lenin was opposed to, so be it. I am in accord. How can you, and anarchists, ~~deny the creative powers of the mass and refuse to endow them with powers of abilities they do not possess but will consistently do so in the case of the "intellectual".~~ As far as workers being prone to tyrannize their fellow workers are the "intellectuals" immune from that trait? Was Lenin? Was Marx? The very acts of the "intellectuals" have condemned them in the eyes of a revolutionists. If such have been responsible for the successes in the labor movement should they not also take the credit for those numerous debacles which have been failures?

I am not misled into thinking that the recent manifestations of terrorism in America is Fascism. But I will admit that it is a mistake to label every reactionary sign Fascism or every reactionary as Fascist. The emotional manifestations and displays of brutality and persecution are not fascism as we have always has them. Fascism has and underlying economic cause and without the understanding of this Fascism must remain clouded in mystery. The economic cause is the spontaneous force of Fascism enforced, unwittingly, by the great power of mass revolt against the injustices of life. Without the combination of the two we have not fascism. Because of the ignor-

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of this spontaneous force many of the enemies of fascism are unknowingly aiding its inception by supporting the increasing intervention of the state into the economic field. The Socialist and in some cases the communist are the worst offenders in this way. It is not these superficial manifestations of Fascism but its economic development that determines my statement and attitude to the approach of Fascism in America. I have condemned at all times the promiscuous appellation of the term "Fascist" as misleading and confusing.

I am glad you are disappointed in private life and will soon reenter the arena again. No further comment is necessary as to welcome to America.

The IWW is doing well over here and in need of talent in all lines. I don't know how long I will be able to hold down this town despite my good reasons for doing so at present. The members want everyone busy here and in California. I may winter there and then go north and east again in the spring.

Hoping you are in the best of health I remain yours for ~~the~~ Freedom.

Ben Taylor
I have neglected to mention when I am in Seattle Wash *B.T.*

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[illegible]

first in paragraph 1 of August 17th, you claimly
that you had to give me a German translation. You admit that
you had no right to do this. The original text of Becker
has not been translated. I admitted that the other German "scholars"
told you I had to do so. You can state so definitely that
a translation of Becker is not only "a paraphrase of
Becker's work" but it is not able to be a "scholar" of German
I know so much. All in all it is really my native tongue since
I am first language. I am not a German. Now will you
believe me then I assure you that the German translation while
not being a literal is a great addition of the original and
a perfect reference to Becker's thought and exposition. I admit
that it is not literal. A translation worthy its name can and
should be that. If a man is making a literal translation he
will ruin Becker's work and no publisher will take it without
very considerable rewriting. That was the crime of most trans-
lators of the Russians, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, etc. They gave
"literal" translations and completely killed the spirit and
literary value of the works. That is why English reading people
never got the depth and beauty of the Great Russian. Only in
recent years have good translators made Dostoyevsky understandable

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able to Anglo-American readers, not because they had come to realize that translation is an art in itself and only those who are either writers themselves, or have a literary bent are qualified to render one language into another. In point of fact that has always been the conception of a good translation. The very best of them were gifted writers themselves. It is the Russian works and all the English classics are so admirably rendered, and that is Berkman's forte. Now don't think I am a bit because it is Berkman's friendship and love may be easily brushed aside in literary criticism. Berkman knows that I am his very best critic just as he has been that towards every thing I have written. Oh, I know that Berkman's literary style is of very fine quality, and that his literary literacy is of such high order that he never could or could not paraphrase an author without his ~~consent~~ consent. I not only believe that he relied on his judgment but after he had read every all chapters he wrote it, that it was splendidly done, indeed "it reads like the original". True, Berkman did not make a "literal" translation, he knows too much about literature to even attempt such a stupid thing. But neither did he even remotely touch it's thought. And also he did not stick to it's style. If he had it would have been German, not English, and so will the translation James is making. I am sure that I did it in that way because of all the "scholarship" who are going to "his" translation. Well, O.K. I am sure. Well, I am sure that too many cooks spoil the broth. But it is a bit to be seen to poor A's 1935.

Now, I will tell you how you not ~~can~~ being able to read the original text, can say that A. has "re-written" A's book and that he had made it "more German to a reader". Berkman is ready to challenge anyone of our scholars to prove it in contention, to go over with them word by word. But they may tell him where he had changed or misinterpreted. He has shortened some of the involved sentences, and he has left out many unnecessary repetitions. In other words he did what should be done in translations, he has rendered all of Lockers in the simplest and best English, and that is the highest test of a translation.

I say that "it is acknowledged that Berkman's paraphrasing is so well done that it might have been published as such, if polished and corrected a little". Believe it or not this is the first time since A. has been told that anyone had suggested his English needs to be "polished and corrected a little". Both his ~~emois~~ ^{emois} and his ~~olsh~~ ^{olsh} ~~vish~~ ^{vish} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~called~~ ^{called} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~conservative~~ ^{conservative} ~~critics~~ ^{critics} even as great literary works, while his anarchist Communism, or the novel and other fiction called in its own defense, was conceded by everyone to be very bright of simplicity in writing. Don't think it is a little absurd to suggest that the work of an experienced writer need to be "polished and corrected" by people who as far as I know have yet written nothing of importance? I don't mean to say that you will lose ability I fully recognize, or follow who probably does not claim to be a writer even if he is. Berkman should think they can improve on Berkman's literary style, or criticism? I have a feeling that you will do a not even think A's work needs his editorial hand. I don't know enough of A's follow-up to have the same feeling about him. But in any event, ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~going~~ ^{going} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~ready~~ ^{ready} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~take~~ ^{take} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~people's~~ ^{people's} ~~version~~ ^{version} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~printed~~ ^{printed}. Of course you may say that I also need not expect you to

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take my version of the translation for granted. Except that I know B. And I know that never in life would he take such liberties with the work of another has to "paraphrase" it and make it more his than the authors. Also I know A.B.'s writing and know how extremely difficult it is to render it in another language if it is to be properly done.

Well, the matter is settled as far as A.B. ~~and~~ is concerned. His friendship and affection for ~~it~~ have in no way changed. Nor have mine. We love the man not merely as our comrade, but as a friend of many years and as grand and sweet personality. And we admire his profound knowledge as manifested in his great work. I can say for A.B. as well as myself that we have remained deeply interested in A's life's effort and we hope it will finally be made accessible to America and England. That is after all the most important consideration. I therefore wish Dr. James success in his labors and I wish you and the others of the publication group the best of luck in raising whatever will be needed to complete the work ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~has~~ ^{has} had so devotedly and consecratedly begun and kept up in the first part.

Before I close the matter of ~~xxxx~~ the book I want to congratulate you on your splendid publicity work for it. You are an advertising wizard. That alone should assure the success of A's book. L.M.L. might have met with a different sale had you been in charge of the publicity to bring it on the market. I suppose the governments paying for the ~~xx~~ printing of your own stuff is also due to your skill as a publicity man. Not that your stuff is not worth it in its own right. I have not yet had the time to read it, so I can't judge what it is all about. In any event I am delighted to know you ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ succeeded in getting Uncle Sam to foot the bill. ^{its} more than I ever could.

And. You will be glad to learn that you have a strong supporter of your annuity plan. It is an old artist friend of B's and mine. You will recall him in L.M.L. as Fedya. He came here for a visit ~~he~~ knew nothing about your scheme. Yet strangely enough he broached the subject almost immediately after his arrival. He thought I should sell Bon Esprit and use the money as a starting capital for the ~~annuity~~ annuity venture. He even wants two annuities, one for Berkman, and he offered to contribute five hundred dollars if that should be carried through. The trouble is I will never get anything like the cost of Bon Esprit. The price was eighty thousand francs and 21500 interest to the government. Besides that 1/00 a year on fifty thousand francs. In other words nearly four thousand dollars the dollar bringing 25 francs at the time. This does not include the cost of improvements. With the dollar being only 15 francs ~~ex~~ and real estate sunk to next to nothing I can not hope to realize the amount and it would mean remaining without a roof over my head. I am fighting that with all my might. I am so glad you expressed the same thought as I have and that you urged me NOT TO SELL. After all, if it should prove possible to raise 18,000 dollars for the annuity the measly few thousand Bon Esprit would bring would make small difference. But it would make all the difference in the world to remain without a hearth. You see, my dear when I spoke in my letters of being forced to sell Bon Esprit I had in mind a friend of mine an English woman who is so enchanted with the place she may, if she

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decides to buy it in the morning he willing to pay a decent price.
and if by the time the ~~morning~~ ^{afternoon} no way is found to dispose
of some writing that would bring a living, the place will have to
be sold. I think it is surprising you did not know that Don Ro-
bert is mine. I thought all my friends knew that it was bought for me,
but at the initial sale of fifty five thousand francs contributed by
three people. I think of him. I have only helped me with a payment.
The next day I found my house on this. Some people have an
imagined in the morning of it. They imagine a villa in the Riviera
and the most thing stuporous. Well, the whole ground is about 3/4
of an acre and it is a consists of two rooms and a kitchen. The
beauty of it is in the view, its vines and flowers and its privacy.
But it is a tiny little place. I hope for a buyer other than my Eng-
lish friend or a French one. When you have a buyer for
your painting of it, I will put you in touch with him just as soon
as I hear it is a deal in his studio in New York. He would probab-
ly not know what to do with it. He would know for people he would
come to see for the pictures. In any event I feel relieved
that you do not have to find a publicity program for the project.
It is a very nice thing if you can to do about quickly. I shall not
object to it.

I, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original document as it appears in the files of the Bureau.

th, I don't think I need worry about being forgotten
I can suggest right now, if I did not give you his very work.
I can too, alive, entirely to let you know. It is certainly in no
way that I want to be a thing of myself. It is because I am
too active and too full of my own energy to rest on my past "glory"
I should go to action to writing. Not because my "emotional" state
tends me in that direction, but because action is more needed now
than ever before. With the whole world embracing dictatorship, with
liberty cast out and wanted by no one, anarchist voices are too de-
sperately needed to content oneself with the pen only. On the other
hand is also the fact that I am, really, that the kind of book
L.L.L. and I write is not needed by the public or not made accessi-
ble to it. So, I know L.L.L. continued nothing in the way of theory.
An autobiography is not a theoretical treatise. Those that have
attempted it have written a story of glit and winter sting. L.L.L.
is a human document, a throbbing pulsating life. There is no
place there, it is the man about his disillusionment, which was an

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+It is not a question of "if" or "when" evolution and what the "Pol
provision" is a question of "if". It is not meant to be a "merchandise" treat
ment. What is the "Pol" to be used in a "merchandise" is another
matter. I don't think I have. I believe with all the great poets
that the "Pol" is a "merchandise". The "Pol" is a "merchandise".
I am not a "merchandise" in anything else. However,
I think I have a "merchandise" in a "merchandise" it, not to
be used in a "merchandise" of a "merchandise" you so "merchandise" and
"merchandise". The "Pol" will "merchandise" and have in the past
will "merchandise" in a "merchandise" or then with "Pol". But
you are right ~~in a "merchandise"~~ ideas are essential to explain
human "merchandise". I am not the time to go into this in greater
detail but I will go back to the "Pol" in your letter and I
must also refer to other "merchandise" I have neglected. I will have
to cut short this. I must go to bed. The "Pol" aspect to me is
like a "merchandise", a "merchandise" of all. ~~in a "merchandise"~~ all the other factors,
economic, social, political, etc. If they meet with fertile
soil they flourish, if not they either bring forth "merchandise" or nothing
at all. Ideology is a "merchandise" that "merchandise" up the ground.

...old U.S. your lengthy denatation of the nature of
-volution is to be said by my such confused. Certainly I never
visualized a revolution as a cloud burst. In the deeper sense
it is nothing else but the breaking point of all the evolutionary
forces that had been elated. In this sense revolution is as inevitab
as the elch of a mass force when they had reached their culmin
ating point. To say that you will have none of revolution is as logica
as if you said you will not have a cloud storm. It will come whether
you want it or not. And that is the kind of revolution that happened
in Russia. But also and has its extraordinary lack of violence
during the transitional revolutionary stage. The violence, the
terror and the coercions came only with the advent of the Bolshevik
state, not before. You are unfortunately making the same blunder as
so many others did. You compare the Soviet ascendancy to power with
the revolution, not ing is that a way from the historic fact. The
first revolution in Russia took place because the whole social and
political structure had become pyrid like, a poisonous growth and
ready burst at the first spark. The second and main Revolution
took place during the end Oct 1917 when the peasant dispossessed
the landed and bourgeoisie as the workers took the factories and
the workshops. The latterly put a final seal to what had already
become a fait accompli. With all my being I was then and am now for
such a revolution. Of course you are right when you say that social
progress is slow. But it is to say we think it is slow because we can
hardly perceive it with our naked eye. To see it only when the
social forces come to a head and ~~xxx~~ burst in a revolutionary dem
onstration of the state that went in the changes we had not realized.
were to ~~xxx~~ I must merely touch on the question. I will say in
conclusion that here that it is a ill society as with the human body.
we go about for years apparently in the best of health. Then a sudden
break throws us on our back. We think it is sudden. ~~xxx~~ We do not know
that some poisonous elements had gathered in our system for years
the final break down is merely the manifestation of them. In a man

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...of your reference to "log
...in my attitude to L.B. in regard
to his political position. I mean, but as far as the fight he is making
for the Communists is concerned, not you but he is right. So long
as the Communists are being executed, robbed of their right to
the business of an ordinary citizen, L.B. has the right to fight for them.
It should not prove a matter of surprise pointing out that the
Communists could do this if they had power and that
with certain organization can have no truck with their ideas and
methods. But in order to have a democratic principles free
of all should be the right to be free. If you are opposed to
free speech, then you are against the man who ~~has~~ writes
of liberty in his book. I am only saying if you and his class. No my
dear, this is not a matter of right. It means that the fellow
who is not a Communist should have the right to it as I have
to criticize his ideas. It is just as reasonable as few people understand
understand the individual freedom of the man. Now now for one day.
You'll have to take the word of this long term. I only hope I have
not made a mistake in my thinking or in my letters as I always do
do.

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St. Tropez, Sept. 29th, 1935.

N.

Dear C.V.:

I was about to answer yours of August 17th when your letter of the 11th of Sept. arrived. I still had some visitors of the many who had come during Sept. And I waited for their departure to be able to take up my much delayed and neglected correspondence. It is with my visitors as with everything else in my life. I have many or not at all. Until the middle of Aug. no one came. Then they came all together. Formerly Bon Reprit was like YASHAIA POLIANA, Tolstoy's Estate. People came from every part of the world and brought with them whatever of vital interest in their own country. But the crisis has put a stop to that. This year there were not many and except for the fact that they came at the same time they would have caused little extra labor. Of course all the friends who did come were most helpful. But I being the only one who can cook it meant preparing three meals a day and not much time left for anything else. Since the last friends departed I have been hard at work clearing out my desk, resorting my lecture notes and making order among my MSS prior to my departure for England. Among the first to answer are your letters. I will try to take up your points consecutively though it will not be easy because you revert to the same point time and again. Your idea of Revolution to mention only one. But I'll do my best.

First, about your reference to Berkman and the Rucker translation. You admit that you do not know German hence have not been able to read Rucker's work in the original. Now, unless you have taken for granted what your German scholars have told you I am at a loss to understand how you can say that Berkman's translation "good as it is, is only a paraphrase of Rucker's work". While I do not claim to be a German scholar I do know German. In fact, it is my mother tongue since German was the first language I learned to speak. I can but assure you that Berkman's translation while certainly not literal, is yet an exact rendition of the original and strictly adherent to Rucker's thought and exposition. No, Berkman did not make a literal translation. No translation worthy its name should be that. If James is making a literal translation he will merely ruin Rucker's work and no publisher will take it without having his editor rewrite the whole thing. That was the crime of most translators of Russian works, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky and the rest. They made "literal" translations and completely destroyed the spirit and literary value of the Russian masters. That's why English readers could never get the meaning of the great Russian. Only in recent years have modern translators come to see that translation is an art for which it is not enough to know the language from which the work is to be translated and the one into which it is to be done. They understand now that one must also feel the nuance and subtlety of the particular work. In consequence Dostoyevsky and the others have now been made understandable to English and American readers. The reason German translators have always given such masterly translations from the Russian and the English is because they themselves were invariably men of letters and because they knew that one must NEVER translate literally. Because Berkman realized this important factor in rendering works from one tongue into another, and because he is himself a writer of no small gift he did Rucker's work as it should be done.

Now don't imagine I say this because I am partial to Berkman. My friendship and love never could brook sentimental nonsense in literary

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criticism. Berkman knows that I am his severest critic just as he has always been severe with everything I have ever written. But I know that Berkman's literary style is of the finest and his integrity of such high calibre that he never would or could "paraphrase an author's work." True Rucker gave Berkman carte blanche to do the translation as he saw fit. In point of fact Rucker after reading several chapters of the translation wrote B. it read like the original. Whatever liberties B. took with the MSS was to shorten it somewhat and to render Rucker's involved German into simple yet literary English. Had Berkman done aught else the work would have read GERMAN not English. And so will James' translation read, if literally rendered. Or is it that your German scholars will dooter the MSS? Well, you know yourself that too many cooks spoil the broth.

However, I am at a loss to understand how you not knowing German can say that B. has "rewritten" Rucker's book, and that he had made it "more Berkman than Rucker". I must say I had not expected such inaccuracy from you. Well, I can only tell you that Berkman is ready to challenge all your scholars to show him where he had rewritten, paraphrased or changed Rucker's text. He cheerfully admits to having shortened some of the long sentences and to having left out useless repetitions. In other words, he did what every first-rate translator would have considered imperative to make the work as nearly the original as it is at all possible to do so from one language into another. At no point did he even remotely touch Rucker's thoughts.

You say, "it is acknowledged that Berkman's paraphrasing is so well done that it might deserve publication as such, if polished and perfected a little". Believe it or not this is the first time that anyone suggested Berkman's writing needs to be "polished and perfected". His MEMOIRS as well as his BOLSHÉVIK MYTH were conceded even by conservative critics to be of first-rate literary quality. While his A.B.C. OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM as the last word of simplicity in writing. Don't you think therefore it is a bit funny, to say the least to suggest that the work of an able and experienced writer needs to be "polished and perfected"? By whom I wonder? Surely not by those who do not themselves claim literary ability and have as far as my knowledge of them goes not yet written anything outstanding? Well, the matter as far as Berkman is concerned is closed. His friendship and affection for Rucker have in no way changed. Nor have mine. We love him not only as a comrade but as a friend of many years, a grand personality and we consider his work a profound contribution to advanced thought. Nor has our interest in Rucker's life's work undergone the least change. We, therefore, wish Dr. James success with the translation and we wish you and the others of the committee the best of luck in raising the fund to give the work to the American and English reading public.

Before I proceed further I want to congratulate you on your splendid publicity ability. You are a regular wizard when it comes to advertising. That alone should assure the success of the book. Now I wish you had had the publicity of L.M.L. I would not now have to worry how to make ends meet. I suppose it was also your advertising skill that roped the government into paying for your staff. Clever kid you are.

Secondly, you will be glad to learn that you have a strong support in your annuity scheme in an old friend of Berkman and mine whom you will remember as EMMA in L.M.L. He came here on a short visit. Almost immediately he opened up on the need of an annuity for

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SG N.

me and B. That was the more interesting because he knew nothing about your idea along the same line. He urged selling Bon Esprit as a starting capital for the amount to be raised, and he said he would contribute five hundred dollars should the venture be launched. Now while I may be forced to sell Bon Esprit I will hardly get enough to make it worth while as far as the annuity is concerned. For, if it will be possible to raise 115,000, it surely will also be possible to raise all that will be needed. Just now I could get very little for the place in open market. Only if someone should really care enough for Bon Esprit to want to acquire it, as my English friend in this town may I hope to realize something. But I am too attached to the place to decide on its sale lightly. I mean to hang on to it as long as I can. I am therefore delighted to find that you also think I should hang on to it. By the way, I was surprised to learn that you did not know Bon Esprit was mine. ~~Rather it was bought six years ago by three American friends of mine. Rather the initial installment was paid by them. A fourth American friend enabled me to make another substantial payment and the rest I paid from the advance royalties I got on L.M.L. That's how I came to be a "property owner".~~ Anyhow you have a backer of your annuity plan. Our friend returned to the States. Just as soon as I have his new address in New York I will send it to you that you might get in touch with him. He will not be able to do anything else except to contribute his share and perhaps induce a few of his friends to do the same. So it will be well to get in touch with him. His name is Modest Stein.

Thirdly, you ask how much was done for me since my deportation. Two appeals were made, one for L.M.L. and the other this spring. The first did bring about three thousand dollars. Of that a friend of mine, an American woman, contributed \$1500. She it was who also contributed the largest amount to the purchase of L.M.L. The Jewish comrades raised about seven hundred. The rest were outside contributors. The recent appeal went to my own personal friends outside of our ranks. I did not want the Anarchists appealed to. The result was not very great. That is all, since I was forced out of A. I do not think there is any reason to worry about being "forgotten unless I continue to give some literary work" as you suggested in your letter. I am too active entirely to let A. forget me. For, if I should never again be permitted to re-enter, I will still be able to get to Canada and do my work there. No, I am not full of nervous energy because of my "emotional" make-up and craving. But because I consider action now of the utmost importance. With the whole world embracing dictatorship, liberty cast out and wanted by no one, Anarchist voices are too desperately needed for me to content myself with the pen only. But you are right, human memory is short lived. Well, I have done my share and I must, if it should be necessary, let it go at that. Besides, I am too keenly aware that the books Berkman and I write have not proven "best" sellers, nor have they had with such wide circulation that we should feel so eager to write more. Yes, L.M.L. did not contain theory. An autobiography is not the place for theoretic dissertations. Those who have attempted to theorize in their autobiography have made their story flat and uninteresting. L.M.L. is a human document, a throbbing, pulsating life. Neither was it in place to discuss Anarchism in MY DISSILLUSIONMENT. This was meant as an appraisal of the Russian Revolution and what the Bolsheviks had made of it. But though it was never intended as an Anarchist treatise my last chapter in MY DISSILLUSIONMENT is certainly Anarchism in its application to Revolution. As to whether I have the gift to write a theoretic work I really don't know. You see, I agree with the wise

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SG N.

Goethe that "all Theories Are Grey". Theories are changeable after all. The human is eternal. I am interested in that part more than in anything else. However, I think I know my Anarchism and that I can represent it. Not in the matter of fact or utilitarian manner you so admire. Whatever I have written and will still write will deal with human experience more than with ideas. But you are right ideas are essential to ~~human~~ the explanation of human experience. It is only that the human aspect to me is like the soil which is either fertile or sterile. All the other factors, economic, social and spiritual are the seeds. If they are placed in fertile soil, they will fructify the earth. Ideology is merely the tool that ploughs up the ground.

Fourth, dear, old C.V. your lengthy dissertation of the nature of Revolution is to my mind very much confused. I certainly never visualized Revolution as a sudden cloud burst. I have always maintained that Revolution is the culminating point of all the preceding evolutionary forces. In this sense Revolution is as inevitable as the clash of the forces in nature that have reached their breaking point. To say that you will have none of "revolution" is as illogical as if you would say you will have none of a thunder storm. It will come whether you so wish it or not. And that is the ~~extraordinary~~ kind of Revolution that happened in Russia. That also explains the extraordinary lack of violence during the actual overthrow of the old regime. Violence, terror and the coercions came only with the advent of the Bolshevik state. You are unfortunately making the same mistake as so many others. You confuse the Soviet ascendancy to power with the Revolution. Nothing is further removed from the historic facts. The first Revolution in Russia took place because the whole system had disintegrated and had come to a head as a poisonous growth that burst at the first pinprick. The second and main Revolution was the result of a century of evolutionary social ideas to the effect that the peasant had a right to the land and the worker to the means of production. The peasantry and the workers in the period between March and Oct. simply carried out what they had been taught and prepared for. They took the land and the factories. That was the ACTUAL REVOLUTION and not the seal put to it by Lenin. With every fibre I was then and am now for such a Revolution. Of course you are right when you say social progress is slow. That is to say we think it is slow because we can not perceive it with our naked eye. We see the progress only when the social forces ~~have been~~ loose in a revolutionary manifestation. In conclusion I wish to say that it is with the social forces as with the human body. We go about for years in the best of health. A sudden breakdown throws us on back and makes us aware of the poisonous elements in our system we never imagined to be there. In a sense our collapse is nature's warning and our illness a means of rebuilding our physical forces. Naturally, Revolution being the articulation of the social changes preceding it must needs be all inclusive and far reaching. I cannot see therefore how any clear mind can be opposed to Revolution. True, Revolutions have been misused and prostituted. But that had nothing to do with the thing itself. Whether you will agree with me or not I can only tell you that my Russian experience far from weakening my belief in Revolution, it has ~~it~~ strengthened it. More than ever am I convinced that fundamental changes will never come except through Revolution. And that Revolution can be constructive if its intrinsic meaning and value have been grasped.

Fifth, "Non-Violent Coercion". I have not the faintest notion what you mean by it. It sounds as plausible to me as cold heat, or dry water. Coercion is always violent even if administered in a

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SG N.

sugar-coated manner. As far as I am concerned it is of no moment how I am coerced. It's coercion I object to as an evil and enslaving. The same holds good of "power". It cannot be used for a little while. Once you have captured it you will hold on to it for dear life, or it will hold on to you.

Sixth, my dear, what makes you think Berkman and I did not know the cost when we went into the anti-war work? We foresaw the consequences only too clearly. But we felt that to stop anti-war work just because America had entered the war when we had been opposed to it all our conscious years was to go back on everything we had ever held high. We left such a betrayal to the pacifists and anti-militarists. We could not do it if our lives had depended on it. But what had that to do with my becoming an alien? I might have been much more of an alien and a traitor to boot, if I had refrained from anti-war work. This way even our bitterest enemies cannot charge us with having denied our ideas. In point of fact it was no less a conservative paper than the Times that wrote, "whatever maybe said against Berkman and Goldman no one can charge them with cowardice. They have always stood their ground and they have bravely paid the price." Not that I care about the Times. But I merely want to point out that though I have lost my right to America, I have not forfeited the prestige I had built up in A. More important still is the fact that tens of thousands to take only a small figure have come to see that our anti-war position was right and to respect us for it. Would not change that for any safety and security America could give me. I assure you I would do it all over again, as indeed I intend to go ahead against the new war when I come to England. Believe me it will not be because I want to "break" into the penitentiary. Rather will it be because I have never been able to understand how people can stand for an ideal in time of peace and deny it in time of danger. At least I never could. I don't want you to follow my example. Naturally, everyone must decide such things for himself.

Seven, about your stand in re the Civil Liberties Unions and Roger Baldwin. I am absolutely at variance with him on Russia. But as far as his efforts for the Communists are concerned not you but he is right. And so is the C.L.U. So long as the Communists are being robbed of their freedom of speech and are being hounded from pillar to post it is the business of an organisation like the C.L.U. to defend them. That does not mean that it must be silent on the abuses of power of the Communists and on the fact that they are doing the same in Russia and would in America as they are being done by the reactionaries in other countries. After all free speech does not mean that people may say what is pleasant to us. It also means that they may have the right to criticise us. Or it is not free speech. It is in fact the kind of freedom Hoover believes in. That is just the trouble so few people understand the meaning of freedom. You will forgive me, my dear, but I think you are most inconsistent, if you refuse to support an organisation like the C.L.U. because it aids the Communists. I think it is the most vital organisation in A. And it is doing splendid work.

You may be right about Canada. After all I can only speak from my experience in Toronto and Montreal, and the work in those cities was like raising the dead. I dare say that the West, especially Vancouver, may be more aware of the social issues. I never could get there because I had neither money nor competent help to organise meetings.

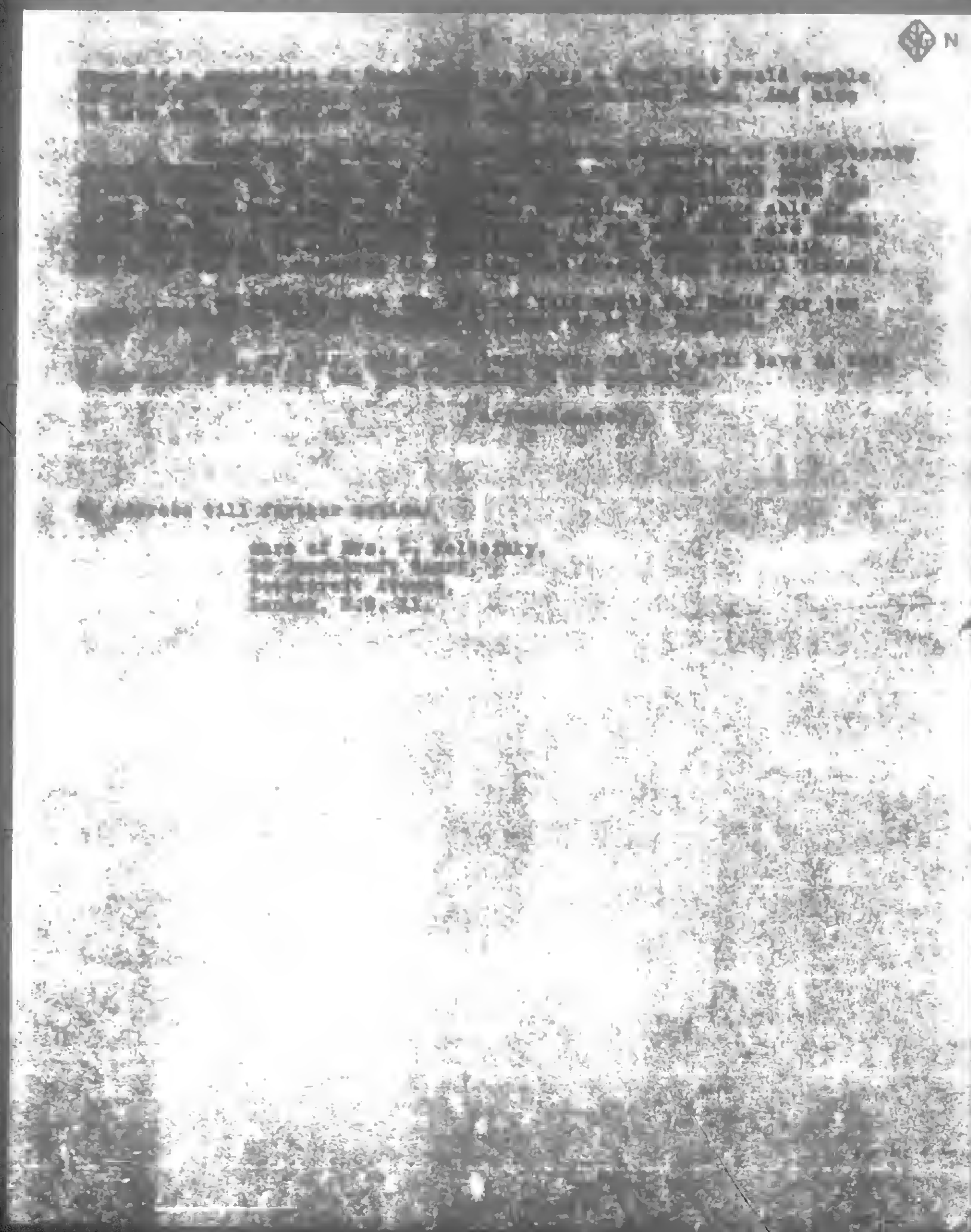
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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Sept. 29, St. Tropez [to] C[assius] V. [Cook, Los Angeles] / [Emma Goldman]. — 6 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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860417035

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Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

St Tropez Sept 29th 35.

Dear C.V. I was about to answer yours of August 17th when your letter of the 21st of Sept arrived. I still had some visitors of the many who had come during Sept. And I waited for their departure to be able to take up my much delayed and neglected correspondence. It is with my visitors as with everything else in my life. I have many or not at all. Until the middle of Aug no one came. Then they came all together. Formerly Bon Apetit was like YAKOVLEV, POLINA, Tolstoy's estate. People came from every part of the world and brought with them whatever of vital interest in their own country. But the crisis has put a stop to that. This year there were not many and except for the fact that they came at the same time they would have caused little extra labor. Of course all the friends who did come were most helpful. But I being the only one who can cook it meant preparing three meals a day and not much time left for anything else. Since the last friends departed I have been hard at work clearing out my desk, assorting my lecture notes and making order among my MSS prior to my departure for England. Among the first to answer are your letters. I will try to take up your points consecutively though it will not be easy because you revert to the same point time and again. Your idea of revolution to mention only one. But I'll do my best.

First, about your reference to Berzman and the Rucker translation. You admit that you do not know German hence have not been able to read Rucker's work in the original. Now, unless you can have taken for granted what your German scholars have told you I am at a loss to understand how you can say that Berzman's translation "good as it is" is only a paraphrase of "Rucker's work". While I do not claim to be a German scholar I do know German. In fact it is my mother tongue since German was the first language I learned to speak. I can but assure you that Berzman's translation while certainly not literal, is yet an exact rendition of the original and strictly adherent to Rucker's thought and exposition. No, Berzman did not make a literal translation. No translation worthy its name should be that. If James is making a literal translation he will merely ruin Rucker's work and no publisher will take it without having his editor rewrite the whole thing. It was the crime of most translators of Russian works, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and the rest. They made "literal" translations and completely destroyed the spirit and literary value of the Russian masters. That's why English readers could never get the meaning of the great Russian. Only in recent years have modern translators come to see that translation is an art for which it is not enough to know the language from which the work is to be translated and the one into which it is to be done. They understand now that one must also feel the nuance and subtlety of the particular work. In consequence ~~xxx~~ Dostoyevsky and the others have now been made understandable to English and American readers. The reason German translators have always given such masterly translations from the Russian and the English is because they themselves were invariably men of letters and because they knew that one must NEVER translate literally. Because Berzman realized this important factor in rendering works from one tongue into another, and because he is himself a writer of no small gift he did Rucker's work, as it should be done.

Now don't imagine I say this because I am partial

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2

to Beriman. My friendship and love never could brook sentimental nonsense in literary criticism. Beriman knows that I am his ney rest critic just as he has always been sever with everything I have ever written. But I know that Berimans literary style is of the finest and his integrity of such high caliber that he never would or could "paraphrase an authors work. True Rooker gave Beriman carte blanche to do the translation as he so fit. In point of fact Rooker after reading several chapters of the translation wrote B. it read like the original. Whatever liberties B. took with the MSS was to shorten it somewhat and to render Rookers involved German into simple yet literary English. Had Beriman done aught else the work would have read G[erman] not English. And so will James translation read if literally rendered. Or is it that your German scholars will doctor the text? Well, you know yourself that too many cooks spoil the broth.

However, I am at a loss to understand how you not knowing German can say that B. has "rewritten" Rookers book, and that he had made it "more Beriman than Rooker". I must say I had not expected such inaccuracy from you. Well, I can only tell you that Beriman is ready to challenge all your scholars to show him where he had rewritten, paraphrased or changed Rookers text. He cheerfully admits to having shortened some of the long sentences and to having left out useless repetitions. In other words he did what every first rate translator would have considered imperative to make the work as nearly the original as it is at all possible to do so from one language into another. At no point did he even remotely touch Rookers thoughts.

You say, "it is acknowledged that Berimans paraphrasing is so well done that it might deserve publication as such, if polished and perfected a little". Believe it or not this is the first time that anyone suggested Berimans writing needs to be "polished and perfected". His *MINOIA*, as well as his *SOVIETNIK WITH* were acclaimed conceded even by conservative critics to be of the first rate literary quality. While his *A.D.C. of ANARCHIST COMMUNISM* is the last word of simplicity in writing. Don't you think therefore it is a bit funny, to say the least to suggest that the work of an able and experienced writer needs to be "polished and perfected"? By whom I wonder? Surely not by those who do not themselves claim literary ability and have as far as my knowledge of them goes not yet written anything outstanding? Well the matter as far as Beriman is concerned is closed. His friendship and affection for Rooker have in no way changed. Nor have mine. We love him not only as a comrade but as a friend of many years, a grand personality and we consider his work a profound contribution to advanced thought. Nor has our interest in Rookers lifes work undergone the least change. We therefore wish Dr James success with the translation and we wish you and the others of the committee the best of luck in raising the fund to give the work to the American and English reading public.

Before I proceed further I want to congratulate you on your splendid publicity ability. You are a regular wizard when it comes to advertising. That alone should assure the success of the book. Now I wish you had had the publicity of L.M.L. I would not now have to worry how to make ends meet.

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I suppose it was also your advertising skill that roped the government into paying for your stuff, Clever kid you are.

Secondly, you will be glad to learn that you have a strong support in your annuity scheme in an old friend of Berkman and mine whom you will remember as FROD. in L.M.L. He came here on a short visit. Almost immediately he opened up on the need of an annuity for me and B. That was the more interesting because he knew nothing about your idea along the same line. He urged selling Bonapart as a starting capital for the amount to be raised, and he said he would contribute five hundred dollars should the venture be launched. Now while I may be forced to sell Bonapart I will hardly get enough to make it worth while as far as the annuity is concerned. For, if it will be possible to raise 115,000 it surely will also be possible to raise all that will be needed. Just now I could get very little for the place in open market. Only if someone should really care enough for Bonapart to want to acquire it, as my English friend in this town may I hope to realize something. But I am too attached to the place to decide on its sale lightly. I mean to hang on to it as long as I can. I am therefore delighted to find that you also think I should hang on to it. By the way, I was surprised to learn that you did not know Bonapart was mine. It was bought six years ago by three American friends of mine. Rather the initial instalment was paid by them. A fourth American friend enabled me to make another substantial payment and the rest I paid from the advance royalties I got on L.M.L. That's how I came to be a "property owner.". Anyhow you have a backer ~~in your~~ of your annuity plan. My friend returned to the States. Just as soon as I have his new address in New York I will send it to you that you might get in touch with him. He will not be able to do anything else except to contribute his share and perhaps induce a few of his friends to do the same. So it will be well to get in touch with him. His name is Robert Stein.

Thirdly, you ask how much was done for me since my deportation. Two appeals were made, one for L.M.L. and the other this spring. The first did bring about three thousand dollars. Of that a friend of mine, an American woman, contributed 1500. She it was who also contributed the largest amount to the purchase of L.M.L. The Jewish comrades raised about seven hundred. The rest were outside contributors. The recent appeal went to my own personal friends out side of our ranks. I did not want the Anarchists appealed to. The result was not very great. That is all, since I was forced out of A. I do not think there is any reason to worry about being "forgotten unless I continue to give some literary work" as you suggested in your letter. I am too active entirely to let A. forget me. For if I should never again be permitted to reenter I will still be able to get to Canada and do my work there. No, I am not full of nervous energy ~~for~~ because of my "emotional" make up and craving. But because I consider action now of the utmost importance. With the whole world embracing dictatorship, liberty cast out and wanted by no one Anarchist voices are too desperately needed for me to content myself with the pen only. But you are right human memory is short lived. Well, I have done my share and I must, if it should be necessary let it go at that. Besides, I am too keenly aware that the books Berkman and I write have not proven "best" sellers, nor have they had wide cir

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such wide circulation that we should feel so eager to write more. Yes, L.M.L. did not contain theory. An autobiography is not the place for theoretic dissertations. Those who have attempted to theorise in their autobiography have made their story flat and uninteresting. L.M.L. is a human document, a throbbing, pulsating life.

either was it in place to discuss Anarchism in MY DISILLUSIONMENT. This was meant as an appraisal of the Russian Revolution and what the Bolsheviks had made of it. But though it was never intended as an Anarchist treatise my last chapter in MY DISILLUSIONMENT is certainly Anarchist in its application to Revolution. As to whether I have the gift to write a theoretic work I really don't know. You see, I agree with the wise Goethe that "all Theories Are Grey". Theories are changeable after all. The human is eternal. I am interested in that part more than in anything else. However, I think I know my Anarchism and that I can represent it. Not in the matter of fact or utilitarian manner you so admire. Whatever I have written and will still write will deal with human experience more than with ideas. But you are right ideas are essential to the explanation of human experience. It is only that the human aspect to me is like the soil which is either fertile or sterile. All the other factors, economic, social and spiritual are the seeds if they are placed in fertile soil they will fructify the earth. Ideology is merely the tool that ploughs up the ground..

Fourt, dear, old C.V your lengthy dissertation of the nature of Revolution is to my mind very much confused. I certainly never visualised Revolution as a sudden cloud burst. I have always maintained that Revolution is the culminating point of all the preceding evolutionary forces. In this sense Revolution is as inevitable as the clash of the forces in nature that have reached their breaking point. To say that you will have none of Revolution is as illogical as if you would say you will have none of a thunder storm. It will come whether you so wish it or not. And that is the kind of Revolution that happened in Russia. That also explains the extraordinary lack of violence during the actual overthrow of the old regime. Violence, terror and the coercions came only with the advent of the Bolshevik State. You are unfortunately making the same mistake as so many others. You confuse the Soviet ascendancy to power with the revolution. Nothing is further removed from the historic facts. The first Revolution in Russia took place because the whole system had disintegrated and had come to an head as a poisonous growth that bursts at the first pinprick. The second and main Revolution was the result of a century of evolutionary social ideas to the effect that the peasant had a right to the land and the worker to the means of production. The peasantry and the workers in the period between March and Oct simply carried out what they had been taught and prepared for. They took the land and the factories. That was the ACTUAL REVOLUTION and not the seal put to it by Lenin.. With every fiber I was then and am now for such a Revolution. Of course you are right when you say social progress is slow. That is to say we think it is slow because we can not perceive it with our naked eye. We see ~~it~~ the progress only when the social forces have ~~broken loose~~ break loose in a revolutionary manifestation. In conclusion I wish to say that it is with ~~the~~ the social forces as with the human body. We go about for years in the best of health. A sudden break down throws us on back and make us aware of the poisonous elements in our system we never imagined to be there. In a sense our collapse is nature's warning and our illness a means

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of rebuilding our physical forces. Naturally, revolution being a revolution of the social changes preceding it must needs be all-inclusive and far reaching. I can not see therefore how any clear mind can be opposed to revolution. True, revolutions have been misused and prostituted. But that had nothing to do with the thing itself. Whether you will agree with me or not I can only tell you that my Russian experience far from weakening my belief in revolution, it has strengthened it. More than ever am I convinced that fundamental changes will never come except through revolution. And that revolution can be constructive if its intrinsic meaning and value have been preserved.

Fourth, "Non-Violent Coercion". I have not the faintest notion what you mean by it. It sounds as plausible to me as cold heat, or dry rot. Coercion is always violence even if administered in a sugar coated manner. As far as I am concerned it is of no moment how I am coerced. Its coercion I object to as an evil and enslaving. The same holds good of "power" it can not be used for a little while. Once you have captured it you will hold on to it for dear life, or it will hold on to you.

Sixth, my dear what makes you think Berkman and I did not know the cost when we went into the anti-war work? We foresaw the consequences only too clearly. But we felt that to stop anti-war work just because America had entered the war when we had been opposed to it all our conscious years was to go back on everything we had ever held high. We left such a betrayal to the pacifists and anti-militarists. We could not do it if our lives had depended on it. But what had that to do with my becoming an alien? I might have been much more of an alien and a traitor to my best, if I had refrained from anti-war work. This way even our bitterest enemies can not charge us with having denied our ideas. In point of fact it was no less a constructive paper than the Time that wrote, "Whatever maybe said against Berkman and Goldman no one can charge them with cowardice. They have always stood their ground and they have bravely paid the price." Not that I care about the Time. But I merely want to point out that though I have lost my right to America, I have not forfeited the position I have built up in it. More important still is the fact that ten of thousands to take only a small figure have come to see that our anti-war position was right and to respect us for it. Would not change that for any safety and security America could give me. Assure you I would do it all over again, as indeed I intend to go ahead against the new war when I come to England. ~~Parliament~~ ~~men~~ believe me it will not be because I want to "break" into the penitentiary. Rather will it be because I have never been able to understand how people can stand for an ideal in time of peace and deny it in time of danger. At least I never could. I don't want you to follow my example. Naturally everyone must decide such thing for himself.

Seven, about your stand in re the Civil Liberties Union and Roger Baldwin. I am absolutely at variance with him on Russia. But as far as his efforts for the Communists are concerned not you but he is right. And so is the C.L.U. So long as the Commun

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6

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You may be right about Canada. After all I can only speak from my experiences in Toronto and Montreal, and the work in those cities was like raising the dead. I dare say that the West, especially Vancouver, may be more aware of the social issues. I never could get there because I had neither money nor competent help to organise meetings. There is a suggestion in Canada now to raise a fund that would enable me to cover the country thoroughly on my return next year. And also to have some one with me to do the organising.

Thank you, my dear, for your offer to subscribe to the Literary Digest Magazine. I have read it a few times and I can't say that it gave me much. It is like so many other things in America to save the time business men time and independent thought, if he were able to think at all. I should prefer the Nation if you and Eddie are flush. True, the Nation is absolutely unreliable when it comes to Russia. But it is the only magazine in America that treats ably social issues.

I am leaving here the 18th of this month for Paris for ten days. The 4th or fifth of November I expect to be in England.

Well, my dear, this is a long yarn, and you will have to take a day off to read it, but you've wished it on yourself.

Affectionately,

My address till further notice:
c/o Mrs. I. Moldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, E.C.11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 29, St. Tropez [to] Mildred Mesirov, Philadelphia] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 18 cm.

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St. Tropez Sept 29th 35.

Dearest Midge. I wrote you a hurried note last week. Just to acknowledge your letter and the check inclosed. I did so while I was preparing a meal for five people. I would not even remember what I wrote if it were not for the carbon of the letter. Now I am alone for a bit trying hard to catch up with a vast and much delayed correspondence.

I did not know bridge is a cure for broken nerves. I thought it was a pass time for people who are lucky enough to have neither brains or nerves. You are excluded from this category. In your case I suspected wanting to be in style. Seriously speaking while bridge may have driven back our Ruthies obsession for a moment it did nothing else. Nor did that place in Kingston she was taken to at the recommendation of a friend of ours. If anything she got worse. She has since been taken to the psychiatric Institute in New York. It is the last word in modernity Stella and Saxe write me. Strangely enough one of the important men on the staff is the son of an old Anarchist. I knew him as a child. Later he contributed some articles to Mother Earth. I wrote him begging to let me know frankly what he thinks of Ruths chances of recovery.

So far she seems to have responded eagerly to the treatment given her. I don't know what it is. After three weeks without seeing anyone of the family she was permitted the visit of Bob. He took her out for a ride and they spent two hours together. I heard from Bob Friday to the effect that she is better. Naturally we all feel a weight off our hearts. If only her illness is due to the reaction so often the case with women after childbirth. But I fear it maybe some deeper cause. Ruth is among my sisters children I know nothing about. Stella and Saxe have always been like my own

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2

Bo

In fact there is deeper confidence between us than is usually the case between parents and children. But Ruth is very much closed up. She later spoke to me about her inner world and I never questioned. Who knows what goes on in the human spirit? The longer I live the less I know. Well, whatever disturbed Ruth's mind I hope she will get back her balance. I hope it for the sake of her child and Bob as much as I do for her.

The plan of my Montreal friend to come abroad will of course depend on the general European situation. If the gangster Mussolini should succeed in lighting the fires of war, Max Stark will of course not come, nor will I be free to go with her. I am determined to do the utmost anti war work in England. Instead of a trip with my friend I may get a vacation in a British prison. I am not worrying about this. I am only trying not to hope too much for the chance to travel without having to make dates and in the company of a most congenial friend.

It is the same about my return to Canada. All conditions favorable I will go back next autumn. But how can one say so long in advance. Let's agree therefore that you will come to visit me when I do get to Canada. Another attempt will be made to also get me back to the states. Not next year which would be hopeless because it will be presidential election. But perhaps in 37, provided such a nit wit as Hoover does not get the chance to disgrace the Whitehouse. Don't think I bank too much on any scheme. I just drift since I can do nothing else.

I can appreciate how difficult it must be for Jim to adjust himself to ever new surroundings. I had the same difficulty but he succeeded in the end. No doubt Jim will to. That is the beauty of youth and the blessing, it can adjust itself. No such luck for an old fossil like myself. I find it harder with the years to take root. I wish I could recommend some interesting people in Philadelphia. There used to be quite a group of

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Liberal worth while Americans. But I have no idea what has become of them. The city itself was always dreadfully dull. I don't suppose it has changed much. But there used to be good music in Philadelphia. My poor dear, for one so sociable and alive it must indeed be hard to take root. But you will in time I am sure.

No, dearest I have not yet read "Lean Man". I can't afford to buy books. American publishers are generous enough when I am on the American Continent. But its hell to get them to send books to Europe. Yet I must beg for some as I will need stuff for my lectures on American modern writers. By the way, you used to enthuse with Faulkner. Do you still and have you any of his works? Perhaps you'll send them to me. I will return them, any book you can scare up that you consider good.

I inclose a copy of letter I wrote to day to the man who still insists he will pull off the annuity stuff. he is a dear but very much confused in many things. Its rotten typing that letter. But there is no help since I must do the work myself and I am the most inefficient critter when it comes to any kind of mechanical work.

I expect to leave here for Paris the 15th of next month. For England Riv 4th. You can reach me until then c/o the American Express Co., 11, rue Scribe. In London during my entire stay my address will be c/o rs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue. London N.W. 11.

Good night my dear. It is Sunday evening and I am alone. Tomorrow I will go to the village to mail this and other letters. Kind greetings to Nic and Jim.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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St Tropez Var. Sept 30th 35.

Dearest, old Tolstoy. I really should be angry with you. But it is so golden outside I haven't it in my heart to be angry with any body. You keep on saying I should not worry. How can I help doing that with two invalides to whom almost anything happens, even bites on the tongue? Besides, don't you worry when you do not hear from me? You say you wrote me several postcards. Unless you did so in your imagination they must have gotten lost. The first word I had from you was Saturday, a postcard written Thursday. Now you will admit it is a long time in view of your having left Tuesday. Well, its alright now. But you are Pecks bad boy and ~~anyhow~~ anyhow, and a hundred Modaks are no excuse for neglecting to write a card. Thats all, I expected.

I think its a grand gesture of Modaks to buy E. a coat. I never dreamed of that when I spoke to him of ~~your~~ her birthday, and her need of a coat. I said we should club together. But it is like M. to do it grandly especially when money is concerned. Strangers contradiction of the human spirit to be so large in material things, and so small in the appreciation of human beings. Modaks has not a kind word for anybody. Yet he is so big in money matters. Anyway, I am delighted that E. has a decent coat. The first time since she had a jacket made from your fur. The coat her people sent her was stolen. I hope she will take care of this one.

I wrote E. what I wrote her. I want her to come of course. But not merely because you insist upon it. It is your affair and he is to tell her what to do in matters pertaining to your lives. But I hate the idea of E. being ordered to come here just because you want her to come. I am writing her again to say THAT ID DO WHAT HER BUT ONLY IF SHE REALLY LIKES TO COME. Otherwise she might come for the last week. I want her to be here for her birthday. So I can give her a chicken dinner all to herself. I mean a whole chicken. As to you, come as soon as you can. I don't in the least mind being alone. In this heavenly weather it is nothing to be alone. So you need not rush for that sake. But you should know that you cannot come quick enough to satisfy me. I really do want you to benefit this marvelous autumn weather. I don't remember ever having been blessed by such perfect days. Between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. it is so hot one could easily bathe. So come soon my dearest.

I have been at the machine like a house on fire since Saturday. I had an awful lot neglected and delayed mail from A. and Canada besides the correspondence with England. I seem to be getting worse and worse as a typist, and so fatigued from it. Yet it has to be done because my correspondence is the only link I have with the past and what I might still do in the future. I wrote Cook a seven page letter, in re his statement about you having "paraphrased R and having given more of Berkman than Rucker. I had another letter of from him about the meaning of revolution, the most confused stuff you can imagine. All this has to be gone into. Of course my letters to him looks like a battle field strewn with corpses, wrong letters struck. I wish I had someone to make me final copies. But I hate to burden E. and it takes six weeks to get anything back from Milly Ness. Well, my friends must forbear with my rotten typing. I can't help them.

Dearest, I don't know yet what trunk I will take.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

2

I have to first go over my notes to see what I must take with me. I want to take the little trunk under my table. That needs no painting it is a new trunk given to me by the Toronto comrades. It is scratched a bit but it does not matter. Besides, I think it no economy to drag a can of paint from Nice. What if it costs a frank or two more? In a large quantity one may save something. Not in just one or two cans. So let it go.

I don't think the typewriter a small matter. You will need it if only to help me with some letters. Unless you can get used to mine. Then it is alright. But what expense is there to get a new machine if yours is accepted for some part of the cost. It would only mean an extra 100, or two to pay on and the rest on payments. I think therefore you are saving nothing if you delay getting a new machine. But use your own judgment dearie. Needless to say I mean to leave you some money when I go to England, at least to secure you and A. until Nov 21st when I feel sure the committee will send you something. So do not worry about that part.

Tomorrow I will give the house a general cleaning, then it will be ready for your arrival. Marie and her husband have taken down the tent platform. This week I will have him straight out the cellar and clean it. I don't want to leave heavy work for you. Indeed I want you only to be able to look in the sun as long as it lasts and to help me a little with my some letters to publishers for books and other such correspondence.

I had another letter from Ruth's husband. I have a feeling if she does not get well he will have to be taken to a madhouse. Such delusions as the man suffers from. Ruth herself seems to be reacting nicely to the treatment she is getting. I have no idea what it is. She was permitted to see Bob and was out with him for two hours driving and walking. One can only hope for the best.

I am going to mail all my letters and for a walk at the same time. I still have a lot to write to A. So I will close now. Whether I will leave here the 15th or later will depend on what the kids write me. If they will get Starns studio or some other I will leave the 15th, if not later. In any event I hope you can come very soon. I want to meet you when you do and walk up with you. Unless L. comes at the same time. Then it will not be necessary. Only be sure to let me know the day and hour.

With love.

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500

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

St. Tropez, Sept 30th 35.

dearest Anychen, Of course I expected no letters from you while Modest was with you. I know that he can not be alone a minute and how hungry he is for companionship with us. That was alright. But our Sasha is incurably thoughtless. He left Tuesday and I heard nothing from him until Saturday. How could I help being anxious? If the two of you had my health I should never worry. With two such invalids it is natural to be anxious. Well, it is all right now that I have Sasha's letter and yours.

I am delighted to know Modest bought you a coat. I had not expected as much when I told him of your birthday and that your old coat was too shabby to wear. I said we would club together, that your people had sent you twenty what with mine and his would be you a fairly nice coat. But Modest is large when it comes to material things. I am sure the coat he bought is by far better than what we could have purchased. It's all right my dear, you can wear it with a good conscience because Modest wastes a lot of money in A. in things that do him much more harm than good.

You silly, silly child. OF COURSE I BELIEVE THAT YOU WANT ME TO BE HAPPY. The trouble is happiness does not depend and whatever your near and dear ones want for you. It must come spontaneously, like the visit of Molly and Ben's that was really the most cloudless month I had since my return from Canada. Why it should be so I could not explain if my life depended upon it. But it was. Anyway, I am certain that if it depended on you I would be most happy. I am not it surely is not your fault.

Of course, I want you to come. Believe me I am perfectly frank about it. Only as I have written you before, I DO NOT WANT YOU TO COME ONLY BECAUSE SASHA TELLS YOU TOO. I really believe that has been the cause of all our misunderstanding, your coming here and being here ONLY BECAUSE SASHA TOLD YOU OR WANTED YOU TO DO SO. It has not worked out well you will admit. So now I would like to feel that you come because you really want to. If you would not or not come right away let it be the ninth so we can be together on your birthday and I can give you a chicken all to yourself. Is that satisfactory? I don't know yet if I will depart on the 15th or later. It depends on whether or not the kids in Paris can get me a place to rent. I can not afford to spend too much while in Paris. Anyway, come when you want my dearest kid.

No, I found nothing in the mode you sent me. Nor in three English magazines can I get one. It is difficult to find anything suitable for my humpty dumpty figure. I think I will have the dress made up like my historic dress you liked so well, with just a velvet jacket. I would have it partly in velvet but the piece I have is of poor quality. I may not last as long as the voile so I will have a grey dress complete and the black velvet jacket.

I heard nothing from Nice yet. I find the quality of the uniplex provisions ~~terrible~~ poor even if it is cheaper.. about

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919231

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to] Ben [Capes, St. Louis, Mo.?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

11845

St Tropez, Sept 30th 35.

Dear, old Ben.

The inclosed copy of my letter to C.V. Cook will explain why you did not hear from me sooner. It will also give you an insight into other subjects I have to cover in my correspondence. Among the visitors this year were Mollie and Senia. They had their first holiday in their lives. In addition they were able to contribute to their keep. I think that more than anything else made them feel so happy to be here and to glory in this place and their leisure. Your ears, my dearest must have burned because we talked of you so often and the wonderful time we had with you. Will it ever come back? I still cling to that hope, to have you and Ida, and precious Florence with her Bob in Bon Esprit. Not to forget Nardy of course. Wouldn't he just love this place?

I wrote Florence directly I got your letter. I inclose a copy. Her reply was wonderful. I wrote her again yesterday. Of that too I am sending you a copy. I think it is grand of Ida to have the strength and the courage to tear herself away from her moorings of a life time and go to the Colony. Especially since she did not like it when she was there on a visit. I confess, I could not do it. For as our remarkable blind comrade, Frank Heiner wrote me after his visit, "I am all for collective labor. But not for collective living" it may not be so bad in a city. But in the limited circle of a colony it must be awful. I hope Ida may find a few congenial people with whom she will find much in common. Just common ideas do not seem enough for me to hold people together, or make life possible. In any event it is grand of Ida to have gone to the Sunshine Cooperative Colony. I mean to write her when I know for sure she is already there. As it is I must send this letter c/o Florence as I do not know how else to reach you.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to] Ben [Capes, St. Louis, Mo.?] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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11846

After I received the clipping of the Forwards in re the change of John Haynes Holmes I also got the New Masses that attacked him furiously. And lastly what purported to be an interview in the Times.

Knowing how often news papers have misquoted and misrepresented me, ~~xxxx~~ I am not so ready to condemn a man who until now has stood out as a fighter for justice and liberty. I therefore mean to write Holmes and ask him to give me his version before I can form an opinion. I really meant to do so long ago. But as I wrote Cook, I have been inundated by our friends. And being the only one who can cook, I had my hands full. But I will write Holmes this week. And when I hear from him I will let you know.

I did get a line from Julia Halperine when they reached Le Havre and the things Jeanne got for Sasha Emmy and myself as per my request. It consisted of underwear. Emmys and mine are O.K. But for some unaccountable reason Jeanne got Sasha No. 50, when I wrote her his size was 42. I had to send them back with Stein who was here on a visit and sailed the 26th. He will send the unions on to Chicago. Since Le Havre I had no further word from Julia. So, I don't know whether they will return by way of France, much less do I know whether they will come here. In any event it will have to be soon because I expect to leave here the 15th of Oct, for Paris, and from there Nov 4th for England.

Yes, my dear, I am again making an attempt to break the god damned British ice which always froze my blood when ever I had been there before. I simply find it impossible to continue gagged here when I am unable to concentrate on writing. I thought I would go to Nice for the winter to be of help to Sasha. But since the translation is off and nothing he writes is being

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Sept. 30, St. Tropez [to] Ben [Capes, St. Louis, Mo.?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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3

11847

accepted by A. magazines or any other country there is no need to hang around. Mainly however it is my restlessness to cry out against the new danger threatening the world. Not that I am fool enough to think I can stop the gangster Mussolini from igniting the conflagration of war. But for my own peace of mind I have got to cry from the housetops against it. I will leave with a heavy heart. Sasha though very much better than he was is yet not well. And Nice is so near the Italian border. But what good is my staying around? Anyhow, Eng. is not as far as Canada. I can always rush back if Sasha should need me. I am leaving the 15th of Oct for Paris. My address there will be the American Express, 11, rue Scribe. Nov 4th I will go to England. My address during my stay there will be c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue. London N.W. 11.

Do let me hear from you soon my dear. Give Ida and

Hardy my love.

Devoted love to you.

505

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 5, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Jeanne [Levey]. — 3 p.; 22 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

14658

Telephone HARlem 0428

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

36 S. State Street

CHICAGO

moam 11/4

Oct. 5, 1935.

Emma, dear:

Some time has passed since I have received your dear letter. Since my return from the country, I have been so busy with my work that I can hardly call my soul my own. Nevertheless, dear, I have not forgotten about you and now up my mind that I was going to write you this morning before I left the office.

You promised to send Sasha's underwear back. As yet I have not received same, but as soon as I do I will try to exchange it and send the proper size. This must have been an error on the part of the manufacturer because I ordered the size you specified in your letter and they evidently filled the order incorrectly.

Julia and Aaron are still in Russia and expect to spend at least six weeks there. Then they are going on to Switzerland. I hope they find time to see you at some time of their journey. No doubt they will.

Hope your lecture tour will prove a success from every angle and that you will be spared the boredom of remaining in St. Tropez, as you fear. Yes, Emma, dear, I am glad that "Rocker Affair" is ended and that he is happy with his new translator. However, I feel he is very child like in many of his business affairs. He has so many very great qualities we must simply forget the small ones. Hope Sasha is feeling better. He certainly must have more peace of

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 5, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Jeanne [Levey]. — 3 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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14659
Telephone HARVard 9408

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

31 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

Oct. 5-1936

-2-

mind since he has had this nasty business off his mind. And with your presence, he certainly must feel bolstered up.

There is very little new or startling in these parts, in our political or economical life. Things just seem to be going on with no real improvement in sight. Jay has been on the road again a great deal. Our business has been quite bad and this of course has kept him on the hump a good deal. I wish it were possible for us to run away to our little "retreat" in the country and remain there without having to bother with this petty business of earning money. It is so peaceful and beautiful out there. Whenever we get away from this chaotic atmosphere, we seem to be entering a new life. Maybe some day we will throw up the sponge here and just try to live a modest peaceful existence.

Joe informs me that Becker will be here in Chicago for a series of lectures sometime in November and has asked me to help. I will try to arrange a private meeting in my brother's home, he has a large studio apartment which will accommodate about 100 people. Maybe I can raise \$100.00 for him. This will be the extent of my ability to help at this time. I am rightfully tired and will not be able to exhaust myself and my friends to any great extent at this time.

Besides, in the event that you are lucky enough to get in, I will have to plan on some activity for that grand occasion. I hope you will be successful in entering the states. I am secretly

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 5, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, St. Tropez] / Jeanne [Levey]. — 3 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

14662
Telephone MA 6-6622

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~at 1234 N. Dearborn St.~~
CHICAGO

-2-

bugging that thought and lets hope for the best.

All our friends here join me in sending our best wishes to you and Sasha. We all hope to hear some good news from you.

Jay asks me to send his special love to you and you know you have mine.

Fondly,

Yours Jeanne

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 6, St. Tropez [to] Millie Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

St. Tropez Van Oct. 6th 35.

Darling Milly. This time I have a big job for you. It is to type the inclosed MSS. as soon as you possibly can. Make four copie But be accurate people in following the exact text as per corrections. Then before you send it to the comrades whose addresses will follow presently, get Carl, or Dorothy to read back to you from the typing you will make to the text. In that way no errors will keep in.

Send one copy to me to my London address, c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue London. N.W. 11 one to Mr Wim Jong ORCHIDEEENLAAN, 23 Haarlem Holland, one to Victor Martinez CULTURA PROLETARIA, Box 1. Station D. New York City. And send the orginial to VANGUARD GROUP, 45, West 17th Street New York City. I am writing all of them at the same time to let them know that you are typing the MSS and will send them each a copy when it is ready.

I have been hard at work since all my visitors left in asssisting my lecture notes, MSS. and letters. You remember how I worked until the last day in Toronto and the same in Montreal. I had not a moment to arrange everything properly before packing i away. The result was an awful chaos which took me a week to straighten out. In addition I have to do ALL my letters (no sweet Milly to help), look after my ménage and get my clothes in shape before I start out. So you can about imagine how busy I am.

I am leaving for Paris next week, the 15th or 16 16th. From there for London the 4th of Nov. In Paris mail will reach me c/o the American Express, 11, rue Scribe. My address in London will be good for several months. Please darling drop me a postcard to say the MSS has reached you.

I wonder whether dad has come back. What is the gr group doing, has it taken up life again? I have not heard from Dorothy for some time and not a word from anyone else, except Mrs Barrett and Clarence Seltzer.

When I get to Paris I will send you a little money. I hope Stella sent you \$3 as I wrote her to. But she has been in great distress and axniety owing to Ruths nervous break down after her confinement. You can imagine how we all felt. But I am happy to let you know that the latest news from Saxe is to the effect that she is slowly imroving and there is hope for her complete recovery .

Dearie, the address of Wim Jong is ORCHIDEEENLAAN 23, HAARLEM HOLLAND. It is not clearly written on top.

Give my love to the family, fraternal greet ings to all the comrades. Love to Dorothy. Tell her I had a nice letter from the Hendersons. They should be invited to the meetin of the group when they start.

Much love to you.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 6, St. Tropez [to] Mill[ie Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 16 × 13 cm.

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Institutional Location: Paul Avrich Papers.

St. Tropez Fr - Oct. 6th 35.

Darling Milly. This time I have a big job for you. It is to type the inclosed MSS. as soon as you possibly can. Make four copies. But be accurate people in following the exact text as per corrections. Then before you send it to the comrades whose addresses will follow presently, get Carl, or Dorothy to read back to you from the typing you will make to the text. In that way no errors will creep in.

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Much love to you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 6, St. Tropez [to] Harry [Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y.] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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A. Berkman,
101 Bd. de Cessole,
Nice, (A.M.) France.

St Tropez Var Oct 6th, 35.

Dear Harry. I would have written you sooner but there was some delay in sending the money to Trinidad Ferrar and still longer delay in getting an answer. I did not want to send her francs because she would have lost in the double exchange. I therefore instructed the bank in Paris I deal with to forward her 22. Unfortunately my letter failed to reach them. In this way weeks were lost. Well, the matter is at last straightened out. She got the money and here is her receipt.

My silence was of course not due only to the money translations. It was even more so to my many visitors during all of Sept. Dutch comrades, Mollie and Senia who were with me a month. And our old friend Modest Stein who this time stayed with us, Sasha having come over from Nice for the occasion. But now everybody has left and I am tried to get out much delayed letters. And also to get ready for my departure for England. I leave here the 15th of this month for Paris. And Nov 4th from there for England. It is a beastly time to go to that awful climate. But one goes when one has a chance. I have failed utterly this summer to buckle down to writing. The European situation makes it impossible to concentrate. Much less can I sit around and do nothing. So I am going to be active in England. At least His Majesty can not expell me. He can lock me up if England should actually be involved in the madness of Mussolini and I be too active against the war. But I am not worrying about it. Anything is better than being gagged as one is in this damned country.

Sasha has not heard from Ben for months. He has had sent in all \$200. Of course Sasha has acknowledged the money. Ben said nothing about the amount so far raised and whether any plans are on foot to raise more and have the public testimony to Sashas sixty fifth birthday Nov. 31st. I am sure Harry dear if you will not be after the committee if it is still in existence, nothing will come of the projecture. So do get busy, old dear. A month is by no means too much time to work up a large affair. I am terribly keen it should be a success first, because it would hearten Sasha. And, secondly it might secure him over the winter. As it is I am going away with a heavy heart. Should Mussolini start the conflagration Sasha would be in a dreadful position. Of course, so would millions. But you know yourself one feels the danger and suffering of those we care about more intensely. True, he has improved marvelously. But he is far from completely healthy. Now you will agree to be without legal security, with every country closed and with material insecurity to boot is no cheerful outlook. Fortunately S. has his wonderful sense of humor. He worries less than I do. One always does more about our near and dear ones than about oneself. Anyhow, I hope something substantial will come of the committees effort. At least that will relieve me of the anxiety about Sasha.

The summer has been full of shocks. But none so staggering as Ruths break down. It was awful to be away so far and unable to help. Fortunately Ruth seems to react wonderfully to the treatment she is getting. The last letter from Sara was

The Emma Goldman Papers

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most reassuring. Who would have believed that the most normal child of my sister will break down. Certainly the human mind is a complex and strange instrument. One never really knows the forces that move it.

I am sorry to hear about Leah. What really is the matter with her. And can nothing radical be done to bring back her health? It must be torture to work all day when one is in poor health. At least I am lucky in this regard if nothing else. My health continues.

That is interesting about Henry holding such an important position. I am sure more than one suffering being will be helped. I myself wrote Henry about three of our comrades, Van among them. True he is not a writer or poet. But he too is counted among the white collar unemployed and he has been without a job for ever so long. I know if it is in Henry's power to put some thing in Van's place he will. I am awfully glad to learn H. helped Leonard to a job.

Goodby dear Harry, write me to Paris c/o the American Express until Nov 4th, or London, c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue. ...W.11.

Remember me kindly to Leah and all our friends.

Affectionately.

Emma

I do hope your present job will bring more lucrative results than so far. I should love to see you less harassed and worried, it is time.

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1935 Oct. 6, St. Tropez [to] Harry [Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var Oct 6th, 35.

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Dear Harry. I would have written you sooner but there was some delay in sending the money to Trinidad Ferrer and still longer delay in getting an answer. I did not want to send her francs because she would have lost in the double exchange. I therefore instructed the bank in Paris I deal with to forward her 22. Unfortunately my letter failed to reach them. In this way weeks were lost. Well, the matter is at last brightened out. She got the money and here is her receipt.

My silence was of course not due only to the money transactions. It was more so to my many visitors during all of Sept. Dutch comrades, Pollic and Sonia who were with me a month. And our old friend Modest Stein who this time stayed with us Sasha having come over from Nice for the occasion. But now everybody has left and I am tried to get out much delayed letters. And also to get ready for my departure for England I leave here the 15th of this month for Paris. And Nov 4th from there for England. It is a beastly time to go to that awful climate. But one goes when one has a chance. I have failed utterly this summer to buckle down to writing. The European situation makes it impossible to concentrate. Much less can I sit around and do nothing. So I am going to be active in England. At least His Majesty can not expell me. He can lock me up if England should actually be involved in the madness of Mussolini and I be too active against the war. But I am not worrying about it. Anything is better than being gassed as one is in this damned country.

Sasha has not heard from Kap for months. He has had sent in all 1200. Of course Sasha has acknowledged the money Kap said nothing about the amount so far raised and whether any plans are on foot to raise more and have the public testimony to Sasha's sixty fifth birthday Nov. 21st. I am sure Harry dear if you will not be after the committee if it is still in existence, nothing will come of the projecture. So do not busy, old dear. A month is by no means too much time to work up a large affair. I am terribly keen it should be a success first because it would hearten Sasha. And, secondly it might secure him over the winter. As it is I am going away with a heavy heart. Should Mussolini start the conflagration Sasha would be in a dreadful position. Of course, so would millions. But you know yourself one feels the danger and suffering of those we care about more intensely. True, he has improved marvelously. But he is far from completely healthy. Now you will have to be without legal security, with every country closed and with material insecurity to boot is no cheerful outlook. Fortunately S. has his wonderful sense of humor. He worries less than I do. One always does more about our neighbors and less about oneself. Anyhow, I hope something substantial will come of the committee effort. At least that will relieve me of the anxiety about Sasha.

The summer has been full of shocks. But none so staggering as Ruth's break down. It was awful to be away so far and unable to help. Fortunately Ruth seems to react wonderfully to the treatment she is getting. The last letter from Rose was

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 6, St. Tropez [to] Harry [Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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most reassuring. Who would have believed that the most normal child of my sister will break down. Certainly the human mind is a complex and strange instrument. One never really knows the forces that move it.

I am sorry to hear about Leah. What really is the matter with her. And can nothing radical be done to bring back her health? It must be terrible to work all day when one is in poor health. At least I am lucky in this regard if nothing else. My health continues.

That is interesting about Henry holding such an important position. I am sure more than one suffering being will be helped. I myself wrote Henry about three of our comrades, Van among them. True he is not a writer or poet, but he too is counted among the white collar unemployed and he has been without a job for ever so long. I know if it is in Henry's power to put some thing in Vans place he will. I am awfully glad to learn H. helped Leonard to a job.

Goodbye dear Harry write me to Paris c/o the American Express until Nov 4th, or London, c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20, Berchcroft Court, Berchcroft Avenue, N.W. 11.

Remember me kindly to Leah and all our friends.

Ever affectionately.

I do hope your present job will bring more lucrative results than so far. I should love to see you less harassed and worried. It is time.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870921325

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 7, St. Tropez [to] Arthur [Leonard Ross, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2557

St Tropez Var Oct. 7th 35.

My dear Arthur. It was good to have a line from you even if in a round about way and very brief note at that. I wish I had the time to write you as I would like. But it will have to wait another week or two. Just now I am busy putting my MSS, notes and letters in order before my departure for England. Yes I am going there rotten as the weather is in London at this time of the year. I had hoped to begin on my proposed book this summer. But nothing came of it too many disturbing events of a nature to make writing impossible. And now too I do not feel I could begin. It seems so futile to write books when the world is again ready to plunge into darkness darkness and horror. At least I will not be a silent party to it when in England. That is some relief.

I leave for Paris the 18th. The A.S. will reach me there. Nov. 4th I go to London. Some lectures are being arranged there and also in the provinces. I am not expecting much. But it will be activity. I need that now for my own peace of mind.

My address will be c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20 Beecheroff Court Beecheroff Avenue, N.Y.C. 11.

I heard from the Starks. Mr Stark hopes to come to England in Jan and he may have Fan go along. She wants to come and she wants me to be with her while she is abroad. It would be grand but who can make plans now? So I am not banking on it too much. Fan is a grand person and I love her very much. That is the main thing. If she does not come to Europe I may see her in Canada next autumn when I mean to return there.

I hope Mattie and the boys are well. Give them my love and Belle of course. Needless to say lots of it goes to you my dear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029272

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 9, St. Tropez [to] Macmillan Company, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4362

The Macmillan Company
Publishers
Sixty Fifth Ave.
New York

St. Tropez, Oct. 9, 1935

Gentlemen,

Some time ago I wrote you requesting some of your recent publications that might be treated by me in my new series of lectures to be delivered in England and possibly also on the Continent.

As I have received no reply from you, I assume that my letter went astray. I am therefore writing you again in the matter.

You have been so generous with your publications while I lectured in America that I can think of no other reason for your failure to reply except that my letter was lost. If, however, you cannot comply with my request, kindly notify me.

I have written and lectured extensively on Soviet Russia and I am particularly interested in whatever is being written now on that subject. I am especially interested in William Henry Chamberlain's work, and indeed I have everything he has written on Russia except THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (1917-1921), recently published by your house.

Besides that book, I should like to have from you the following publications:

Lean Men, by Ralph Bates.
Time Out of Mind, by Rachel Field.
Brothers Three, by John L. Oskison.
A Few Foolish Ones, by Gladys Hasty Carroll.

I should greatly appreciate a reply from you at your earliest convenience, as I am about to start on my tour. Kindly address me and send books to the address below.

Sincerely,

ADDRESS:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beachcroft Court
Beachcroft Avenue
LONDON, N.W.11.

EG/3

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The Emma Goldman Papers

871029283

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 9, St. Tropez [to] Benjamin [W.] Huebsch, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4373

St. Tropez, Oct. 9, 1935

Mr. Benjamin Huebsch
The Viking Press Inc.
18 East 48th St.
New York

Dear Mr. Huebsch,

Several months ago I wrote to your house requesting some of your recent publications that I want for my new lecture tour in England, Holland and perhaps in other Continental countries.

In reply Mr. Marshall A. Best wrote me, in effect, that your house is not interested in sending review copies for use in Europe. "No matter how much attention you can give them in Europe", Mr. Best stated, "we cannot hope to profit by it because of the difficulties of book distribution."

While it is no doubt true that, generally speaking, reviews of American publications in Europe may be of little value to you, yet I cannot help thinking that England is an exception in this regard. For surely you must be interested in having large circles of readers in England become familiar with your publications.

I therefore hope that you may reconsider your decision and send me the books I should like to have, as per list below. For I am very anxious to be able to acquaint my English audiences with the best that is now being produced by American literature.

Sincerely,

I should like the following books:

Negro Americans, What Now? By James Weldon Johnson
Kneel to the Rising Sun, By Erskine Caldwell.
The Other World, By Madelon Lulofs.
The Unknown Quantity, By Hermann Broch.
Paths of Glory, By Humphrey Cobb.
Marianne in India, by Lionel Lincoln

P.S. As I am soon to start on my tour, kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beecheroff Court
Beecheroff Avenue
LONDON, N. W. 11.

EG/s

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029273

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 10, St. Tropez [to] Harper & Brothers, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4363

St. Tropez, Oct. 10, 1935

Harper & Brothers
Publishers
49 East 33rd Street
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Well I was lecturing in Canada you were kind enough to send me a lot of your publications. During my tour I had ample opportunity to bring to the attention of my audiences the books that were of value. I hope that my efforts have brought some results to your house.

Now I am starting on a lecture tour, this time through England, though I will also visit some other countries on the Continent. Will you be good enough to extend me the same courtesy as before by supplying me with the books as per enclosed list?

I shall be in England the latter part of this month, for a considerable stay. Therefore please send me everything there, to the address you will find below.

Sincerely,

BOOKS REQUESTED:

The Man Who Had Everything, by Louis Bromfield
Money in the Horn, by H.L. Davis
Grandsons, by Louis Adamic
~~House~~

Address: Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldorsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
LONDON, N.W. 11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916142

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 11, St. Tropez [to W.S.] Van [Valkenburgh, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 26 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

10507

St Tropez Var Oct. 11th 35.

My dear Van. You surely do not deserve to hear from me again. I know and appreciate your struggle to find a job. Still, it seems you might have written a card, if only to acknowledge the receipt of the books I returned. I know they have reached you, or they would have come back. The postage from here is almost double the amount from the states. But rather than burden you with it I sent the books. Surely I ~~deserve~~ deserved an acknowledgement. Well, you evidently did not consider it important enough and as I do not believe in returning an eye for an eye I am writing you again.

First of all I am returning a volume of Ingersoll's speeches. I know ~~it~~ must be yours although it has an name inscribed quite unfamiliar to me. The volume will make up all the stuff you had sent me. At least I have nothing else belonging to you in my library.

As you will see by the inclosed copy of my letter to C.V Cook of Los Angeles I am going to England on a tour. I confess I do so with much misgivings. I never succeeded in getting under the skin of the Britishers. Now with the impending war I shall probably be even less successful. But I go because I have failed to buckle down to writing and I can not sit idle when there is such desperate need for some kind of activity. I leave next week for Paris. And from there the 4th of Nov for England.

My address will be c/o The American Express 11, rue Scribe in Paris. And c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky Beecheroff Court Beecheroff Avenue London N.W. 11.

Please dear old scout do drop me a line. Tell me about yourself, the Vanguard efforts and how Sadie is. Give her my love. Remember me fraternally to the comrades.
Affectionately. *Emma*

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927109

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 11, St. Tropez [to R]obert Low, New York?] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

13937

St Tropez Var Oct. 11th 35.

Dearest Bob. Your letter expressing regrets for havin written me about Ruth and yourself arrived two weeks ago. I should have replied at once had I not been ~~inundated~~ inundated with visitors the whole month of Sept. And since then with the effort to make some order in my p pprs, lecture notes, Mass etc before leaving for England. Over and above was the fact that your letter made me realize that if I do not unde stand the emotional up heavl between Ruth and you neither do you understanding anything abo about me. After all you have read Living My Life. You should have learned at least that my life had not been a merely external one I did not have even that to go by in considering Ruths break down adn your inner turmoil. Fact is I never met a couple who gave such a definite impression of being completely and harmoniously mated as you and Ruth. For this very reason I was justified in assuming that hers was one of the usual nervous eases after confinement. My saying so in my letter did not mean to imply that I mean to generalize. It merely meant to imply that Ruth had always been so serenly normal and cool headed no one who did not know her intimately (which I of course did not) could understand the cause of her collopse.

Dear Bob, what makes you say I had no confidence in your judgment? I could ot have it or not have it because I simply did not know what you were talking about. Perhaps if you had been plainer in your statements I might have understood better. As it is I got the diffinite impression that you were very much in the meshes of psycho analysis and that ~~unlike~~ ~~for~~ most of its devotees you were ascribing everything to it in explanation of Ruths trouble. As I have already written you, I myself believe in much that psychology advances. But I do not ~~swear~~ swear by it, nor do I ascribe such powers over the mind of man to it. To mention only one thing ~~emphasized~~ stressed in your first letter. That about the effect on Ruth of her family. You will forgive me when I say that is absolute nonsense. To be sure Ruth loves her mother. But her love is certainly not of the kind that it could have had the slightest effect on ~~her~~ Ruths life with you. What is more likely is that Ruth may not have cared for you or you for her to the extend of complete emotional harmony. That may have created a feeling of guilt or rather a conflict between Ruths fine sense of lyalty and her inability to give her self entirely to her life with you.

Your struggle to get rid of the effect of your illness may have contributed to your emotional inability to meet Ruths needs. That in return no doubt helped to aggravate Ruths inner feelings. But if that and the other causes you have tried to present ~~had~~ had motivated Ruths breakdown why had it not taken place long before Helenes birth. Evidently Helenes advent was really the main factor and everything else merely subsidiary.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 1935 Oct. 11, St. Tropez [to Robert Low, New York?] / [Emma Goldman]. - 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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18930

Well, whatever the causes the important things are, first that Ruth is reacting so remarkably to the treatment she is getting, (whatever that might be) and that you have gained new faith in yourself and new strength to meet the future. This ought to help you as well as Ruth to a new life together. And I feel confident it will when the time comes.

I can't tell you what a relief it was to me to get the news about Ruth's progress. I was especially lifted to the sky by your letter the other day. Alas I had a letter from Dr. Kopeloff in Paris to mine telling me that Ruth was reacting better than expected to her surroundings and the care she is receiving. That is wonderful.

As to whether I had led an external life or had been engaged only in external activities hence could not understand you. My dear Bob I am sorry you gained so little from living my life to have gotten that impression. Did it not occur to you that my external activities may have been an escape from my emotional dissatisfaction deeply hidden in my inner life? But it really does not matter. What matters is that you and Ruth should find the strength and the hope to build your life anew into something very beautiful and lasting. I wish for that fervently.

I am leaving here for Paris next week and from there for London Nov. 4th. I am doing so with a heavy heart owing to the possibility of war and to a lot of other reasons. But any thing is better than being gagged in France when crying out against the new conflagration is so necessary. But since I haven't been able to begin the new book and I can't bear inactivity I have decided to go to England.

You can write me in Paris c/o the American Express, 11, rue Scribe. After Nov 4th c/o Mrs L Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W. 11.

Dear, dear Bob, please don't regret having written me so frankly about you and Ruth. Surely I am not only your relative by marriage but a friend long before you met Ruth. Above all you know that I am deeply interested in every phase of human and emotional manifestation. So whom else but me should you have written to. Rest assured your letter has remained between ourselves. There is no need to regret. I deeply appreciate your sweet confidence and I love you for the resolves to be strong and ready for my beloved Ruth when she has retained her balance.

Hug Helene for me. I am delighted to know she is thriving and gaining. May she continue that way to your joy and that of her mother who has already paid a bitter price for her birth.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925048

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St Tropez Var Oct. 12/35.

Dearest Evelyn. Always when I hear from you it is my impulse to write you without delay. Then many things interfere and the letter remains unwritten, because the mood is gone. To day I decided I must write because you are likely to get to France and Paris and not even know how to reach me. I had intended leaving here next Tuesday, but it will have to be a few days later. The 18th is definitely set. I am going to Paris of course. I am lucky to have a studio and American friend is permitting me to use during my stay. It will save rent and the hateful experience of a wretched little room in an hotel. But I will not be able to remain in Paris as long as I had hoped. I will have to go to England Nov 4th. As it would certainly be rotten luck to miss you again, for if you plan to come to Paris the end of Oct we will again pass each other like ships in the night. It gives me a sinking of the heart to miss you once more. Please dearest write me at once what chance, if any to meet in Paris. I can be reached there c/o the American Express, or if in a hurry c/o S. Flechine 23, rue des Volontaires Paris XV. These are dear friends of mine and they are in the same Bldg where I will be. Should you stay on in England write me c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beecheroff Court, Beecheroff Avenue N.W. 11. The telephone is Speedwell 71 35. These are my awfully nice friends you visited with Jack when I lived with them. I can tell you the relief that I won't have to go to some hideous furnished room in London.

I fear my stay with the Koldofskys will be the only comfort I will have while in London. My friends who have undertaken to organize lectures for me have been hard at work for three months. And all the response they have received is are

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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2

18498

is from three organizations in London. Up to this day the provinces are uncertain. In addition my friends are worried that their effort may all prove for naught in case of war. I wrote them that my k main object in going to England is anti-war and anti-fascist work never mind the consequences. Anyway, I AM GOING TO ENGLAND. I do not expect great results but it will give me a chance to speak out, and that is after all the main purpose.

I am delighted to know dearest mine you like my scheme of sending carbon copies of letters to my different friends. I began this method really to save labor because I find much typing sheer torture besides being a rotten typist, ~~and~~ now it has become a habit. I am glad to say most of my correspondents are enthusiastic about it. I have written a letter to a friend in Calif, seven pages if you please, but the typing came out atrocious. If I can make some copies I will inclose one in this letter. I know you will enjoy reading the long epistle.

I have been hard at work making some order among my papers, MSS, lecture notes and letters. My dear it was a job. You see, I am always so rushed while on tour to the last moment that I never can afford the time to put everything in order. I did it here. Would you believe it my correspondence alone would take up about ten volumes. Sasha insists I'll be punished good and hard when I come before my maker for having been such a prolific letter writer. I must say I find it infinitely easier to express myself in letters than in books, my thoughts come easier though not always worth while. Well, I have actually put my "house" in order by that I mean my papers. Now, if anything should happen to me Sasha will at least have no difficulty in getting at them, and w

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Evelyn [Scott, Scotch Plains, N.J.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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2

38416

Letters come easy to me because I know they will not be published while I am alive. It is different with books. The ever present consciousness that they are for publication takes all the guts out of me. For you see dearest I know that I myself will have to face the written word. That's why I am never satisfied with my writing. Well, thank goodness I don't have to write right away. Suffice it on to the day the agony thereof.

I have to take a dear friend to an American doctor here so I am in an hurry. Lets keep in touch my dear. So we do not lose each other. I will write again when I know the day of my departure for London. It may be a few days before the 15th. I don't know yet.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4365

St. Tropez, Oct. 12, 1935

Harcourt, Brace & Co.
393 Madison Avenue
New York

Gentlemen:

While I was lecturing in Canada you were kind enough to send me some of your publications. During my tour I had ample opportunity to bring to the attention of my audiences the books that were of value. I hope that my efforts have brought some results to your house.

Now I am about to start on a lecture tour again, this time through England and probably some other countries on the Continent. I shall lecture extensively on social and literary subjects, and I hope you will be good enough to extend to me the same courtesy as before, by supplying me with the books as per enclosed list.

I shall arrive in England the latter part of this month. Therefore I enclose a list of books as follows:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Goldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
LONDON, E.W.11.

Thanking you, I remain,

Sincerely,

BOOKS REQUESTED:

This Bad Thy Century, by Pearl Mansford Johnson
Vein of Iron, by Ellen Glasgow.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 12, St. Tropez [to] Farrar & Rinehart Publishers, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4366

St. Tropez, Oct. 12, 1935

Farrar & Rinehart
Publishers
232 Madison Ave.
New York

Gentlemen:

While I was lecturing in Canada you were kind enough to send me some of your publications. During my tour I had ample opportunity to bring to the attention of my audiences the books that were of value. I hope that my efforts have brought some results to your house.

Now I am about to start on a lecture tour again, this time through England, principally, though I may also visit some other countries on the Continent. I shall lecture extensively on social and literary subjects, and I hope you will be good enough to extend to me the same courtesy as before, by supplying me with the books as per enclosed list.

I shall go to England the latter part of this month. Therefore please address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beecheroff Court
Beecheroff Avenue
LONDON, E.C.11.

Thanking you, I remain,

Sincerely,

BOOKS REQUESTED:

Creating the Modern American Novel, by Harlan Hatcher
Ripeness Is All, by Eric Linklater
The Puritan Strain, by Faith Baldwin
Landtakers, by Brian Penton
Anthony Adverse, Harvey Allen

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029064

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 12, Montreal [to] Emma G[oldman], St. Tropez / Bank of Montreal. — 1 p. ; 27 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Bank of Montreal.

WEST END BRANCH
930 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST

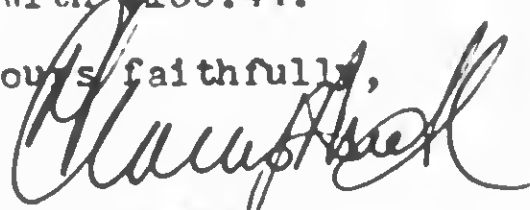
Montreal, Que.

Twelfth
October
1935

Dear Madam,

As requested in your letter of the 3rd instant, we have to-day forwarded our draft for \$150.00 Canadian to the Banque Seligman, 45 Boulevard Houssmann, Paris, France for credit of your account and in reimbursement have charged your account No. 5297 with \$150.44.

Yours faithfully,



Pro Manager
F.J. Buck

Mrs. Emma G. Colton,
St. Tropez, Var,
France.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] T[hodore] Schuller, London / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.*

St. Tropez, Oct. 13, 1935

Mr. T. Schuller
Putnam & Company, Ltd.
24, Bedford Street
Strand, London, W.C.2.

Dear Mr. Schuller,

I take it that it was through your courtesy that your house sent me the two books, -- Sholokhov's "Virgin Soil Upturned" and "The Vortex" by José Eustasio Rivera. Needless to say, I appreciate your kindness.

I shall be in England in the first week of November and I will of course get in touch with you, as per your request in your letter of June 17th. I have marked several books in the Spring catalogue of your publications which you were good enough to send me, but I shall leave that till I get to London when we'll be able to talk things over.

My London address will be:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Zoldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W.11.

Sincerely,

EG/s

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029281

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] Thomas Y. Crowell Co[mpany], New York /
Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4371
St. Tropez, October 13, 1935

Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
Publishers
New York

Gentlemen:

I have read some reviews of MICHELANGELO, The MAN, recently published by your house, and I am much interested in that work of Mr. Donald Lord Finlayson. I am about to start on a lecture tour in England, as well as in some other countries on the Continent, and my subject will cover a variety of social, literary and dramatic questions, including those of art.

I shall therefore be glad to have a review copy of MICHELANGELO, and of other of your most recent publications in relation to the subjects mentioned, because I am anxious to bring before my English audiences the best that is being done in Anglo-Saxon literature.

Hoping to hear from you soon in this matter,

I remain, sincerely,

Kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beecheroff Croft
Beecheroff Avenue
LONDON, N.W.11.

EG/s

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029282

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] Covici, Friede, New York / Emma Goldman. —
1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4372

St. Tropez, Oct. 13, 1935

Covici-Friede
Publishers
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I have read reviews of John Steinbeck's *TORTILLA FLAT*, recently published by your house, and I am much interested in it. Judging by the reviews, I may be able to use the book in my forthcoming lecture tour throughout England.

My lectures in England will begin in November, and they will cover a variety of social, literary and dramatic subjects. I am anxious to bring before my audiences the best that is being done now in Anglo-Saxon literature, and I should therefore be glad to receive from you review copies of certain works issued by you, as per the list below.

Hoping to hear from you soon in this matter, I remain,
Sincerely,

BOOKS REQUESTED:

The Intelligentsia of Great Britain,
by Dmitry Mirsky
America Faces the Barricades, by John Spivak
Tortilla Flat, by John Steinbeck

ADDRESS:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
LONDON, N.W.11.

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530

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029284

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 13, St. Tropez [to] Wishart & Co., London / Emma Goldman. —
1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4374
St. Tropez, Oct. 13, 1935

Wishart & Co.
Publishers
9 John Street
London, W.C.2.

Gentlemen:

I am soon to start on a lecture tour throughout England, my subjects covering a variety of problems, including those of social economics, labor, literature, politics, etc.

One of the main questions I shall deal with will be that of dictatorship. I understand that you have recently published a work by a comrade and friend of mine, Armando Borghi, *MUSSOLINI RED & BLACK*. Now, I should like you to send me a review copy of that work, for I believe I could make good use of it in my lectures.

Knowing Armando Borghi and how well he is informed regarding conditions in Italy, I assume that his book must be a valuable contribution on the subject of dictatorship. I should therefore like to bring his book to the attention of my audiences. Moreover, it would well for you to get in touch with me concerning the possible sale of the book at my meetings.

As my lectures in England are to begin November 11th, I suggest that you write to me as soon as possible in this matter. As to the review copy of *MUSSOLINI*, kindly have it sent to me to my PARIS address, where I shall be within a few days.

Sincerely,

PARIS ADDRESS:

Emma Goldman
The American Express
11, Rue Scribe
Paris

LONDON ADDRESS:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W.11.

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531

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 14, St. Tropez [to] Charles Scribner[']s Sons, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St. Tropez, Oct. 14, 1935

Charles Scribner's Sons
507 Fifth Avenue
New York

Gentlemen,

No doubt you received my letter of August 30th, acknowledging, with my appreciation, the books you had sent me.

I hope you will not regard it an imposition on my part if I now request another book from you --- EUROPA, by Robert Briffault. I have read recently so many interesting reviews of the work that I feel I should bring it to the notice of my audiences during the lecture tour I am about to start in England.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am,
Sincerely,

P.S. As my lectures in London are to begin early next month, kindly address me:

EMMA GOLDMAN
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beecheroff Court
Beecheroff Avenue
London, N.W.11.

EG/s

*Also a check for
King Coffin
by Conrad Aiken*

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532

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 14, St. Tropez [to] Smith [and] Haas Publishers, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

*Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.*

4353
St. Tropez, Oct. 14, 1935

Smith & Haas
Publishers
New York

Gentlemen,

I am about to start on my lecture tour in England which will cover a variety of subjects dealing with social, economic, literary and dramatic questions. I am naturally anxious to bring to the notice of my audiences the best that is being published in America on the above subjects, and I would therefore appreciate it if you will send me a review copy of William Faulkner's *Pylon*.

Accept my acknowledgment, with thanks, of books previously sent me by your house, and till further notice please address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W.11.

Sincerely,

EG/s

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533

The Emma Goldman Papers

900111026

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N.Y. / Emma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 28 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the United States Library of Congress.
Institutional Location: John Haynes Holmes Collection.

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

Dr. John Haynes Holmes
26 Sidney Place
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear John Haynes Holmes,

I had been waiting anxiously for a reply to my letter. I knew of course that you had gone abroad and I did not expect an immediate answer, but when I learned of your return and no word came from you, I was beginning to fear that my letter may not have reached you. The reason for my special impatience was that I had heard from different sources about your change of front towards Germany. The first to write me about it was an old and very dear friend of mine whose veracity I never had reason to doubt. But inasmuch as he got his information through the N.Y. Jewish Forward, I had my doubts about the charge. Next came the New Masses, which I would trust even less than the Forward, with its usual vociferous attack on you. And finally, what purported to be an interview with you in the N.Y. Times.

Even without my experience with newspapers over a period of 45 years, I should have hesitated to believe in the reliability of the reports. I have been so often misrepresented myself not to credit lightly what I read in the press. Besides, it seemed to me incredible that a man of your past social stand and deep devotion to the cause of progress could possibly be guilty of sympathetic leanings to Hitlerism. Anyway, I determined to write you and get from you your own interpretation of the story. I was only waiting to hear from you first. You can therefore imagine how pleased I was to get your letter. Certainly it is a far cry from an approval of the Nazi regime to the statement that you "found the Nazi regime strongly rooted in the country and that the opposition to it was negligible.... That Hitler had infected the masses of the people with an insane nationalistic ~~fanatic~~ fervor in his support."

To be sure, it is a little hasty to form such an opinion from a few weeks' visit in Germany. After all, it is impossible to appraise any opposition under present conditions in Germany -- or in any dictatorship, for that matter. With terror widespread in the land, the opposition -- whatever there may be of it -- must needs be underground and therefore not evident to the casual visitor. You will remember, dear friend, that ~~you~~ during your visit in Russia you had also assumed that surface quietness was proof of absence of opposition. May not the same reality apply also to Germany? What, for instance, is the meaning of hundreds of concentration camps being crowded? Does not that fact of itself prove the presence of recalcitrants, of opposition? Opposition is always in the minority, and it is a tragic fact of our lives that there is so little active opposition in any country to the growing governmental tendency to dictatorship. I therefore wonder that you thought it necessary to emphasise the lack of visible, organised opposition to Hitler. That circumstance does not, however, ~~does not~~ influence my opinion

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The Emma Goldman Papers

900111026

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N.Y. / Emma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 28 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the United States Library of Congress.
Institutional Location: John Haynes Holmes Collection.

of your intellectual integrity, my regard for your splendid services to the cause of labor and my friendship to you as a comrade.

Yes, dear friend, the European situation is terrifying today, as you rightly say. By this time you may have realised that England has not succeeded in frightening Italy. With its usual hypocrisy the British Government is once more trying to play the role of humanity's savior, while it is rushing the world into a new devastating war. If only the people at large were not so inert, not so obsessed by the spirit of authority and "leadership", the situation would be different. As it is, one might despair but for the fact that in spite of all dictatorship and suppression the spirit of liberty still lives and will continue to assert itself though it is checkmated temporarily by the forces of darkness and oppression.

I was very glad indeed to learn that you have joined the playwriting profession. I should have given much to be able to witness the opening night of your play. Unfortunately I shall have to content myself with the reviews, which I hope my niece, Mrs. Ballantine, will send me. Now more than ever one must cry from the housetops against war. I hope that your effort in dramatic form will have a long and appreciative run.

I am going to England to do my share against the impending calamity. I am not foolish enough to believe that my voice will be heard by many, especially in England where I am but little known. But I find it impossible to concentrate on writing at this appalling time. If only to soothe my own conscience, I have to go where I can speak out. So I am going, whatever the possible consequences.

I am always happy to hear from you. Till further notice kindly address me

c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W.11.

loyalty,

With the deepest assurance of my friendship and
Sincerely, *Emma Goldman*

EG/s

Reproduced from the collections in the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress

535

The Emma Goldman Papers

870820063

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N.Y. / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

C O P Y

6896

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes
26 Sidney Place
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear John Haynes Holmes,

I had been waiting anxiously for a reply to my letter. I knew of course that you had gone abroad and I did not expect an immediate answer, but when I learned of your return and no word came from you, I was beginning to fear that my letter may not have reached you. The reason for my special impatience was that I had heard from different sources about your change of front towards Germany. The first to write me about it was an old and very dear friend of mine whose veracity I never had reason to doubt. But inasmuch as he got his information through the N.Y. Jewish Forward, I had my doubts about the charges. Next came the New Masses, which I would trust even less than the Forward, with its usual vociferous attack on you. And finally, what purported to be an interview with you in the N.Y. Times.

Even without my experience with newspapers over a period of 45 years, I should have hesitated to believe in the reliability of the reports. I have been so often misrepresented myself not to credit lightly what I read in the press. Besides, it seemed to me incredible that a man of your past social stand and deep devotion to the cause of progress could possibly be guilty of sympathetic leanings to Hitlerism. Anyway, I determined to write you and get from you your own interpretation of the story. I was only waiting to hear from you first. You can therefore imagine how pleased I was to get your letter. Certainly it is a far cry from an approval of the Nazi regime to the statement that you "found the Nazi regime strongly rooted in the country and that the opposition to it was negligible... That Hitler had infected the masses of the people with an insane nationalistic fervor in his support".

To be sure, it is a little hasty to form such an opinion from a few weeks' visit in Germany. After all, it is impossible to appraise any opposition under present conditions in Germany -- or in any dictatorship, for that matter. With terror widespread in the land, the opposition -- whatever there may be of it -- must be underground and therefore not evident to the casual visitor. You will remember, dear friend, that during your visit in Russia you had also assumed that surface quietness was proof of absence of opposition. May not the same reality apply also to Germany? What, for instance, is the meaning of

536

The Emma Goldman Papers

870820063

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N.Y. / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Holmes --2

6097

hundreds of concentration camps being crowded? Does not that fact of itself prove the presence of resisters, of opposition? Opposition is always in the minority, and it is a tragic fact of our lives that there is so little active opposition in any country to the growing governmental tendency to dictatorship. I therefore wonder that you thought it necessary to emphasize the lack of visible, organized opposition to Hitler. That circumstance, however, does not influence my opinion of your intellectual integrity, my regard for your splendid services to the cause of labor and my friendship to you as a comrade.

Yes, dear friend, the European situation is terrifying today, as you rightly say. By this time you may have realized that England has not succeeded in frightening Italy. With its usual hypocrisy the British Government is once more trying to play the role of humanity's savior, while it is rushing the world into a new devastating war. If only the people at large were not so inert, not so obsessed by the spirit of authority and "leadership", the situation would be different. As it is, one might despair but for the fact that in spite of all dictatorship and suppression the spirit of liberty still lives and will continue to assert itself though it is checkmated temporarily by the forces of darkness and oppression.

I was very glad indeed to learn that you have joined the playwriting profession. I should have given much to be able to witness the opening night of your play. Unfortunately I shall have to content myself with the reviews, which I hope my niece, Mrs. Ballantine, will send me. Now more than ever one must cry from the housetops against war. I hope that your effort in dramatic form will have a long and appreciative run.

I am going to England to do my share against the impending calamity. I am not foolish enough to believe that my voice will be heard by many, especially in England where I am but little known. But I find it impossible to concentrate on writing at this appalling time. If only to soothe my own conscience, I have to go where I can speak out. So I am going, whatever the possible consequences.

I am always happy to hear from you. Till further notice kindly address me:

c/o L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W.11

With the deepest assurances of my friendship and loyalty,

Sincerely,

537

The Emma Goldman Papers

831024038

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y. / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from The University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee.
Institutional Location: Morris Fromkin Memorial Collection, The Library.

(C O P Y)

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes
26 Sidney Place
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear John Haynes Holmes,

I had been waiting anxiously for a reply to my letter. I knew of course that you had gone abroad and I did not expect an immediate answer, but when I learned of your return and no word came from you, I was beginning to fear that my letter may not have reached you. The reason for my special impatience was that I had heard from different sources about your change of front towards Germany. The first to write me about it was an old and very dear friend of mine whose veracity I never had reason to doubt. But inasmuch as he got his information through the N.Y. Jewish Forward, I had my doubts about the charge. Next came the New Masses, which I would trust even less than the Forward, with its usual vociferous attack on you. And finally, what purported to be an interview with you in the N.Y. Times.

Even without my experience with newspapers over a period of 45 years, I should have hesitated to believe in the reliability of the reports. I have been so often misrepresented myself not to credit lightly what I read in the press. Besides, it seemed to me incredible that a man of your past social stand and deep devotion to the cause of progress could possibly be guilty of sympathetic leanings to Hitlerism. Anyway, I determined to write you and get from you your own interpretation of the story. I was only waiting to hear from you first. You can therefore imagine how pleased I was to get your letter. Certainly it is a far cry from an approval of the Nazi regime to the statement that you "found the Nazi regime strongly rooted in the country and that the opposition to it was negligible... That Hitler had infected the masses of the people with an insane nationalistic fervor in his support".

To be sure, it is a little hasty to form such an opinion from a few weeks' visit in Germany. After all, it is impossible to appraise any opposition under present conditions in Germany -- or in any dictatorship, for that matter. With terror widespread in the land, the opposition -- whatever there may be of it -- must be underground and therefore not evident to the casual visitor. You will remember, dear friend, that during your visit in Russia you had also assumed that surface quietness was proof of absence of opposition. May not the same reality apply also to Germany? What, for instance, is the meaning of

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y. / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Morris Fromkin Memorial Collection, The Library.

[65] Oct 15 1935

J.H. Holmes --2

hundreds of concentration camps being crowded? Does not that fact of itself prove the presence of recalcitrants, of opposition? Opposition is always in the minority, and it is a tragic fact of our lives that there is so little active opposition in any country to the growing governmental tendency to dictatorship. I therefore wonder that you thought it necessary to emphasize the lack of visible, organized opposition to Hitler. That circumstance, however, does not influence my opinion of your intellectual integrity, my regard for your splendid services to the cause of labor and my friendship to you as a comrade. "

Yes, dear friend, the European situation is terrifying today, as you rightly say. By this time you may have realized that England has not succeeded in frightening Italy. With its usual hypocrisy the British Government is once more trying to play the role of humanity's savior, while it is rushing the world into a new devastating war. If only the people at large were not so inert, not so obsessed by the spirit of authority and "leadership", the situation would be different. As it is, one might despair but for the fact that in spite of all dictatorship and suppression the spirit of liberty still lives and will continue to assert itself though it is checkmated temporarily by the forces of darkness and oppression.

I was very glad indeed to learn that you have joined the playwrighting profession. I should have given much to be able to witness the opening night of your play. Unfortunately I shall have to content myself with the reviews, which I hope my niece, Mrs. Ballantine, will send me. Now more than ever one must cry from the housetops against war. I hope that your effort in dramatic form will have a long and appreciative run.

I am going to England to do my share against the impending calamity. I am not foolish enough to believe that my voice will be heard by many, especially in England where I am but little known. But I find it impossible to concentrate on writing at this appalling time. If only to soothe my own conscience, I have to go where I can speak out. So I am going, whatever the possible consequences.

I am always happy to hear from you. Till further notice kindly address me:

c/o L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W.11

With the deepest assurance of my friendship and loyalty,

Sincerely,

539

The Emma Goldman Papers

861027233

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / Emma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

2406

Alfred A. Knopf
730 Fifth Ave.
New York

Dear Mr. Knopf,

I have received the Villa Cather book, LUCY GAY-HEART, and enjoyed reading it very much. She certainly can write, but I am puzzled to understand the last two chapters. It seems to me that the work reached its high water mark with the death of Lucy. The two last chapters dealing with Harry Gordon seem to me very much of an anti-climax; indeed, very much in bad taste. I wonder why a writer of Miss Cather's quality should have such an ending. However, I enjoyed reading the novel immensely. Thank you very much for it.

I will try to get in touch with Mr. Raymond W. Postgate. I wonder whether he is perchance the son-in-law of Mr. Lansbury. If so, then I had met him once and I must say I was not very much impressed. But I shall look him up, since he represents you.

I confess I am not looking forward to my visit in England. I have never been able to break through the hard surface of the Britishers, and now what with the madness of the general election and the even greater insanity of the impending war, I shall probably be in England like a fish out of water. But I am going anyway.

Is it not just like British hypocrisy to leave out the homosexual references in ~~WHITING FOR NOTHING~~, and make it the more obvious by the silly explanation why the publisher found it necessary to do so. When one considers that England is honeycombed with homosexuals, the censorship appears even in a more glaring light.

You were good enough to send me the Borzoi catalogue for 1935, and I find in it several books I should like to have as review copies, if that is not asking too much. Here is a list of them:

The Golden Chord, by Warwick Deeping
The Seven Arms, by L.A.C. Strong
At Madame Bonnard's, by Joseph Vogel
Seed of Tomorrow, by Sholokhov
The Jury, by Gerald Bullett
Forever, by Mildred Cram
The Long Frontier, by Mildred Knopf
Life With Father, by Clarence Day
Sir Basil Zaharoff, by Robert H. Mann
The Ordinary Difficulties of Everyday People,
by Dr. John Rathbone Oliver
Roots of Crime, by F. A. Alexander and Wm. Healy.

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540

The Emma Goldman Papers

861027233

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / Emma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Knopf--2

2487

I am planning to be in London the first week in November; therefore kindly address me there, as per address below.

Cordially,

Address:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
22 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, W.11.

AK/s

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541

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4387

St. Tropez, October 15, 1935

J. B. Lippincott Co.
Publishers
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I have read some reviews of *THE POWER OF NON-VIOLENCE*, by Richard B. Gregg, recently published by your house, and I am much interested in the work. I am about to start on a lecture tour through England, and my subjects will cover a variety of social, political and literary problems.

I am anxious to bring before my audiences the best that is being done in Anglo-Saxon literature. Moreover, the work of Mr. Richard B. Gregg, deals with a subject most closely related to the social questions I lecture on, and I therefore hope that you will supply me with a review copy of his book.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely,

P.S. As I shall leave very soon for England, kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
LONDON, N.W.11.

EG/s

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Robert M. McBride Co[mpany], New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4370

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

Robert M. McBride Co.
Publishers
New York

Gentlemen:

I am about to start on a lecture tour through England, and as I am anxious to bring before my audiences the best that is being published now, I am very much interested in some of the books recently issued by your house.

My subjects cover a variety of social, political, educational, literary and dramatic problems, as well as specific labor questions, and I should therefore be glad to receive a review copy of Edward Levinson's *I BREAK STRIKES: THE TECHNIQUE OF PEARL L. BERGOTT*, as well as *RAINBOW AT NOON*, by Dorothy Walworth Carman.

As I shall leave for England very soon, I hope you will let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. Kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
LONDON, N.W. 11.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Sincerely,

EG/s

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543

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029279

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] D. Appleton-Century Company, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4369

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

D. Appleton-Century Company
Publishers
35 West 32nd Street
New York

Gentlemen:

I have read the reviews of Hector Bolito's **OLDER PEOPLE**, recently published by your house, and I am much interested in the work.

As I am about to start on an extended lecture tour through England, and probably also in some other countries on the Continent, I shall be able to use Bolito's work, because I am anxious to bring before my audiences the best that is now being published.

My lectures cover a variety of subjects dealing with social, educational, literary and dramatic questions, and I should therefore be glad to receive from you a review copy of Bolito's book as well as of your other most recent publications concerning the above subjects.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Sincerely,

P.S. As I am leaving for England very soon, kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beecheroff Court
Beecheroff Avenue
LONDON, N.W. 11.

EG/s

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029278

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York / Emma Goldman. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

G.P. Putnam's Sons
Publishers
New York

Gentlemen:

While I was lecturing in Canada you were good enough to send me your publications. During my tour I had ample opportunity to bring to the attention of my audiences the books that were of value. I hope that my efforts have brought some results to your house.

Now I am about to start on a lecture tour again, this time through England, principally, though I may also visit some other countries on the Continent. I shall lecture extensively on social and literary subjects, and I hope you will be good enough to extend to me the same courtesy as before. At present I should like to have Mr. Hope Williams Sykes' *SECOND HOPE*, recently published by you.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely,

P.S. As I am soon to leave for England, kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beecherof Court
Beecherof Avenue
LONDON, N.W.11.

EG/s

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029274

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] W.W. Norton, New York / Emma Goldman. —
1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4364
St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

W. W. Norton & Company
Publishers
New York

Gentlemen:

While I was lecturing in Canada you were good enough to send me a review copy of Bertrand Russell's "Freedom versus Organisation" published by your house. During my tour I had ample opportunity to call the attention of my audiences to that very brilliant and enlightening work, and I hope that my efforts have brought some results to your house.

Now I am about to start on a new lecture tour, this time through England and probably also through some other countries on the Continent. I shall lecture extensively before English-speaking audiences, on social, literary, and educational problems.

I am anxious to bring before my audiences the best that is being written on the above subjects, and I should therefore appreciate it if you will be good enough to supply me with a review copy of

EDUCATION IN A CHANGING WORLD, by W.B. Curry
and THE ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE, by Elizabeth Drew.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely,

P.S. As I am soon to leave for England, kindly address me:

Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
LONDON, N.W.

11

EG/b

546

The Emma Goldman Papers

900116004

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 15, St. Tropez [to] Harry J. Stern, Montreal / Emma Goldman. —
1 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the National Archives of Canada, Ottawa,
Ontario. Institutional Location: Rabbi Harry J. Stern Papers, Manuscript Division, Historical Resources Branch.

St. Tropez, Oct. 15, 1935

Rabbi Harry J. Stern
Temple Emanu-El
4128 Sherbrook St. West
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Dear Rabbi Stern,

It was very thoughtful of you indeed to send me a post card from the Holy City. That you should have thought of me in such a place proves your friendly spirit even more than all your kindnesses while I was in Montreal. While I am a very bad Jewess, I always wanted to visit Palestine and see for myself what has been accomplished there. ~~Alas, I could~~ ^{to day} never realise it, and I am not devout enough where my old bones will be laid to rest.

I am sorry to disappoint you in regard to the book I had hoped to begin this summer. The explanation of it you will find in the enclosed copy of a letter I wrote our mutual friend John Haynes Holmes. But though postponed, the book is not given up by any means. Someday within the not too distant future I hope to "settle down" to writing.

I am planning to leave for England where I expect to stay through the winter, lecturing. Not at all because I am looking forward to great success, but rather because I feel it imperative to raise my voice against the threatening new world-conflagration, being prepared by the avarice and connivance of the powers that be. England is the only country that is compelled to endure me. It may give me free board for a time, but what is that compared with the right to raise one's voice against the impending disaster.

It is foolish to make plans long in advance in the present uncertainty of life. But as far as it is possible to do so, I hope to be in your city again some time next year. I know you will extend me the same fine hospitality as on my last visit. That is something to look forward to.

Please remember me kindly to our mutual friends, Mr. Lawrence Marks, the Schwartzes, the Starks and all the others.

Cordially,

Emma Goldman

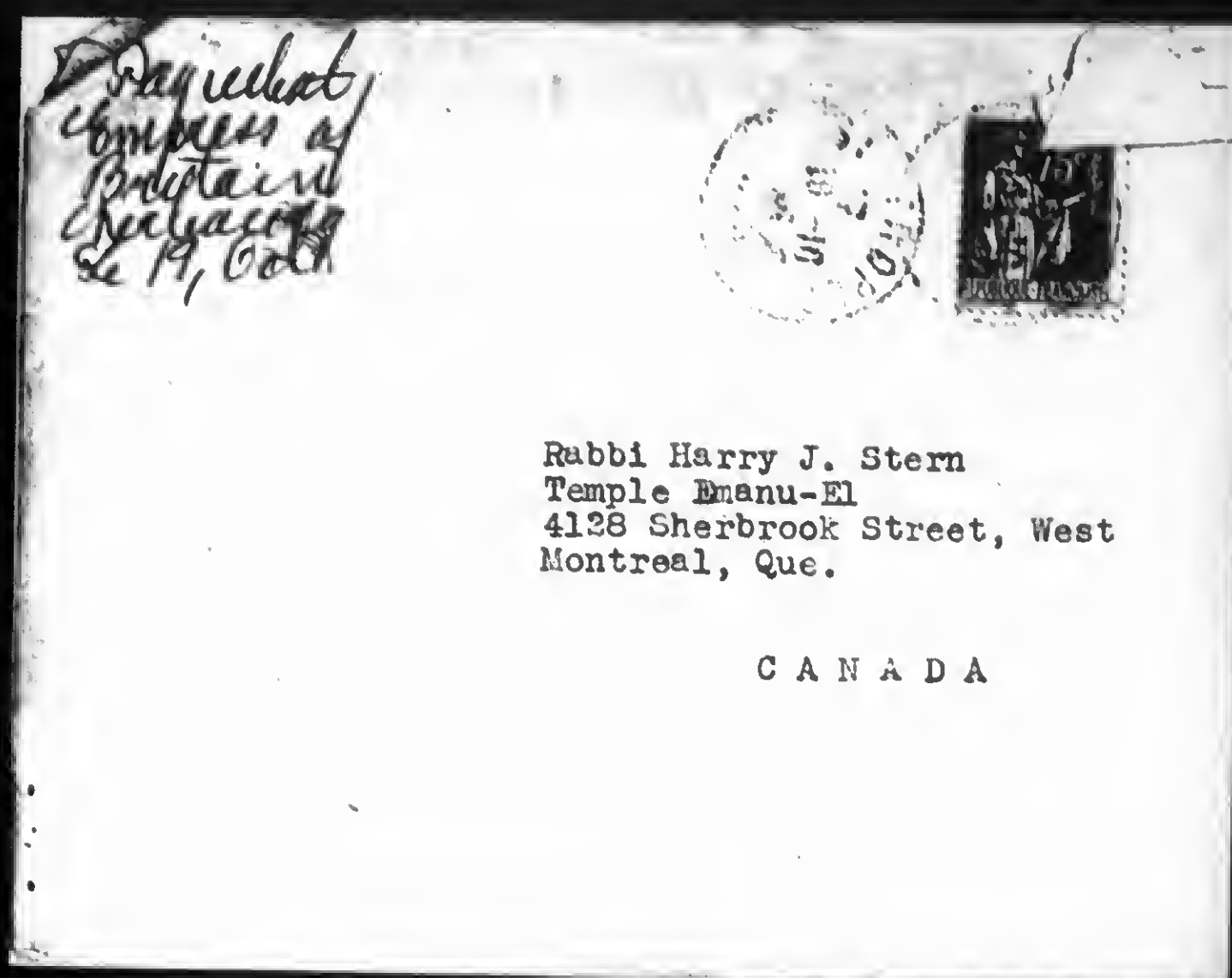
Address: Emma Goldman, c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue, London, N.W. 11.
EG/s

The Emma Goldman Papers

900116001

[Envelope, 1935] Oct. 16, St. Tropez [to] Harry J. Stern, Montreal / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 12 × 15 cm.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 16, St. Tropez [to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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 Roc

St Tropez Var Oct. 16th 35.

Dearest Milly. I was glad to get your letter and to know how you, Rudolf and Fernin are fairing. Its wonderful that Rudolf got so absorbed in his autobiography. It keeps one out of mischief and of worry when one is concentrated on some literary effort. I wish I could have done that this summer. I would not now leave lovely Bon Esprit. But I was so distressed and disturbed all summer I just could not settle my mind to starting the book I had promised. That is really the reason why I am going to England. I leave for Paris ~~tomorrow~~ day after tomorrow. For England from Paris around the 8th or nith of Nov.

Tell me darling, how did you and Rudolf survive the years of activity in that dreadful England? Surely the comrades could not have changed to the extent of being such sticks in the mud as they are now? Cawd knows the American Anarchist movement is little enough. But it is energy and lively ness pesonified compared with England. Just imagine after months of correspondence back and forth. After the definite dates are announced in Freedom, after a letter dated Oct. 7th asking if I could come Nov. 2d I got a letter dated the 11th of Oct asking me whether it would be advisable to have meetings during the General Elections, and in view of the Italo Abyssinian situation. I should know better than people who had lived and worked in England all their lives. I tell you it took the guts out of ~~me~~ and all desire to go to England. As it is only three dates have been booked in London. There is nothing definite about the provinces except Leeds Dec First and Plymouth Dec 6th. I really see no reason of going. But I have made all arrangements about some one coming in Bon Esprit for the winter and a lot of other arrangements to meet different people in England so I am determined to go though I have no hopes whatever of any response or success. I will try it out until the New Year. If I fail I will return to France and make a serious effort to write. I'll have to deliver the book sometime since money had been raised for that. Well, I will see.

In any event I am determined to go back to Canada next Fall unless we are swept off this rotten earth by the new confederation that is being lighted by Mussolini and the idiotic British government. No use making plans so far in advance anyway.

I see in the Freie Arbeiter Stimme the number of dates arranged for Rudolf. Poor dear he will be rushed frightfully. And as he can do only one thing at a time I fear he will do no further writing on his Life. But whenever he will complete it I hope Rudolf will not make it too theoretical. That he will give his life as colorful and vital as it was. In any event I wish him the greatest success in his writing.

I received a letter from Maurice Langbord that they had heard from Grossmann and he asked the comrades to send him the fare to Canada. He was in constant danger he writes and if the Nazi should take the upper hand in Austria they would finish with me. Maurice asked for my opinion. Of course I did not give it. You see my friends in Toronto are trying to raise a fund to bring me back next year. If I should say anything about ~~them~~ they may think I am moved by personal reasons. Of course

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 16, St. Tropez [to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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I know what a pest Maurice is and that he would probably only bring disattention upon the comrade. Heaven knows there is enough of it as it is. I simply can not tell Maurice that. I wish he had not asked me.

I sincerely hope the notice you received in re the last grant of your stay is only red tape. I hope and pray Rudolf may get another extension. Its terrible in Europe now. Besides where will the two of you get in? England? Jesus I should not want to be hurried there, let alone live. Somehow I feel that Rudolf will get another stay especially if there should be hostilities in England. Anyway the work for it should soon be started and not left to the last moment.

Well, my dearest Sasha and I must go down to the village to attend to a lot of things. Sasha has been feeling exceptionall fine. He is here helping me to put the place in order and get ready for my departure. Its grand to have Sasha when he is at peace in his domestic affairs. Its been a real holiday for me.

Give my love to Rudolf and Fermin. And take lots of it for yourself. I hope you will take care of yourself while Rudolf is on tour.

Devotedly.

Emma

I had our dear kids, Mollie and Senia here for a month. They idolize this place and they had their first real vacation in their life.

Sasha send love to the three of you.

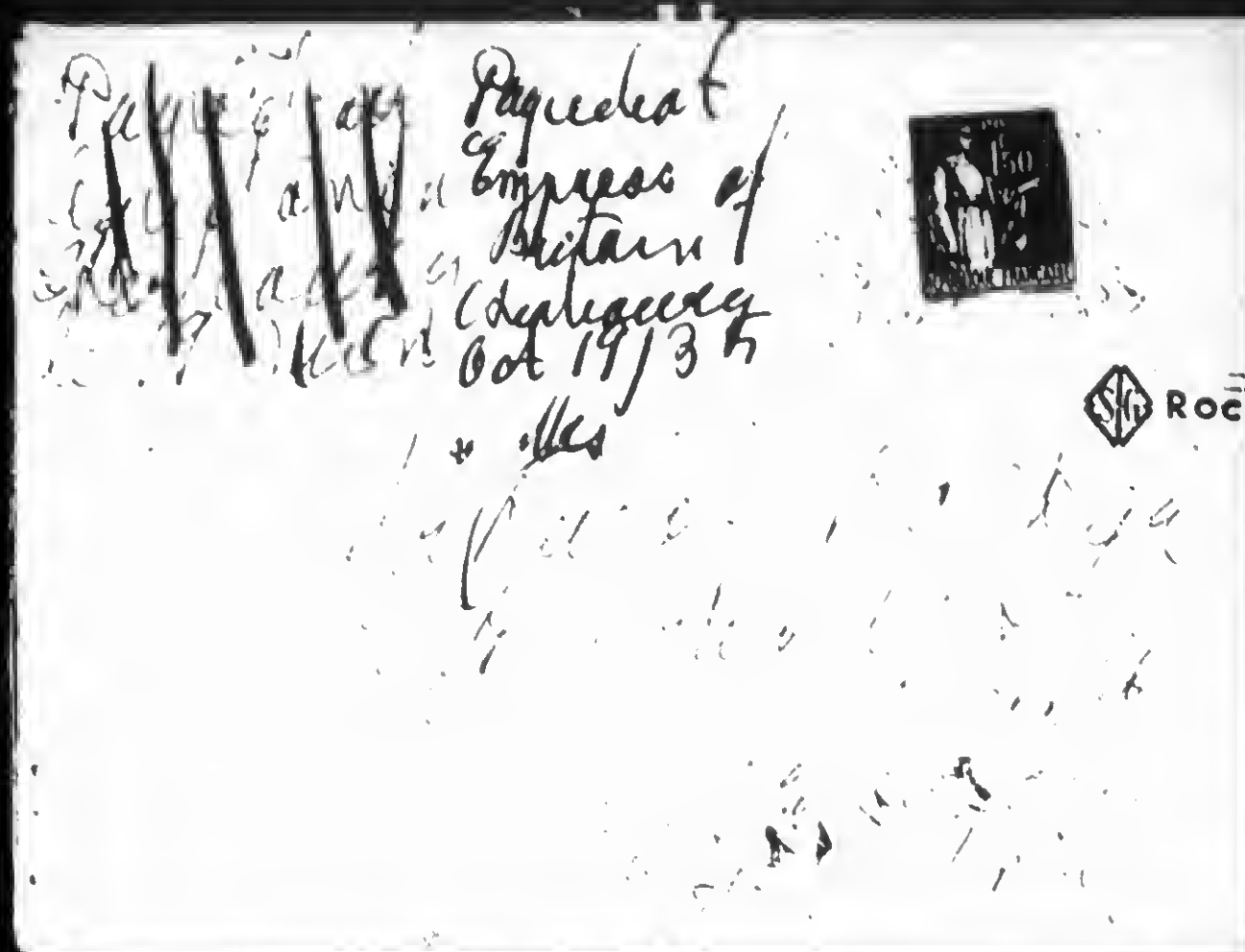
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[Envelope, 19]35 Oct. 1[6] St. Tropez [to] Rudolf [and Milly] Rocker, [New York] / E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 11 × 14 cm.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114145

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 17, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, Paris] / Minna [Lowensohn]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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5378
New York Oct 17/35

My dear Emma

I suppose its better late than never =
I have finally gotten \$50 for Sasha's Prison Memoars. After approaching secretaries of groups and, all sort of people, Rose Bernstein and Mendel Binstein are advancing the \$50, they are both working for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, and are having a chance to sell the book, and hope to earn about \$100. for Sasha.

I am seeing Nesser (from Toronto) and he told me that you are in Paris now, ~~but~~ I hope that this finds you, in the best of health and spirit.

About us here, there is so very little to say, The Freie Arbeiter Stimme is

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114145

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 17, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, Paris] / Minna [Lowensohn]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Struggling as usual, and we all have to
keep busie begging, so we all the
others busie with the Bazaar.

Personally I am working quite
a few hours, but never know when
the job will end, but so fare so
good.

I wrote to Sasha quite a while
ago but had no answer, I do hope
he is feeling all right.

I expect to write to you soon
again but at any rate I am wishing
you success and good health

ever yours Minna

You can send the books to ~~the~~

M. Bluestein c/o E. J. G. W. N.

232 W. 40 N. Y. C.
or to my address 80 Van Courtland Pl So

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022004

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Paris Oct 21st 35.

Dearest Sam. As I wrote you in my card I fared better in the train than I deserved. I had a couple with a child from Toulon to Marseille. And for the rest of the journey another woman in the compartment. I could, therefore spread out on the bench all to myself. I slept some. But the attack certainly left me pretty knocked out. I feel much better now after the care I took about food.

I found the Sturm studio in fairly clean condition as far as one could clean it after the filth left by Dolly Sturm's tenant. Mollie tells me it was unbearably dirty. And poor Mollie to save money did the cleaning herself. The best is to be turned on to do or tomorrow. It is of course chilly in the studio. But on the whole I find the Paris weather remarkably mild for this time of the year and quite sunny. How I wish you could have come along. In the first place you could have saved rent the studio being large enough for two and then you could have benefitted by the mild weather. However it keeps fairly decent until the end of the year. And if you decide to come, I mean if you will have the means I should advise that you come before the New Year. Incidentally, the kids want you to stay with them until May would come. That would make it cheaper for you and then though they certainly do not have themselves in mind.

I found a cable from Rodska an crazy as it can be. I incline to believe it. Imagine believing the U.S. would admit you for a cure. Or taking the diagnosis of a physician given by without seeing the patient. Such crazy notion from a man who thinks he knows it all. Well, fortunately you are too sensible to believe such nonsense as that you suffer from Prostate or that you would rush under the knife. I confess I am impatient with Rodska for suggesting such an idiotic thing. Fact is dearest Sam the St. Tropez doctor was much near your trouble, a weak heart. But what he did not know or Rodska does not understand is that your main trouble consist in material insecurity and the intellectual stress you underwent while translating Rudolfs stuff. If you had a secured income and could write or not write without any regard to a living you would regain considerable of your old strength. Why the last two weeks in St. Tropez proved how quickly you regain your appetite and the capacity for physical work if you are inwardly at peace. It is a long time my dear since I saw you in such a serene state. I am convinced it is your material and often emotional stress which causes most of your trouble. I hope that you may be freed from both during this winter at least. If Rodska will send you another 150 and the New York Committee will live up to its promise you will be able to get along until next spring. And for winter wet goo sorgen. I hope you will write Rodska that you have not his faith in doctors and much less in the knife.

By the enclosed letters from England you will see that I am in a mess. My chances there are utterly hopeless. The only thing is I can live cheaper there than here. Of course for the present my expenses will not be high. For one thing I have no rent to pay. For another I will eat most of the time with our

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dear ones and share the expence. But Dolly Stamm is expected Nov First. That would entail going into an hotel. Anyhow, I can not and will not hang around in Paris until Jan. as Mace suggests. I will either go to England around the 15th of next month or not at all. In any event, ~~xxx~~ I expect damned little from my visit to England unless I will succeed in contacting some of the drama or ganizations. Our comrades there, god save the mark, are too super anuated for me. I can't depend on living corpses and that's what they are. Even Mace who used to be quite alive seems to have done in his pants. It just paralyses me to have to work with such people. If only Holland would offer ~~xxxx~~ something I might go there first. So far haven't even a reply. Its heart breaking isn't it to have to knock at every door after forty five years. Indeed it is worse now to get a hearing than when we began. But it takes a great deal more to break my spirit.

I saw Paul Robeson in his film. He is magnificent as usual. And the film itself is splendidly done, the photography is extraordinary. But it is a propaganda film for the blessings of British colonisation. I was rather surprised to see that Paul, who is entirely unpolitical should lend himself to such a Lobgassing on British nationalism and the glory of the British king. Still it is worth seeing the picture just for its own sake and Paul's part.

Dearest own chum you will never know what you gave me the last two weeks. Such peace, such harmony I have not known for a long time except the week with you in Nice. But even then it was not so complete because of E's bitterness against me. I can see now how deeply disturbed you become, and as a result how easily roused with me over every little thing when E is not well, or antagonistic to me. I am deeply sorry that this should happen. I wish I could give her the certainty that I never mean to be unkind, or impatient with her. I want her to feel more at ease with me for her own sake of course. But mainly for your and my sake. For I have convinced myself that in that way alone can I bring you peace and in return also have an occasional visit with you in peace and lovely comradeship as the last two weeks brought me. That I need ~~that~~ now more than ever should not be so puzzling to you. For I have nothing from the past, neither man, child, or the activity for our ideals. And after all, that had always filled my life more than any lover or friend with the exception of yourself. Now that we are both getting on in age we should cling to the precious thing our friendship has been and will be to our last breath.

I must write Barr and Mace though I really don't know what to write. I wish I could tell them to go to hell. Imagine being deterred from activity by "a royal wedding". Its enough to make one lose faith in ones ideas if ~~they~~ do so little for its adherents as they have done for English Anarchists. Really, I feel proud of our people in America. Even if they are few they have at least lost their awe for authority.

Dearest please write me c/o Lollie or Senia I will get your letters quicker than at the A.E.

I hope you are not suffering from the hard work you have done the last week in St Tropez. You were simply marvelous. Give E. my love. I embrace you tenderly.

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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was for me speaking to
a perfect stranger in a
appt. In addition I was never
home during our family
crossings. Mrs. Rudak, Mela
Liska were always with
me when we went out.

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].—
1 p. ; 24 × 18 cm.

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Oct. 21, 35, Nice, Monday.

Dearest Em, I am monkeying since morning with my rotten machine, for I wanted to write to you. Well, it is noon now, and all I could do is to clean the damned thing. Could not fix it, for certain parts are broken and in general the machine is suffering with a complication of diseases due to old age. In fact, I found it in worse condition now than when I left. A new trouble, something like that with your machine. Namely, only ONE side of the ribbon turns. For some mysterious reason the other side refuses to turn. It winds OFF but not on, so that it is about as comfortable to work on it as on your machine.

Looking at the above lines, and considering the state of the machine, I am even surprised that the writing looks as good as it does. Don't you think? But writing for a while on your machine has made me forget my own keyboard, so that I strike the wrong letters occasionally.

Well, just now there came your postal. I am glad that your voyage was not as bad as we had feared, and I hope that that Tents business did not bother you again. Are you entirely all right now, dear? I am not used to your being ill.

Have looked over the old Russ. papers and will mail them to you today and tomorrow. Not much in them except the story.

Nothing new here. Am getting a little order into my MS' etc and must also attend to my "renewal" etc. Emmy's machine is still a that bureau, so she cannot do any typing for the present. But she is going again to ay to see about it.

I saw in the papers that tomorrow is the last day to "declare" the possession of a radio set, so that also must be attended to. Else there is a fine to pay. It does not work, of course, that radio, but it must be declared and a tax paid on it anyhow. Later on we'll have it fixed.

I wrote you a postal and hope you received it. This is only greeting, will write more when there is something to write about. We ther fine here, though getting cool. No heat of course, the trunk did not arrive yet and I have parts of that electric heater in it. I suppose petite vitesse takes time. And how is it about heat in your place? And have you seen many people in gay Paris?

Think of it, that foolish Ann Sedgwick wired me on Satx the day we left asking where the KEYS of the house are!!!! Evidently she did not see Marie or her husband or any one. Probably she came too late to Bon Esprit. She paid for a reply, so I wired her about the matter. Hope she got in there by this time.

I wrote you already about the letter from Mode, was nothing in it, Satx as it was written on the boat. But since then \$50. came from him per Amexco. He had evidently cabled it.

All OK here, but hardly any mail from anywhere, except for Emmy. Only letter from Nettlau, telling me there is nothing doing with the masses and that we must appeal to the more intelligent classes. Even wants me to write a book on it and not to consider whether any publisher will take it or not!!!

Well, s'long for the present, dear. Love to you and to the kids from both of us.
Affect.

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 21, Paris [to] Paul [Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

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4934

Paris Oct 21st 35.

Dear Paul. I saw you yesterday in your new film. You were as
ever magnificent-your voice as rich and stirring. I can't say
I cared much for the theme itself. But what does that matter. You
are the play after all because you are the supreme artist who
will raise any subject to artistic heights.

I am coming to England though I really don't know
why. I have never succeeded in getting under the British skin, or
breaking through its blood freezing reserve. I don't expect to
have better luck this time. It is only that I am frightfully restl-
less. And having failed to concentrate on a book I had planned
I decided to go to England for a while. If nothing else it will
be cheaper to live there than in France.

Of course I want very much to see you and
Usala again. Indeed I should regret deeply if I were not to find
you in London when I get there, the first week in Nov. I am
writing to find out what there is any truth in your going to
Hollywood and when? I should so hate to miss you. Won't you
please drop me a line about your plans? I mean as far as your
remaining in London a little longer so that we might meet again.
You can reach me c/o Hon. S. Flechine 23, rue des Volontaires
Paris XV. Under J.G. Colton.

Give Essie my love. I hope she is well.

Affectionately.

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 22, Paris [to] M.T. Stark, Montreal / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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4974

Paris Oct. 22nd 35.

Mrs. T. Stark
c/o Stark Brothers
P.O. Box 380 Station H.
Montreal Queb.
Canada.

Dear Mr Stark.

It was nice of you to take off a moment from your valuable time to write me. It is more than I really expected from such a busy man as you are. Thank you loads.

I am terribly sorry to learn that Fan was not feeling at all well. Evidently it is the climate of Montreal more than the care of her things which does not agree with her. You say you self she had improved in Aratoga Springs. But you maybe right that not being any too strong the care and responsibility of the household maybe too much for her. I hope you will experiment with some suitable arrangements. Fan is still too young to be ill so often.

Of course I had no idea of binding you, dear Mr Stark to any definite arrangement about your proposed trip abroad and your bringing Fan with you. How could I, know how uncertain world affairs are now? I can not even bind myself to anything, much less would I take the liberty to obligate my friends. I merely mean that I should be happy to help Fan in every way possible should she be in a position to tell me approximately whether she is really planning to come with you. But its quite alright dear friend. If I am still in England when you come, or anywhere else within reach and Fan wants me to join her I will come. Unless King Majesty will give me free bed and board should I be too outspoken against war. There would be one consolation, no worry about how to make ends meet. Thats something in these difficult

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 22, Paris [to] M.T. Stark, Montreal / [Emma Goldman].—
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times, don't you think.

Owing to the chaotic conditions in England my dates have been set for a later period. I am therefore remaining in Paris a little longer than I had intended. However, I am definitely going to London the 10th of Nov. I am not in the least sanguine about my chances there. The British are victims of their traditions. Because certain things had not been done in the past, no one has courage to try something new. I mean in methods of reaching the dear British public. And traditions as you probably know are most stultifying though they also have their good sides. So I expect very little from my efforts in England.

But had a Jewess as I am I have always had the perseverance of our race. I can never give up.

My address in London will be c/o Mrs & Mrs S. Koldofsky, 22 Becheroff Court, Becheroff Avenue London N.W.11
Please give Fan my love. Tell her any time the spirit will move her I will be delighted to hear from her. Tell her she must get well, or I will come over to Canada to kidnap her
Also my love to your splendid daughters and Murray of course.
Will you be kind to give my greetings to the Schwartzes and June.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 22, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / B[enjamin] W. Huebsch. — 1 p. ; 21 × 14 cm.

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October 22, 1935

S.S. MAJESTIC

Miss Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W. 11, England

Dear Miss Goldman,

Mr. Best's reply to you was in accordance with our practice, but as five of the six books for which you ask have been published in London, I am personally recommending to the respective publishers that copies of their editions be sent to you for review. If any of the books that you mentioned should fail to reach you in due course, please let me know.

Johnson's "Negro Americans, What Now?" has not been published over there, so I take pleasure in sending you a copy with our compliments. I am glad to know that it is practicable for you to undertake the lecture tour to which you refer, and I hope that it may prove successful.

Yours sincerely

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BWH/rw

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022008

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Paris Oct 23rd 35.

~~XXXX~~

Dearest Sash. Yours of the 21st came this morning. Meanwhile you must have received mine which I wrote Sunday, also the 21st. I had really intended writing you yesterday. But I was all in the dumps because of the miserable English muddle. I have sent you the letters from Barr and "Ace." Yesterday I also got one from Tommy Lavery which was not much better. He seems to be in a desperate state himself. He writes he works late hours and could not do anything about meetings. And the comrade who used to be quite helpful has now gone over to the NO MORE WAR GROUP, (that is entirely Communist owned), and he said he would have no time to do anything for my coming. Tommy begs me to visit them. But as he and Nell plan to move, I suppose to cheaper quarters, and he tells me he does not know where they'd be Christmas I see no sense in going to them. In other words, England is a flop all along the line. Why I should go there I really don't know. But where shall I go? Just now my living expenses here are small, no rent and sharing with the kids also will not cost much. But Polly is likely to arrive. Then it would mean a room and also an independent manage. You can imagine what that will mean. On the other hand I am not keen on returning south to live in lice. It's a hell of a situation. Well, I am going to England if I croak in the attempt. I shall probably leave around the 10th of Nov. I'll keep you posted.

Dearest Sash, you know the saying "confession is good for the soul". And so I have to confess that you and not I was right about the futility of going to Paris. I had along talk with Sam. The first question he asked was "why lose 3 shillings and a passport?" I told him you had always maintained that you DID NOT need one, but that I had been under the impression that the police now had the right to ask for one, and I feared you might get into trouble hence had begged you to come here to see about a passport. I assured Sam that I was by no means sure you would come. Now I see that your judgment is much better than mine and that you are quite right not to go to the expense as well as expose yourself to the Paris weather when no passport is needed, unless one intends to travel. You were also right regarding the possibility of translations or editorial work. The poverty here seems so great that people by the scores offer themselves for any kind of work and any kind of pay. So that too is a hopeless quest for which it is not worth while to come here. I therefore beg your pardon my dear for having worried you so much about Paris. You were absolutely right. Even if Rodska should raise the money you will do well to stick to your original objections to going here.

However, there is another matter now more likely of solution since Cellier became senator. And that is the possibility of having your expulsion annulled. The kids suggest that Lollie should see Cellier who has always granted her every request and bring your case before him. For that she would need some data, perhaps also a copy of your present application. In short all particulars. Then, if Cellier, (I don't know if he spells his name with C. or S.) should declare willingness to do

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with love.

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].--
2 p.; 25 x 18 cm.

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Paris Oct 23rd 35.

Dearest Sam. Yours of the 21st came this morning. Meanwhile you must have received mine which I wrote Sunday, also the 21st. I had really intended writing you yesterday. But I was all in the dumps because of the miserable English muddle. I have sent you the letters from Barr and "Doc". Yesterday I also got one from Tommy Lavers which was not much better. He seems to be in a desperate state himself. He writes he works 14 hours and could not do anything about meetings. And the comrade who used to be quite helpful has now gone over to the NO MORE WAR GROUP, (that is entirely Communist owned), and he said he would have no time to do anything for my coming. Tommy begs me to visit them. But as he and Nell plan to move, I suppose to cheaper quarters, and he tells me he does not know where they'd be Christmas I see no sense in going to them. In other words England is a flop all along the line. Why I should go there I really don't know. But where shall I go? Just now my living expenses here are small, no rent and sharing with the kids also will not cost much. But Polly is likely to arrive. Then it would mean a room and also an independent ménage. You can imagine what that will mean. On the other hand I am not keen on returning South to live in Nice. It's a hell of a situation. Well, I am going to England if I croak in the attempt. I shall probably leave around the 10th of Nov. I'll keep you posted.

Dearest Sam, you know the saying "confession is good for the soul". And so I have to confess that you and not I was right about the futility of going to Paris. I had alone talk with Samia. The first question he asked was "why does Samia need a passport?" I told him you had always maintained that you DID NOT need one. But that I had been under the impression that the police now had the right to ask for one and I feared you might get into trouble hence had begged you to come here to see about a passport. I assured Samia that I was by no means sure you would come. Now I see that your judgment is much better than mine and that you are quite right not to go to the expense as well as expose yourself to the Paris weather when no passport is needed unless one intends to travel. You were also right regarding the possibility of translations or editorial work. The poverty here seems so great that people by the scores offer themselves for any kind of work and any kind of pay. So that too is a hopeless quest for which it is not worth while to come here. I therefore beg your pardon my dear for having worried you so much about Paris. You were absolutely right. Even if Rodska should raise the money you will do well to stick to your original objections to going here.

However, there is another matter now more likely of solution since Cellier became senator, and that is the possibility of having your expulsion annulled. The kids suggest that Mollie should see Cellier who has always granted her every request and bring your case before him. For that she would need some data, perhaps also a copy of your present application. In short all particulars. Then, if Cellier, (I do not know if he spells his name with C. or S.) should declare willingness to do

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 18 cm.

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something in the matter it might then be worth while to come here. I do not say the man would or could succeed in getting the expulsion lifted. It certainly would be wonderful if you were free from the everlasting begging for renewal and the graft connected with it. Anyhow if you want Mollie to try her luck with Bellier write her and sent her all particulars. She will do nothing without your consent of course.

Will you be able to get along until Modoka send more money as he indicated in his cable, or will you be short? If so you can draw fifty on the check of mine you have. Later, when you are again short you can draw fifty more. But if you have enough keep the check. It will come handy when you are pressed. Now that I expect nothing or precious little from my trip to England I will have to draw entirely from my "capital" which is not big enough to last long. But we will always share my dear, the last sou even.

Yes, Ann seems pretty imprudent and certainly not very reliable as to keeping time. But what we might have done is to ask Marie to take the key to Ann. We simply did not think about it. I dread to think that she found the kitchen flooded from the ice water. Such a fool thing to do.

I have not yet been anywhere or seen anything. Mollie had a bad cold yesterday so I took charge of the kitchen. She is alright now. So I am going to see Emma and Gaby. His father has finally been told about the relation of the two kids. He is up in arms because she is a Goe, and he has threatened to disinherit Gaby. In addition G has been without a job for sometime his house having failed. Nice condition to add a member to the family. But Gaby is the same guay blusterer, a good sort all right. Most people I had hoped to see I can not locate. So I will put my time to more interesting pursuits. See some art galleries. Oh, yes Bennie Greenstein has an exhibition Friday. Mollie and I are going. and I will see a few more. Then perhaps a few interesting cinemas since there is absolutely nothing in the theatres, and music costs like hell. So do the picture houses. We paid fifteen francs a piece to see Paul Robersons picture, a dollar a piece if you please. Who can afford it often?

I saw Eve and Hella of course, ran into them Monday at the Dome where I was with Gaby. And that creature painted who did May out of grocery. He has evidently not made their catch he had boasted about and had not been in England.

Have not had a word from America in yesterdays A. mail. Another comes Friday Mr Kelly told me. He asked about Mr Berkman who he said he had not seen for 25 years.

No further news my dear. Give my love to Emmy, hasn't she bought lamps for her radio. Too bad to have spent a lot of money without having the fun. I hope the taxes wont be so high.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010453

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 23, Paris [to] A[lexander] B[erkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p. : 29 x 20 cm.

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Paris Oct. 23rd 35.

Dear A.B.

If ever I doubted the paralyzing hold of habits and tradition your letter would have cured me from it. Because the Anarchists in England have never before profitted by national issues, because they had never had their say in elections, or had kept silent in the face of the waste and extravagance of the Royal House you of all people decide that now too nothing can or should be done. I must say I called that lack of independent thinking.

Just consider, in one year the Royal family will have squandered large fortunes three times, on show and display while millions are starving. Do you mean to tell me that such an outrage should be permitted to take place without protest. Yes, I know The British masses are in the dust before their king. Still, one might find a thousand people who are not altogether morose, and who might be enlightened of the injustice of such extravagance and ostentatiousness of the show of royal weddings. And how utterly absurd it is to go on starving while the British Royal House lives in affluence, and spends fortunes to beguile the masses.

This is the same about elections. If the Anarchists have never used this punch and Judy show to show up its fakery and deception, the worse for the Anarchists. That's why we have no movement in England, but you whom I have always considered forward minded and aware of the necessity of work in every situation, how come you to lose heart? As to sanctions as a deterrent for our activity. Do you mean to suggest we should wait until the flames of war have enveloped the whole world. I must say I cannot make you out.

I am sure the publicity you succeeded in getting on my last visit was very much worth while. It would have been of greater value had I left a few able and active workers behind. Without anyone to continue work with I have begun and to utilize the publicity nothing vital had been gained by the interviews and my articles. I am not fool enough to think this time I will rouse interest in some of the young people who might continue systematic activity when I leave. No, even if I have the war as it will erupt again I will be only for the continuation of my story. I mean to say is this. If as you say, I will not get the papers, then not so very much will be lost. I am not so sure that the London papers will not come for interview. In any event I feel sure the American papers will. You have no idea what it would mean to me to have it known in the states that I am not dead. That my stand on war has not changed and I mean to be outspoken against it as in the past and pay the same price if need be.

You write you waited for developments before coming leaving definitely with me. Did it not occur to you that I was not such arrangements for leaving Bon Apetit it would be impossible to recall. Should you not therefore have written me at once not to proceed further until you will write what had been decided? As it is I gave up Bon Apetit to an English friend of mine when I can not now ask to move out again. In other words I have remained without a roof over my head. I would have to remain in Paris

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567

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881010453

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2

until Jan, a luxury I cannot afford. Besides, what do you expect will be different in Jan? True the Oyal wedding will be over and elections, but the Anglo-Italian Abyssinian situation will be pretty much the same anyway. I can not sit around idle in Paris until the new year. I must come to England either soon or not at all. I admit I have lost all desire to go. Nor would I if I could easily give up anything I undertake. That being impossible in my make up I would come over no matter how hopeless the situation. Besides, you say yourself that Barr and Michael have worked hard. Don't you think that alone is reason enough not to let them down? By the way there seems to be disagreement between you and the committee. Barr writes that the 21st of Nov was decided upon for the first lecture in London.

Well, as I must unfortunately live wherever I am and England is cheaper than France I can lose nothing by my visit. On the other hand my presence may give the comrades if not much at least a little enthusiasm. Also I maybe able to contact some of my old theatre going public and make new ones. Of course there is the consideration of the railway expenses. No far the comrades have not even sent that. But even that will not deter me from the original plan.

Dear A.B. believe me I appreciate all you have done for me in the past. I am certain your present pessimism was due to your concern for me. You wanted to spare me the disappointment of failure. And I am grateful for it. But my disappointment in England is an old sore. I have never been given a chance to make good there. And I really did not expect much from my coming visit. Please old man, do not permit your gloom to paralyse your energies. Go on with the work as you have started the best you can. "over mind the dinner. Perhaps we can have one as a parting shot if not as a reception. I mean to come over by the 15th, perhaps I can help in the preliminary arrangements. After all, I always had to create my own miracles in the face of the most insurmountable obstacles. Maybe I will succeed even in England, to rouse interest. That would indeed be a miracle, wouldn't you think?

Maximilien Yes, if we had hundred or two hundred pounds. But we haven't. And if we did I should be much more in favor of organizing the business than wasting so much money on Queens Hall. No danger will be put to the test of choosing, is there.

Direction: toly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Oct. 23 [Nice to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Oct. 23, 1935

Dear, I wrote you yesterday, but now I received your thick letter with the enclosures.

The enclosures I am returning here. As to those clippings of the alleged interview--- the piece about in the P.A.S. I wrote you read to you in Bon Esprit. The man is just a bluffer. When did you ever smoke thick cigar? Or speak to a man, a stranger, in coffee? Well, he wants to make himself important.

The letters from Engl. are certainly discouraging. Poor thing, you must be in an awful ~~mess~~ condition about this mess. But you must not be unjust about these comrades. It does not look to me from their letters that they are stricken with fear, as you seem to think. What they are afraid of is that your meetings will be a fearful failure-- no audiences and only disappointment and financial deficit. That is different, however, from "making in their pants", as you write.

I have no reason to doubt that the situation is as the London comrades write. I still think, however, that a good, strong, handbill would be a very fine thing. But for that you need men with courage to distribute them and faith in the work they are doing -- which, essentially, is the same thing. But the Engl. fellows evidently lack that faith. Therefore I do not believe that they can either write or distribute the right kind of anti-election and anti-war handbill.

Just as evidently they are not in condition to work properly for anti-war meetings. However, if you were among them, you'd probably put some faith and spunk into them. But it is no use pumping courage into them at a distance.

But there seems no particular agreement in the plans of L.B. Mace and those of Barr. Mace says it is better to wait till January. But Barr writes that "definite dates are booked" beginning Dec. 1st. And he mentions even the amounts the various organizations are to pay. In that case there is no reason why you should not go to London the latter part of Nov. and see what can be accomplished till Dec. 1. Don't you think so?

Dear, in reference to my going to Paris -- I have already explained to you that I had to turn in my new application for continuation of time, which I did already. And now of course I must wait HERE for the time they call me. My actual present allowance is up Nov. 3rd. It may then take some time before my new papers arrive. Then I'll see.

Sure it would be nice to be in Paris together, but that is a luxury we cannot afford. I am very happy about what you say re the last weeks in Bon Esprit. Why it cannot always be so? Well, that is a long story, and the truth is that, as always is the case in such matters, both sides are at fault, each in his or her own way. But of that some other time.

About Mode: Strange he should have sent that cable to you. He assumed of course that you know about all of my troubles, which you don't. You say the diagnosis of the St.Tr. doctor is probably correct. Yes, I think it is. But Mode does not refer to my heart trouble. He speaks of an entirely different thing, namely of my urinal trouble. While he was with me in Nice, before and after going to St.Tr., he noticed that trouble and then I told him about it. He thought it was a dangerous thing and insisted I should see a doctor. Well, one day I did go to a

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certain Russian physician here. I think he is pretty good and with years of practice. Well, he was away on a vacation and I did not care to see his assistant who is a Frenchman and in whom I have no confidence. So I promised M.-- he insisted all the time -- that I'd see the man as soon as he sends me some money.

I may go in to see the man, later on. And it is very probable that this trouble is due to the prostate, as Mada said. But of course it is not a question of any operation. It is a question of massage. The reason Mada knows about these things is that he has had the same trouble (in a lighter form) and he keeps it from getting worse by having a physician massage his prostate regularly once a month. (That is confidential).

Anyhow, the matter is not very serious, so forget about it. Mada was a fool for saying to you about it. As to him believing that U.S. would let me in on account of "illness", that is simply stupid. Just the contrary, U.S. excludes seriously ill people. Well, it's nonsense, that's all, but you really need not write about it to him. I shall write him myself in this matter.

Now, dear, do not think that I have forgotten those notes on Sanctions. Well, in fact, I started on it yesterday, but the situation changes so much every day that it is difficult to say anything on the matter that will be any good some weeks hence. I think it will be better to make such notes about a week before your lecture on the subjects, for by that time entirely different things will have to be said about the situation. --- It looks as if things are going to be patched up a bit -- may be, and that only for a short time, for WAR is certainly inevitable, if not now than a few months later, and by that time Hitler will be in the headlines again.

And about the publishers, dear? Am still waiting for E's machine, but in case you finally decide not to go to Engle, there will be some job about all those books sent to you in London. However, I assume you will go to England in spite of everything. For I know your stick-to-it-ness, and I think you are right.

Enough now, dear. Take care of yourself and do not worry too much. Love to the kids.

As ever, affect.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022007

[Letter, 1935] Oct. 23 [Nice to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Oct. 23rd

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As ever, affect.

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881010454

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman]. —
2 p.; 29 x 21 cm.
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Paris Oct 24th 35.

Frank my dearest. I was sure to find a letter from you in the American Express here. But there was nothing either on the day of my arrival last Saturday the 19th, or Tuesday when American mail came in. Perhaps tomorrow when more A. mail is expected. If I find anything from you I will add a few lines.

As you see my dearest, I am in Paris, Paris no longer so gay and carefree. Paris, betraggled now, trist and uninviting. The French do not bear up well under extreme poverty. They lose courage easily. Well, poverty stricken as Paris impress one its probably still more colorful than England. That looks altogether too depressing to me and too hopeless. For a while it seemed as if the few comrades we have were really making an effort to organise my meetings well. At the eleventh hour they lost heart. You will see what I mean by the inclosed copy of a letter to one who used to be the most widely awake. You will agree, my dearest the outlook is disheartning. But as I wrote "ace I am going over anyway. Except for the railroad expences it will not be more of a loss than if I gave up the plan. But it is reasonably certain I will be so sick with England and the comrades there I will want to run back. Though where I really have no idea. I expect to leave Paris not later than the 15th of Nov. I think I gave you my address in London in my last letter. But to make sure here it is again. c/o Mrs L. Kold ofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W.11. This wilb be my headquarters and mail will reach me even if I am en tour. I hope for very few cities in the provinces.

Dearest mine, I long terribly to hear from you. Please write if only a short letter. I want to know how you are.

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2

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I wonder if you heard from my old friend Henry Alsberg. He is one of the four helpers of Hopkins in the relief for the In tellegentsia. He has already placed one or two of our people. I also wrote him about you. He may have gotten in touch with you though he is most neglegent though most kind.

I think of you always my Frank with love, and the fond recollections of your marvelous visit.

Devotedly.

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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10353

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Devotedly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 21 × 16 cm.

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14461

Paris Oct 24th 35.

Dearest Jeanne,

Your letter of the 5th inst. must have crossed mine telling you that I had sent the underwear back with our old friend Nedie who had faithfully promised to send it on to you. I am sure you must have received it long ago. I hope you will have no trouble in changing the suits and that you will mail it to Sasha one by one as I suggested. It was certainly a stupid mistake of the manufacturer to send the size fifty instead of 42 which is quite a difference. I was sure you could not possibly make such a mistake and I wondered how the unfortunate blunder had happened.

As you see I am in Paris. I had intended to leave for England around the fifth of next month. But the incredible inefficiency of our comrades in London, their lack of vision and their conservatism of never diverting one iota from their old habits have definitely taken all the desire to go to England out of me. Imagine I was to start my lectures the 11th, in fact at the last moment before I left St Tropez they wrote asking if I could be with them the second. Then, when I got here I found letters saying that owing to the "royal wedding and the General Elections" my dates will have to be advanced. Have you ever heard such a thing from Anarchists. As I wrote then our comrades in America with the exception of a few are not much. But they are marvelous rebels and organizers compared with them. Well, I inclose copy of my letter to one of the comrades. You will see what is awaiting me in England. You can well guess I have no enthusiasm left for my undertaking. It will be nothing but misery and failure all along the line. But I am going anyhow if only to be able to live a little cheaper than here. My "large fortunes" are fast diminishing and I have not the remotest idea what will happen then. So I must go to England for a few months.

Inclosed also find my recent letter to C.V. Cook. Heaven only knows what they will make of the second part of it. I was with so many people to handle the translation. But I feel a weight off my mind and heart that Sasha is free from it. I can't tell you how wonderfully Sasha has improved since the burden was lifted from his mind. Especially the last three weeks in St Tropez. Sasha was like a new man, so serene, so peaceful and so contented. His appetite too had improved. I left him a new man. I pray he may go on improving. As it is I left with a very heavy heart. Sasha is so near the Italian border. And the madman Mussolini is doing his damndest to involve the whole world in a new conflagration. Sasha will be the first to suffer if anything should happen. So I am not very happy about it. But my being near could help nothing. Besides, it is sheer torture to do nothing and be gagged when your voice is so necessary. Just think of it the Radical elements everywhere are again carried away by idiotic slogans as they have been in 1914. Then their "righteous indignation" was the invasion of Belgium. Now it is Sanctions to "stop" Mussolini and "crush" Fascism. Yet a child could see that England's wrath is not nothing but her interests in ~~the~~ Abyssinia. It is the same old British hypocrisy to pretend moral indignation when it never had and never will have any other designs but the power of the

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2

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Empire. Yet all our people have fallen for the bait this time as readily as in 1914 and 1917. The matter of Mandelstam was also given as an excuse why I should not come to England now. Our stupid comrades went anti war activity when the war will be in full swing. Then they will have another excuse, perhaps that it is too dangerous. Or something like it. Yes, my dearest it means swimming against the muddy tide as much as in the beginning of my public career. In fact more so because there is no genuine idealism left in the world. Only the clamor for power and conquest. Its sad, but true and has to be faced.

How naive you are to say you will reserve your activity for my return to America? It is very sweet of you of course, but I fear that will never happen again. Certainly not until 37, if an attempt should be made. And that only if Roosevelt should be reelected which I doubt very much. So you are quite safe for a long time to come. As to helping Rudolf I hope you will do your best. Yes, even a small gathering is worth working for. I wrote a comrade in Bristol I would feel happy if he could get up a few private gatherings at least. He works late hours and he wrote me it would be impossible for him to do anything about a public meeting. But even the private gathering will probably not come about. There is no one with a place large enough in Bristol.

I have had no word from the Halperines and no longer expect any. Russia must have taken hold of them as it does a great many who are carried away by appearance. Perhaps they will not even want to see me after they come out of Russia. In any event we will probably cross each other. I will leave here the latest the 15th of next month.

My address in London if I have not yet sent it will be c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W.11.

Give my love to Jay, I hope his affairs are improving a little lot, and that you too are doing well. Remember me fraternally to all the comrades. With loads of love to you my dearest Jeanne.

Devotedly.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 24, Paris [to] Liza [Koldofsky, London (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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Paris Oct 24th 35.

Dearest Liza.

British traditions which hate nothing so much as any innovation or method, have induced my comrades to postpone my London dates until later in Nov. After all there is to be a "Royal Wedding" to confuse the British public, and "General Elections" to hoodwink the masses. How should anarchists do much but what the rest in England are doing? For the country, what a people. I don't know what would happen if anyone tried something out of the British routine. Frankly, I am pretty much disgusted, and I would give up my visit to England were it not for my damned "British perseverance" which can never give up. So, I am coming over, only it will be a week or ten days later than contemplated. I hope you will still want me and still be in a position to have me. For having to live with someone else would really be the last straw to break the camel's back. However, I have not much enthusiasm left. But this would take away the last bit I am still hanging on to.

Please don't, do not think I am joking, the one and only attraction in London is your hospitality and kindness, of course. I simply could not face a situation as last time when I was cooped up on the fourth floor in a bitterly cold room, forced to run up and down the stairs answering knocks, and doing light domestic service in addition to my public work. One can do it when one is twenty, not sixty six. The spiritual warmth you gave me, even more than the lovely care brought the only ray of light in the otherwise dismal stay in London. I will need it ever so much more this time, I can tell you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].—
2 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris Oct 25th 35.

Dear Sam. Now that my letter of the 21st reached you I suppose it is alright to send mail to your house. Well, I will take no chances. I am sending a copy of this letter to the American as well. But what is this about your janitress having some thing to do with the irregularity of mail delivery. I thought she was so dependable. Well, perhaps it is the letter carrier and not the woman. I hope though the matter will be straightened out. Please you'd have a job going to the American often.

Dear, you say I am unjust to the London comrades when I write they did something in their pants. In the first place that does not imply that they are "stricken" with fear. It does imply that they are generally timid and that the elections and the ~~rev~~ wedding made them still more so. Besides, you yourself say that for an effective handbill it requires men "with courage to distribute them and faith in the work they are doing". Well, that's exactly my contention. But in point of fact no courage is needed to distribute a strong handbill when war is not yet. It is merely that such things "are not done" in England. And since it had never been done our comrades are not likely to "blaze" the way. Sure dear, the conditions confronting the comrades are hopeless. But when did anarchists wait until conditions were favorable? Besides, you agreed with me yourself that it is in time of popular issues that one is more likely to get audiences than in time of peace. No, it is not the difficulties. It is the damnable British habit not to launch out in anything that somebody had not tried before. I inclose copy of my letter to ~~Wace~~ in answer to his. I realize his anxiety is to save me disappointment. But on the other hand ~~xxxxxx~~ I feel he should have written me to stop my preparation until further developments. Well, I have heard from him today in answer to my letter that I should let him know when I am coming. He wants to arrange an interview with the Manchester Guardian. Such confusion, first he insisted we would get no publicity. And now he writes something different. I am damned if I can make him out. Well, it makes no difference anyhow. For I am going to England. I don't know what else I could do. I cannot continue here as a lady of leisure. Nor do I care for Nice. So what? Its London. All I can lose is the fare. At least I will have tried.

My dear, modest evidently foolishly thought that between such friends as you and I there is no need of hide and seek. No doubt he was sure that I knew all about your talk with him in re your new trouble. Therefore he cabled me. Had I known, I should not have mailed you the cable. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Not knowing I could not make out what your heart trouble had to do with your ~~prostate~~ prostate and in what way an operation can help. I understand it now. I hope you will see the doctor and get the message. If it helps L. why not you. Oh, yes come to think of it you did mention about your urinal difficulties. But you said it was due to the wine you drank. Well, my dear it is your old habit of making a conspiracy of the simplest thing, hence misunderstandings will arise. But M's is not to blame. He did right to cable me and I will certainly answer his letter. I have asked for his address my dear, why did you not send it. I think it is 112 East 17th Street. I maybe mistaken but I rather think it is that.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 1935 Oct. 25, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. —
2 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

I am not at all disappointed about the sanction notes. I knew you needed a good rest after the strenuous weeks in at Tropez, besides, there is no hurry now that my lectures have been advanced to a later date. However, it will not do to wait until a week before. After all I need time to develop the theme. I will have to have your suggestions before I leave Paris around the 12th of next month. What I had hoped to get were the copies of my Holmes letter. If you can't make them, though your machine writes not at all badly, send the copy I gave you. I will make copies myself. ~~without~~ the care we gave to filing and arranging, both the reviews of L.M.L. and the appreciations remained behind. I shall probably not need either. But it is funny that they were filed away instead of going into my trunk. Another thing filed away was a letter of Fredrickson with his Paris address. I have tried hard to recollect it and I simply can't. Nor does anybody know where he is. It's alright though.

~~xxx~~ No need of writing more publishers for the present. If only half written to will send the books I'll have enough to read for quite some time. I have marked some books in the Times supplement sent you today. Put the ~~se~~ away for later use.

I have made an appointment with Muller for Lollie. I am taking her to him Monday. I hope he does not recognise me, else he will think I am regular grafter taking patients to him who do not pay, or carry out his regime. Molly is in pretty bad state. Now the other side has begun to hurt her. I have no idea what Muller will be able to do for her. But it will do no harm to have him examine Molly. Perhaps he can suggest something.

We are going to ~~xxx~~ see a Russian film this evening. It's frightfully expensive to go to the cinemas in Paris, the cheapest 6 francs. Most of them 15 and 20. Who can afford that? Music is equally prohibitive. Molly had never heard Chaliapine. To day is supposed to be his last public appearance in France, and Boris Godounov. I wanted to take Molly. Fifty francs, if you please.

Goodby my dear. Take it easy, you have deserved a rest free from anxiety of writing or translating.

Love to E. One of these days I will write her.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris Oct 25th 35.

Dear Sam, How that my letter of the 21st reached you I suppose it is alright to send mail to your house? Well, I will take no chances. I am sending a copy of this letter to the American as well. But what is this about your janitress having some thing to do with the irregularity of mail delivery. I thought she was so dependable. Well, perhaps it is the letter carrier and not the woman. I hope though the matter will be straightened out. Also you'd have a job going to the American often.

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My dear Modest evidently foolishly though that between such friends as you and I there is no need of hide and seek. No doubt he was sure that I knew all about your talk with him re your new trouble. Therefore he cabled me. Had I known I should not have mailed you the cable. ~~modest~~ Not knowing I could not make out what your heart trouble had to do with your ~~prostate~~ prostate and in what way an operation can help. I understand it now. I hope you will see the doctor and get the message. If it helps M. why not you. Oh, yes come to think of it you did mention ab your urin difficulties. But you said it was due to the wine you drank. Well, my dear it is your old habit of making a conspiracy of the simplest thing, hence misunderstandings will arise. But M's is not to blame. He did right to cable me and I will certainly answer his letter. I have asked for his address my dear, why did you not send it. I think it is 112 East 17th Street. I maybe mist aken but I rather think it is that.

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582

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Oct. 25, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

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~~xxx~~ No need of writing more publishers for the present. If only half written to will send the books I'll have enough to read for quite some time. I have marked some books in the Times supplement sent you to day. Put the ~~se~~ away for later use.

I have made an appointment with Fuller for Molly. I am taking her to him Monday. I hope he does not recognize me, else he will think I am regular grafter taking patients to him who do not pay, or carry out his machine. Molly is in pretty bad state. Now the other side has begun to hurt her. I have no idea what Fuller will be able to do for her, but it will do no harm to have him examine Molly. Perhaps he can suggest something.

We are going to ~~xxx~~ see a Russian film this evening. It is frightfully expensive to go to the cinema in Paris, the cheapest 8 francs. Most of them 15 and 20. Who can afford that? Music is equally prohibitive. Molly had never heard Cheliffine. To day is supposed to be his last public appearance in France and if Boris Godounov. I wanted to take Molly. Fifty francs if you please.

Goodbye my dear. Take it easy you have deserved a rest free from anxiety of writing or translating.

Love to A. One of these days I will write her.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925049

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

18498

Paris Oct 25th 35.

Dearling Evelyn. Thanks for your prompt reply which I found on my arrival here. For your sake I am sorry that you have to postpone your trip to France until Dec. But for my own beastly selfish reasons I am delighted. You see my dear, my own trip to London had to be postponed. It is with my comrades as it is with the Lord. He always disposes of man's propositions. My comrades dispose of mine. Especially is this true of the British Anarchists who like most Britishers will do nothing out of the ordinary. You will see what I mean by the inclosed copy to one of them. I really feel I should give up the scheme of England. But I never can give up that my conservatism. Yes, would you believe it, your ultra radicalism is as set as they make on when it comes to dropping any undertaking. I must carry it to the bitter end if only to convince myself that I have tried my damndest.

Well, you will not blame me for losing heart about my chances in His Majesty's land. But I will go. Only it will not be before the 15th of next month. I am so glad you feel we must meet. Tell me how far you are from London. I will try hard to come over for a day or two if you can have me in your house. Of course if you succeed in renting it you will come to London won't you my dear. I am looking forward to seeing you again and Jack if possible.

Oh, yes I know what it means about the furnishing of a house. No matter how economically one plans it always comes to more besides, you would not be the creative artist you are if you were practical. Somehow the routine of life is too paralyzing for those who live an inner world and create beauty out of themselves. I am not so practical myself. And whatever I have of that may explain my lack of real creative ability.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 25, Paris [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

18430

so near one must be prepared for almost anything.

My poor dear you have as much luck with your property as I have with mine. It is certain I would have to sell it for one third its cost if I had to do it now, or in the open market. Fortunately it is not yet so urgent. My spring my English friend who is coming to live in non Esprit over the winter may decide to buy non Esprit. Or I may not need to sell it. One simply cannot plan too far in advance in these uncertain times.

I can see how distressing is your life with all the people depending on you, with Jack never quite well and Jig so far away. The most deplorable side of our social system is that the finest and most sensitive beings must pay the heaviest price for the right to express themselves, especially is this true of those whose mode of expression is the creative one. Who should understand your struggle and feel as deeply as I who know from bitter experience the travail one goes through every day for the right to be oneself, and give the best and truest of oneself. I am happy in the thought that you are a brave spirit and that you will remain true to your art which means your innermost being. You see my dearest those of us who ~~stupidly~~ have declared war on all half measures, every sham and pretense need the support of friends who in their own domain are steadfast. And you have been a greater support to me than you can possibly imagine.

Please darling write me just a card to say when you are coming to France, or if you are remaining in England long enough for us to meet.

Affectionate greetings to Jig and Jack

Love to you my splendid Evelyn.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 27, Paris [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Paul Avrich Papers.

Paris Oct 27 1935

My dear Minna.

I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself not having answered yours of August 31st. It was only because of the numerous visitors I had during all of Sept. And after that the amount of work to get ready for my trip to England. I stopped off here only on the way to England. And now your letter of the 17th inst arrived with check for fifty for Sasha's Memoirs. You are a brick dear Minna to have succeeded so well in getting money in advance for the hundred copies the Dressmakers Union wants. It merely goes to prove what can be done if there is a devoted tireless soul and you have been that to Sasha all these years.

Joos Desser had written me that the Dressmakers Union wants hundred copies. But he said nothing about the cash being sent. Well, my dear the fifty is the only money I have received so far although Los Angeles, Chicago and Toronto have ordered copies. But they have sent not a penny towards them. I wish I were not so short I would extend the money only too gladly. But I haven't it to extend. So I must wait until the others wake up and send something. Besides, as you say so well in yours of August if the comrades in various cities will not pay in advance they never will.

Nowever, I have just written Keell to find out whether Daniel will ship the hundred copies the Union ordered. I will then send him the fifty dollars. It will probably be more because of the exchange and also the cartage and shipment. But ~~he~~ Daniel may have the express charges collected at the N.Y. end. Or I will pay for them. The trouble is he may not want to dispose of only hundred copies for the same price he gave me for the whole lot. If Keell can do nothing I will see Daniel when I get to London the 12th. Anyway, tell Rose and Bluestein that I received the fifty and the matter will be attended to. Meanwhile thank them for me for having extended the amount.

You will be glad to know that I left Sasha in fairly good condition. Much better than he had been for a long while. That made my going away a little easier though not quite. You see, Sasha is very near the Italian border, and if the gangster Mussolini should succeed in further spreading the flames of war Sasha would be in anything but a safe condition. Well, fortunately England is not far. I can always rush back if anything serious should happen to Sasha. Provided of course I myself will be permitted to move about. There is no telling what might happen in Europe. And no one need hope to escape the horrors should war break loose.

I am not going to England with a song in my heart. Our movement there is the poorest in the world. And the few comrades we have so rooted in traditions of what "is or is not done in England" that I expect very little from my visit. Already my lectures have been postponed from the 11th to the 21st because of the general elections and another royal wedding during which the average Britisher can not be roused

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 27, Paris [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Paul Avrich Papers.

2

Did you ever hear of such conservatism? How then can poor me expect to rouse the dead? But as I consider ~~any~~ any sort of activity better than none, I am going to England. Unfortunately I have to live and pay my way wherever I am. And England is certainly cheaper than France. So I will try my damndest to arouse the few at least.

You can reach me c/o Mr ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
& Mrs S. ~~Koldofsky~~ Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W.11. This address will be good during my entire stay in England which will probably be until Jan.

I am glad to know you have work. It is a commentary on our system that one has to rejoice in having found a master, but if you can do nothing that has market value it is even worse. I have often wished I could do any kind of labor that would give me a living. but I have moved too long in my own world to be able to do anything the other world will pay for. That's our difficulty, Sashas and mine.

I wonder if the Committee organised for S. will have some kind of an affair for the 21st of Nov. do you know anything about it? I heard from Harry, but he does not seem any too optimistic. Let me know my dear, will you?

Affectionately.

Emma

Sasha is back in Nice and will remain there all winter.

587

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Oct. 27, Paris [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Paris Oct 27th 3

5371

Dearest Minna.

I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself not having answered yours of August 31st. It was only because of the numerous visitors I had during all of Sept. And after that the amount of work to get ready for my trip to England. I stopped off here only on the way to England. And now your letter of the 17th inst arrived with check for fifty for Sasha's Memoirs. You are a brick dear Minna to have succeeded so well in getting money in advance for the hundred copies the Dreammakers Union wants. It merely goes to prove what can be done if there is a devoted tireless soul and you have been that to Sasha all these years.

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However I have just written Keell to find out whether Daniel will ship the hundred copies the Union ordered I will then send him the fifty dollars. It will probably be more because of the exchange and also the cartage and shipment. But Mr Daniel may have the expenses charges collected at the N.Y. end. Or I will pay for them. The trouble is he may not want to dispose of only hundred copies for the same price he gave me for the whole lot. If Keell can do nothing I will see Daniel when I get to London the 15th. Anyway, tell Rose and Bluestein that I received the fifty and the matter will be attended to. Meanwhile thank them for me for having extended the amount.

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588

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 27, Paris [to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5372

Did you ever hear of such conservatism? How then can poor me expect to rouse the dead? But as I consider ~~any~~ any sort of activity better than none I am going to England. Unfortunately I have to live and pay my way wherever I am. And England is certainly cheaper than France. So I will try my damndest to arouse the few at least.

You can reach me c/o Mr ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
A. Mrs S. Kalkinovsky, 20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W.11. This address will be good during my entire stay in England which will probably be until Jan.

I am glad to know you have work. It is a commentary on our system that one has to rejoice in having found a master. But if you can do nothing that has market value it is even worse. I have often wished I could do any kind of labor that would give me a living. But I have moved too long in my own world to be able to do anything the other world will pay for. That's our difficulty, bushes and wine.

I wonder if the committee organised for S. will have some kind of an affair for the 31st of Nov. Do you know anything about it? I heard from Harry. But he does not seem any too optimistic. Let me know my dear, will you?

Affectionately.

Washa is back in Nice and will remain there all winter.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

File, Col. 28, 1955

Leontine B.

It is awful to think that we are already at the end of the month. Time, especially this summer, has passed quickly. So life fleets by -----

But before I forget, some business. I received yesterday a letter from I.A. Korman, secretary of the Los Angeles Group. In case you need the address: 510 South Chicago Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

He mentions that "the Toronto Librarian Group are giving out a second edition of the ABC of Comm. Anarchism and our group contributed to the Fund."

Another thing, he sent me also a check for \$31.25. "for 25 copies of Prison Memoirs which Emma wrote to us about, so you will know about it whether the check has to be forwarded to Emma or part of the check."

Well, I really don't know. Let me know, dear. The check is made out to my kn name (and foolishly they spelled it Birman) with an I instead of E), so that I would have to indorse it if I am to send it to you. Let me know what I am to do about it.

(By the way, you wrote that my machine seems to write OK. Well, I have to go over almost every word twice, to use the machine makes letters, and that is SOME job.)

Another thing: yesterday was evidently a money-day. I received a check for \$100. from N.Y., No letter with it, but it was sent by Kapp, evidently, for the envelope bore the stamp of the Joint Board of the Dress and Waistmakers Union, Intern. Ladies Garment Workers. I am writing this to acknowledge it.

F's machine is at last ready, so copies of the Holmes letter are now being made. Will send them as soon as ready.

All your letters received, including the postal of the 25th and letter of the 23rd. All OK. The trouble about letters was just misunderstanding between the letter carrier, a new man, and the concierge. It's all right now.

[illegible]

Your letter of the 25th also received. You seem to have been in a rather unpleasant mood when you wrote it. Well, I realise, dear, that you have enough unpleasantness just now to color your mood. So I don't mind it. Still, one must be just, or try to be, no matter what one's mood. You say that though you wrote that the London comrades "did something in their pants" it does not imply that they are stricken with fear." You continue: "It does imply that they are generally timid and that the elections and royal wedding made them more so."

If I know anything about the meaning of words, then "did in their pants"

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022013

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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2



means exactly the opposite from what you claim it to mean. It means being stricken with **SUDDEN** fear. It is **ONLY** sudden and great fear that can make one do something in his pants. General timidity is the very opposite idea.

Well, discussions usually only serve to increase misunderstanding. But you have an unfortunate habit of using the wrong words and expressions, and then you are put to the trouble of explaining that what you said or wrote meant something different. It is only to that that I wanted to call your attention.

As to London, of course the cour des there are timid. I think, as I said in previous letters, that your presence in London might give these a little more courage to do things. You say no courage is needed to distribute handbills in times of peace. But in the next sentence you say that the timidity of the cour des there is due to the fact that "such things are not done". It is just for that very reason that they need a little courage to do the things not usually done in London.

Then you write: "Modest evidently foolishly thought that between such friends as you and I there is no need of hide and seek." Now, my dear, am I not right in saying that you are careless about the words you use? For what you wrote so ironically is a deliberate insult to our friendship. But of course I know that nothing was further from your intention. You simply don't care how you express yourself.

I know your firm conviction -- really a superstition -- about my "habit of making a conspiracy of the simplest things". You evidently feel that unless I write to you ~~xxxxxx~~ or speak to you of every time I can't go to Tnte Meyer, or similar things, that it is due to my "conspiracy habit". It is ridiculous, my dear, and I do wish you would save yourself from that idea. I do not believe in carrying my troubles on my sleeve, no, in talking, to you or to any one, about every little physical trouble I have. By this time you should know that I am not given to bellyaching -- about anything or to any one. ~~xxxxxx~~ You may call it a habit of "conspiracy", but it is nothing of the kind. I did happen to mention to you that I have urinal trouble, and that was enough. I thought it was due to certain wines, and may be it is. But what purpose would it have to bellyache about it? You could not help the matter, could you? Only a doctor could, may be. And talking to you about it would ~~xxxxxx~~ be worse than useless; for you would, as usual, have something new to worry about.

As to Mode, he happened to SEE that I lingered too long over the process and he asked me about it, so I naturally told him. That's all there is to it. He insisted I should see a doctor, but I told him there is nothing serious the matter and it is not urgent. Why he should have cabled you such nonsense, I don't know. Perhaps because he hates letter writing; another thing, he has a habit of forgetting my address, ~~that~~ so that may account for his cabling to you about it. Anyhow, it is ridiculous to make a "conspiracy" out of it. --- I forgot you asked his address. It is: 112 East 17th St. Just his name; not necessary c/o anybody.

About your files, you had asked me to take to Nico the AMERICAN REVIEWS of L.M.L. Also, the clippings regarding the British edition of L.M.L. Also sketches of some persons. All these things were NOT left in St.Tr. I have them here. Let me know if you need them, or any part of them.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022013

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As to what St. said about passport etc., I agree that he is entirely correct. It would be a waste of time and money to go to Paris, especially at this time, when they are issuing the most stringent new decrees, mainly in fear of some movement, right or left, to upset the government. They are evidently expecting trouble, and so the moment is NOT propitious for any of my business.

As to Salier, that is another matter, though by no means as easily to be handled, even by St., as Molly may think. Orders for expulsion are often suspended (as mine was), but ALMOST NEVER annulled. It takes, by law, 30 years to annul such an order. I believe I told you about it some years ago.

So, it is not an easy matter, not even for St. But it might be tried, of course. I'll write Molly about it, but she is to do nothing till I write her.

Received today the bundle of printed matter, all OK.

In my address book I have the OLD address of Fredericksen: c/o American Women's Club, 61 rue Boissiere, Paris (16). May be they know where he is now.

Well, dear, don't worry about things more than is necessary. It doesn't help, anyhow.

Affect.

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[Letter] 1935 Oct. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Oct. 28, 1935

Dearest Em,

It is awful to think that we are already at the end of the month. Time, especially this summer, has passed quickly. So life flies by -----

But before I forget, some business. I received yesterday a letter from I.A. Herman, secretary of the Los Angeles Group (in case you see his address: 310 South Chicago Street, Los Angeles, Cal.)

He mentions that "the Toronto Libertarian Group are giving out a second edition of the ABC of Comm. Anarchism and our group contributed to the Fund."

Another thing, he sent me also a check for \$31.25. "for 25 copies of Prison Memoirs which Emma wrote to us about, so you will know about it whether the check has to be forwarded to Emma or part of the check."

Well, I really don't know. Let me know, dear. The check is made out to my kn name (and foolishly they spelled it Birkman) with an I instead of E), so that I would have to indorse it if I am to send it to you. Let me know what I am to do about it.

(By the way, you wrote that my machine seems to write OK. Well, I have to go over almost every word twice, because the machine misses letters, and that is SOME job.)

Another thing: yesterday was evidently a money-day. I received a check for \$100. from N.Y., No letter with it, but it was sent by Kapp, evidently, for the envelope bears the stamp of the Joint Board of the Dress and Waistmakers Union, Intern. Ladies Garment Workers. I am writing them to acknowledge it.

E's machine is at last ready, so copies of the Holmes letter are now being made. Will send them as soon as ready.

All your letters received, including the postal of the 25th and letter of the 23rd. All OK. The trouble about letters was just misunderstanding between the letter carrier, a new man, and the concierge. It's all right now.

Your letter of the 25th also received. You seem to have been in a rather unpleasant mood when you wrote it. Well, I realize, dear, that you have enough unpleasantness just now to spoil your mood. So I don't mind it. Still, one must be just, or try to be, no matter what one's mood. You say that though you wrote that the London comrades "did something in their pants" it does not imply that they are stricken with fear. You continue: "It does imply that they are generally timid and that the elections and royal wedding made them more so."

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2

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As to London, of course the poor devils there are timid. I think, as I said in previous letters, that your presence in London might give them a little more courage to do things. You say no courage is needed to distribute handbills in times of peace. But in the next sentence you say that the timidity of the poor devils there is due to the fact that "such things are not done". It is just for that very reason that they need a little courage to do the things not usually done in London.

Then you write: "Modest evidently foolishly thought that between such friends as you and I there is no need of hide and seek." Now, my dear, am I not right in saying that you are careless about the words you use? For what you wrote so ironically is a deliberate insult to our friendship. But of course I know that nothing was further from your intention. You simply don't care how you express yourself.

I know your firm conviction -- really a superstition -- about my "habit of making a conspiracy of the simplest things". You evidently feel that unless I write to you ~~xxxxxx~~ or speak to you of "every time I can't go to Tnte Meyer, or similar things, that it is due to my "conspiracy habit". It is ridiculous, my dear, and I do wish you would free yourself from that idea. I do not believe in carrying my troubles on my sleeve, nor in talking, to you or to any one, about every little physical trouble I have. By this time you should know that I am not given to bellyaching -- about anything or to any one. ~~xxxxxx~~ You may call it a habit of "conspiracy", but it is nothing of the kind. I did happen to mention to you that I have ~~urine~~ trouble, and that was enough. I thought it was due to certain wines, and may be it is. But what purpose would it have to bellyache about it? You could not help the matter, could you? Only a doctor could, say be. And talking to you about it would ~~anyxxxx~~ be worse than useless; for you would, as usual, have something new to worry about.

As to Mads, he happened to SEE that I lingered too long over the process and he asked me about it, so I naturally told him. That's all there is to it. He insisted I should see a doctor, but I told him there is nothing serious the matter and it is not urgent. Why he should have cabled you such nonsense, I don't know. Perhaps because he hates letter writing; another thing, he has a habit of forgetting my address, that, so that may account for him cabling to you about it. Anyhow, it is ridiculous to make a "conspiracy" out of it. --- I forgot you asked his address. It is 112 East 17th St. Just his name; not necessary o/o anybody.

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As to what the world about passport laws, I agree that it is entirely correct. It would take a month of time and money to go to Paris, especially at this time, when they are looking the most stringent law because people are afraid of some movement, right or left, to upset the government. They are certainly expecting trouble, and on the moment in NOT propitious for any of my business.

As to Buller, that is another matter, though by no means as easily to be handled, even by Ed., as Molly may think. Orders for expulsion are often suspended (as mine was), but ~~ALMOST~~ NEVER annulled. It takes, by law, 30 years to annul such an order. I believe I told you about it some years ago.

So, it is not an easy matter, not even for E. But it might be tried, of course. I'll write Molly about it, but she is to do nothing till I write her.

Received today the bundle of printed matter, all OK.

In my address book I have the OLD address of Frederichson: c/o American Women's Club, 61 rue Solaisiere, Paris (16). May be they know where he is now.

Well, dear, don't worry about things more than is necessary. It doesn't help, anyhow.

Affect.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924855

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 28, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / Farrar & Rinehart Publishers. — 1 p. ; 21 × 14 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.*

16608

FARRAR & RINEHART

INCORPORATED
PUBLISHERS
232 MADISON AVENUE
CABLES -- FARRINE -- NEW YORK

28 October 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman:

Thanks very much for your letter requesting copies of our publications.

With the exception of CREATING THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL (which I am sending on to you) all the books requested are published in England. I am sure the English publishers will be very happy to cooperate with you in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

Helen A. Murphy.
Publicity.

HAM

Miss Emma Goldman
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20 Beechcroft Court
Beechcroft Avenue
London, N.W. 11

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022015

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris Oct 30th 35.

Dear Sash. I stayed in this evening to write you, because I shall be very busy all day tomorrow and if I write Friday you may not get the letter until Monday. So here goes. As I wrote you in my postcard, you would laugh to see how I schmaie about. For one thing it takes endless time to get about with buses. And the Metro wears me out to such an extent I am all in after a few trips. I guess it is the awful amount of stairs to climb. You remember my trouble going up and down the cellar, the pain in my feet and legs. Well, that's what I am having now. The stairs give me excruciating pain in my legs and back. Then there is the vile air. Anyhow, I am all in evenings. Yet I have not yet seen many people, nor have I gone out much. I saw three pictures with the kids. The Robeson, and two Soviet plays. One the NEW GULIVER, and the other the disaster of the Cheliavkin. The first, while perfectly done is the most insidious and clever propaganda. The last is a master piece and very real and natural. I suppose you know all about how the ice breaker Cheliavkin went down and how the entire group was saved by fire. Such heroism, courage and steadfastness in the face of sure death one rarely sees. And the types. Prof Schmidt and his staff, men and women, wonderful types that only Russia has produced. And the whole crew. One feels transferred to a different world. I wish you and A. could see the Cheliavkin. And the Guliver which is also better than the majority of films even if it is deliberate propaganda.

As I said, though I have not been out much, or have seen people I keep busy as a bee and frightfully tired at the end of each day. Of course, I help Mollie with the kitchen. She is not well and she does a lot of work for Senia. There is to be a great photographic exhibition in the Louvre, the first in the history of this museum. Senia is working nights to send something of his there. It would mean a great deal for him to have his work among the others. Mollie has certainly learned to be of great help to Senia, do all his errands, paste the photos, do a lot of odds and ends, and keep her place, do the cooking and attend to ever so many letters in the mind. Considering that she is suffering all the time, I can't bear to be an additional burden. So of course I help. I would take charge of the cuisine if Mollie would only let me. But you know how she is, do everything for everybody and not be willing to let others do for her.

Tomorrow I am taking her to the American Hospital. I saw Fuller with her Monday. He did not recognize me. But at the end of the visit I told him I owed him an apology in re another patient I had brought who never came back. He was lovely about the matter, said it did not matter at all. He examined Mollie thoroughly. He said that her cheek bone, were out of place which caused friction and that in return inflamed the nerve. She has really arthritides. I am not sure I spell the name right though that's the way it is in the dictionary. But there it calls arthritides the gout. I can't imagine what that is. Anyhow, it is the nerve embedded in the muscles of the cheekbones. Fuller asked Mollie to come to the hospital for an X-ray and other examinations. He said he could not decide the treatment until he has seen the whole picture before him. This only goes to prove how sincere and honest he is.

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I hope before I leave Paris I will see Mollie under way some cure. Fuller said the same about an operation as Alexinsky and about injections. both would be fatal for Mollie's condition. And Fuller also said the electricity given her did her no good. Well, we will see. Anyhow, until the afternoon I will be busy with Mollie. At four o'clock Lily Reclus, comes with Frieda Tehekanov and Pierre. And for the evening Mollie has invited a bunch of comrades, Liza Saffian and her sweetheart, Eva, Yania and his wife, and Galina. So you see dear I am kept busy. Much ado about nothing.

Now about the money end. I had a letter from Harry Kelly saying Kapp had called him to sign a check he was going to send you. I knew therefore that money for you was on the way. But Harry did not say how much. Harry also informed me that Alex Cohen had undertaken to raise five hundred dollars for you. That had been at the first gathering of the committee organized for the purpose, but until to day nothing further had been heard about the matter. Harry suggested I should write Alex which of course I did without delay. Anyway, I knew about Kapp having sent you some. The \$100 with the fifty modest sent will keep you for a time, won't it dear? As to the check for your memoirs, unless you need it indorse the check to me and I will deposit it with the Slisman people. I have written Kroll to see Daniel at once to let me have hundred copies for New York. Minna Lowensohn has sent me fifty for them which Rose Panseto and Bluestein from the Madmen's Union had advanced. Now I will also be able to get fifty more for the Los Angeles group. I received the letter from Herman you sent me. But no money is mentioned in there. I was going to write him that I could not send the books without the money asked by Daniel. Now it will be alright. Toronto promised to send \$25. When I will receive that I will put up the rest, fifty dollars more and the cartage and shipment for the entire three hundred. It took just a year to bring the scheme about, but you know me, Ich lasse nicht so leicht locker. I am glad that the memoirs will be in reliable hands. In that way alone will you get something out of the sales. The book can easily be sold for \$1.25 and if autographs will be promised even more. You should realize about \$150, if not more from them. I mean to take some for my English meetings, but in England it will have to be sold a little less. I will see.

Dear Sash, I was not in a bad mood. But as always when you so readily credit me with ~~something~~ being unjust or being in the wrong it goes like a knife through me and makes me unhappy for days. And though you may not be aware of it you always put me in the wrong in any controversy with others. Of course, you will say you can not do otherwise when you find me in the wrong. But are you so sure that you are always right? Now, you were as indignant and impatient with the London comrades as I when you learned of the reasons they advanced for changing the dates. You must have been, or you would not have consented to the letter I dictated. You evidently did not consider me "unjust" then. Why should you have done so after? After all dear I have dealt with the British comrades before, I know them, you do not. Don't you think then it was unfair to charge me with being unjust?

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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As to not knowing the meaning of words. Well, dear you know what I think of your knowledge of the language. But also I know that words have not only one meaning unless one is a hair splitter which you sometimes are. Being in ones pants is a mere *plavitsa* which certainly does not have only one meaning. But even if it has the only meaning you imply, it still does not justify you to say I am unjust. But there is no use in continuing the argument. You are so prone in always laying blame at my feet it has become a second nature to you. I can only tell you one thing, if you had continued to deal with the comrades you would use by far stronger expressions against their hopeless inefficiency and conservatism, ~~and~~ and not the least, their timidity of every new suggestions. You are lucky in a way, my dear, because you have really done with the comrades in the sense that you are done with every sort of activity. You have no need of it, and so you make a virtue out of necessity, as it were. I mean, you can afford their being stuck in the mud since you do not need to rely on them. But I have not reached your philosophic serenity. I wish I had, I would be much more at peace with myself than I am. To ~~grow~~ more hungry for expression with the years, and in the face of neither movement or people to help. To have to dig everything out of yourself must needs try the strongest spirits. You do not think of that my dear, or you would not so easily charge me with being at fault. I really should be used by this time, but there are certain things from people we care about that always hurt as if they happened for the first time.

It is late and I can't want to go on with the controversy whether it is merely an obsession on my part to say you made a conspiracy of every little occurrence or not. Let it be that you are right. I should not have referred to the matter at all except that you charged Modaka with being a fool because he called me. Terrible offense wasn't it, old dear? I am sure he had your welfare in mind and as he knew that I was ~~so~~ terribly concerned in your health, I suppose I am also a fool, he found it in place to cable me. And I am very grateful to him that he did. It was of course foolish to take a doctors diagnosis who had not seen the patient. But that too was due to his ~~interest~~ interest in you. Well, lets call it quits.

I have not received a single letter forwarded from St. Tropez. As it does not seem credible that all my correspondents stopped writing at once, there must be a hitch at the P.O. For I am sure Ray has taken the forwarding note to the P.O. I have written her and also Ann to go over and see if there is mail, to have it sent on at once. I am particularly anxious about word from Holland. I wrote the comrades month ago and he never kept me waiting so long. Then there is our new comrade in Toronto, Dorothy Glasscock. She also never kept me waiting so long. These letters maybe lying around in the St. Tropez P.O. I should have done as I did in the past, taken the forwarding note myself to the P.O. I never before had trouble. Well, I hope this time too it will be straightened out soon.

I forgot that youxx we agreed about you taking the reviews and appreciations of L...L with you. No, I do not

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~~xxxx~~ need them now. The American woman's Club address of Fred
rickson is no good. Nor is the one he sent me in his letter
which must have gotten mixed up with other stuff. It was the
Montana hotel. Still I wrote him there to day, perhaps it will be
forwarded. There is another address which was eith wrong in my
address book, or you copied it wrong. It is that of the makeovs.
You copied it ~~xxxx~~ rue Claude. There ain't such a thing,
There is a Claude Lorraine, and a number of other streets with
Claude and something else. I have called up repeatedly but no
answer. Either the makeov no longer live there ~~xxx~~ or are never
at home. I have written them to rue Claude Lorraine which I believe
is the correct name. but so far there is no reply. well, it is
not very important.

No reply yet from René Uclair. Perhaps it will
yet come, or perhaps he is no longer in England, I mean the address
may give me.

I am definitely leaving the 13th. I have wrote nothing
can be done until after the elections. no hope to have an in
terview in the Guardian the 13th. That means it would be time enough
to be interviewed after elections. but there is no object in
hanging around here. Everything in the way of theatres or music
are prohibitive, nor can one meet people in coffee, it also
costs too much. So what, in the morn I have enjoyed the Luxembourg
and I am going to the Louvre or in next week. Also to the Rodin
gallery. I saw an exhibition of the super-independent, whatever
that means. The stuff is just madness, slabs of paint, or the
same sort we saw Tatlin make, pieces of glass and steel. Aeshuge
of felt.

Goodnight dear Ash.

Affectionately

Emma

Love to E. Mollie and Benia send their love to both of you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Paris Oct 30th 35.

My dear Bash, I stayed in this evening to write you. Because I shall be very busy all day tomorrow and if I write Friday you may not get the letter until Monday. So here goes. As I wrote you in my postcard, you would laugh to see how I schmale about. For one thing it takes endless time to get about with buses. And the Metro wears me out to such an extent I am all in after a few trips. I guess it is the awful amount of stairs to climb. You remember my trouble going up and down the cellar, the pain in my feet and legs. Well, that's what I am having now. The stairs give me excruciating pain in my legs and back. Then there is the vile air. Anyhow, I am all in evenings. Yet I have not yet seen many people nor have I gone out much. I saw three pictures with the kids. The Robeson, and two soviet plays. One the NEW GULIVER, and the other the disaster of the Cheliuskin. The first while perfectly done is the most insidious and clever propaganda. The last is a master piece and very real and nature. I suppose you know all about how the ice breaker Cheliuskin went down and how the entire group was saved by wire plus such heroism, courage and steadfastness in the face of sure death one rarely sees. And the types. Prof Schmidt and his staff, men and women, wonderful types that only Russia has produced. And the whole crew. One feels transported to a different world. I wish you and A. could see the Cheliuskin. And the Guliver which is also better than the majority of films even if it is deliberate propaganda.

As I said, though I have not been out much, or have seen people I keep busy as a bee and frightfully tired at the end of each day. Of course, I help Mollie with the kitchen she is not well and she does a lot of work for Senia. There is to be a great photographic exhibition in the Louvre, the first in the history of this museum. Senia is working nights to send something of his there. It would mean a great deal for him to have his work among the others. Mollie has certainly loaned to be of great help to Senia, do all his errands, paste the photos do a lot of odds and ends and keep her place, do the cooking and attend to ever so many letters in the fund. Considering that she is suffering all the time I can't bear to be an additional burden. So of course I help. I would take charge of the cuisine if Mollie would only let me. But you know how she is, do everything for everybody and not be willing to let others do for her.

Tomorrow I am taking her to the American Hospital. I saw Fuller with her Monday. He did not recognize me. But at the end of the visit I told him I owed him an apology in re another patient I had brought who never came back. He was lovely about the matter, said it did not matter at all. He examined Mollie thoroughly. He said that her cheek bone were out of place which caused friction and that in return inflamed the nerve. She has really arthritis. I am not sure I spell the name right though that's the way it is in the dictionary. But there it calls arthritis the gout. I can't imagine what that is. Anyhow it is the nerve embedded in the muscles of the cheekbones. Fuller asked Mollie to come to the Hospital for an X-ray and other examinations. He said he could not decide the treatment until he has seen the whole picture before him. This only goes to prove how sincere and honest he is.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022016

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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I hope before I leave Paris I will see Mollie under way some cure. Fuller said the same about an operation as Alexinsky and about injections. Both would be fatal for Mollie's condition. And Fuller also said the electricity given her did her no good. Well, we will see. Anyhow, until the afternoon I will be busy with Mollie. At four o'clock Lily Aeolus, comes with Frieda Tehekasov and Pierre. And for the evening Mollie has invited a bunch of comrades, Liza Maffian and her sweetheart. Kva, Yania and his wife, and Galina. So you see dear I am kept busy. Much ado about nothing.

Now about the money end. I had a letter from Harry Kelly saying Kapp had called him to sign a check he was going to send you. I knew therefore that money for you was on the way. But Harry did not say how much. Harry also informed me that Alex Cohen had undertaken to raise five hundred dollars for you. That had been at the first gathering of the committee organized for the purpose, but until to day nothing further had been heard about the matter. Harry suggested I should write Alex which of course I did without delay. Anyway, I knew about Kapp having sent you some. The \$100 with the fifty modest sent will keep you for a time, won't it dear? As to the check for your memoirs, unless you need it I endorse the check to me and I will deposit it with the Glikman people. I have written Kall to see Daniel at once to let me have hundred copies for New York. Minna Lowensohn has sent me fifty for them which Rose Pasato and Blumstein from the Wafstrumers Union had advanced. Now I will also be able to get fifty more for the Los Angeles group. I received the letter from Herman you sent me. At no money is mentioned in there. I was going to write him that I could not send the books without the money asked by Daniel. Now it will be alright. Toronto promised to send \$25. When I will receive that I will put up the rest, fifty dollars more and the cartage and shipment ~~in~~ for the entire three hundred. It took just a year to bring the scheme about. But you know me I am not so light looker. I am glad that the memoirs will be in reliable hands. In that way alone will you get something out of the sales. The book can easily be sold for \$1.25 and if autographs will be promised even more. You should realize about \$150 if not more from them. I mean to take some for my English meetings, but in England it will have to be sold a little less. I will see.

Dear Bash, I was not in a bad mood. But as always when you so readily credit me with ~~something~~ being unjust or being in the wrong it goes like a knife through me and makes me unhappy for days. And though you may not be aware of it you always put me in the wrong in any controversy with others. Of course, you will say you can not do otherwise when you find me in the wrong. But are you so sure that you are always right? Now, you were as indignant and impatient with the London comrades as I when you learned of the reasons they advanced for changing the dates. You must have been or you would not have consented to the letter I dictated. You evidently did not consider me "unjust" then. Why should you have done so after? After all dear I have dealt with the British comrades before, I know them you do not. Don't you think then it was unfair to charge me with being unjust?

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
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3

As to not knowing the meaning of words. Well, dear you know what I think of your knowledge of the language. But also I know that words have not only one meaning unless one is a hair splitter which you sometimes are. Doing in one's pants is a mere plebiscite which certainly does not have only one meaning. But even if it has the only meaning you imply it still does not justify you to say I am unjust. But there is no use in continuing the argument. You are so prone in always laying blame at my feet it has become a second nature to you. I can only tell you one thing if you had continued to deal with the comrades you would use by far stronger expressions against their hopeless inefficiency and conservatism ~~than you do~~ and not the least their timidity of every new suggestion. You are lucky in a way my dear because you have really done with the comrades in the sense that you are done with every sort of activity. You have no need of it and so you make a virtue out of necessity as it were. I mean you can afford their being stuck in the mud since you do not need to rely on them. But I have not reached your philosophic serenity. I wish I had I would be much more at peace with myself than I am. To grow more hungry for expression with the years and in the face of neither movement or people to help. To have to dig everything out of yourself must needs try the strongest spirits. You do not think of that my dear or you would not so easily charge me with being at fault. I really should be used by this time. But there are certain things from people we care about that always hurt as if they happened for the first time.

It is late and I don't want to go on with the controversy whether it is merely an obsession on my part to say you make a conspiracy of every little occurrence or not. Let it be that you are right. I should not have referred to the matter at all except that you charged Rodsky with being a fool because he cabled me. Terrible offense wasn't it old dear? I am sure he had your welfare in mind and as he knew that I was am terribly concerned in your health, I suppose I am also a fool he found it in place to cable me. And I am very grateful to him that he did. It was of course foolish to take a doctor's diagnosis who had not seen the patient. But that too was due to his interest in you. Well, lets call it quits.

I have not received a single letter forwarded from St Tropez. As it does not seem credible that all my correspondents stopped writing at once there must be a hitch at the P.O. For I am sure May has taken the forwarding note to the P.O. I have written her and also Ann to go over and see if there is mail to have it sent on at once. I am particularly anxious about word from Holland. I wrote the comrades month ago and he never kept me waiting. Then there is our new comrade in Toronto Dorothy Gieszecke. She also never kept me waiting so long. These letters maybe laying around in the St Tropez P.O. I should have done as I always had in the past taken the forwarding note myself to the P.O. I never before had trouble. Well, I hope this time too it will be straightened out soon.

I forget that youxxx we agreed about you taking the reviews and speculations of L.S.L with you. No, I do not

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~~xxxxxxxx~~ need them now. The American Women's Club address of Fredrickson is no good, nor is the one he sent me in his letter which must have gotten mixed up with other stuff. It was the Montmartre Hotel, still I wrote him there to day, perhaps it will be forwarded. There is another address which was with wrong in my address book, or you copied it wrong. It is that of the Makeevs. You copied it ~~xxxxxxxx~~ rue Claude. There ain't such a thing. There is a Claude Lorraine, and a number of other streets with Claude and something else. I have called up repeatedly but no answer. Either the Makeevs no longer live there ~~xxxx~~ or are never at home. I have written them to rue Claude Lorraine which I believe is the correct name, but so far there is no reply. Well, it is not very important.

No reply yet from René Clair. Perhaps it will yet come, or perhaps he is no longer in England, I mean the address may have changed.

I am definitely leaving the 18th. May wrote nothing can be done until after the elections. He hopes to have an interview in the Guardian the 18th. That means it would be time enough to be interviewed after elections. But there is no object in hanging around here. Everything in the way of theatres or music are prohibitive, nor can one meet people in cafes, it also costs too much. So what is the use? I have enjoyed the Luxembourg and I am going to the Livre again next week. Also to the Rodin gallery. I saw an exhibition of the Superindustrial whatever that means. The stuff is just mad as a, slabs of paint, or the same sort we saw Tatlin make, pieces of glass and steel. Most huge of toilet.

Goodnight dear Leah.

Affectionately

Love to K. Mollie and Sonia send their love to both of you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115056

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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5786

Paris Oct 30th 35.

Dearest Dorothy. It is more than a month I think since I have heard from you. What can be the matter? I hope it is not illness, or domestic trouble that prevented your writing. It may also be at my end. I gave a friend in St Tropez my forwarding address to take to the P.O. Until now, ten days since I left St Tropez no mail from there reached me. It maybe the hopelessly inefficiency of the French P.O. or it may be that all my friends knowing I was to leave for Paris stopped writing to St Tropez. You maybe among these friends. However, I have sent word to a comrade in St Tropez to go after the P.O. at once about my mail. So, if you have written there I will surely get the letter soon.

Yes, dearest I am in Paris. Paris no longer gay and carefree. The French do not hold up under economic stress, certainly not so well as the Russians who survived all the horrors only because of their stoicism. Or even the Germans. Paris and everybody here looks downright bedrugged. Then too everything is so high, imagine 15 francs admission to cinemas, it is impossible to see or hear anything. Except the Muscours, they are still free. Our own comrades and some of my personal friends are discouraged and disheartened and go nowhere. All in all not a pleasant stay in this city. Except that I can be of some help to a few very close comrades. Also, not in a material way, but just by my presence I could have saved myself the stay here.

Well, I am leaving for England Nov 12th. There too I am expecting little. The British comrades are frightfully set in their old methods of doing things. One can not budge them. Thus they will do nothing during elections to show up the whole

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ke. And they are scared about the popularity of sanctions to do anything against the new bait for war. Even the approaching Royal wedding made them timid. It is to laugh but yet true. So my dates in London had to be postponed from the 14th to the 21st. That is why I am staying here until the 18th. I will have only 3 lectures in London, and only the cities in the provinces have definitely arranged some lectures. Leeds and Plymouth. You can imagine the outlook in England for my activity is not bright. I am going because I can not continue idle. But it is certain that I will not remain there very long, until the new year, perhaps. What I will do after I do not know yet.

A letter from Maurice Langbord told me of the gathering you held in re my return to Canada. I take it that nothing came of it since you have not written, nor have the Keelises. They are altogether impossible correspondents. I wish you would write me my dear. No matter what the outcome I want to know how my suggestions were accepted. Also, I want so much to know how you are and what the group is doing, if anything.

I have at last received the first money for the memoirs. The Dressmakers Union N.Y. sent fifty dollars. Los Angeles money for fifty copies. I am not sure the London publisher will consent to the shipment of only part of the copies as the price he gave me was for the whole bulk. But I have written Keell to get in touch with him about hundred copies for New York and fifty for Los Angeles. Now, dearest Dorothy I would like to know whether the group can send the money for the fifty copies. You said the comrades might. Better write me as soon as possible to London, c/o Mrs L Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue N.W. 11

Meet the comrades for me, and Dick and Tom even if they do neglect me so. Loads of love to you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417037

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Millie Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman].—
1 p.; 28 × 22 cm.

Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

Paris Oct 30th 35.

Dearest Milly. As you see I am in Paris. Have been here ten days. I am going to England the 12th of next month. It will not be very exciting there as the London comrades are even less active than the Canadians. At least in Toronto there are the Yiddish comrades who do what they can. In England we have damned few Yiddish comrades left who are capable or willing to help. And as the English comrades are few and far between, and most timid by nature you can imagine what is awaiting me in England. But I am going just the same.

I had hoped to have a little recreation here. But I found too much misery among my closest comrades and friends, unemployment and illness. So I am as busy as ever looking after some of them. Then too, it costs an awful lot to go anywhere in Paris and with the dollar 15 francs one simply cannot afford such luxuries. One can hardly allow oneself a cinema since the admission is mostly 15 francs. Fortunately I am not crazy about films.

Dearest Milly, inclosed find \$3. It is all I can afford now. I hope Stella has sent you a few dollars. Let me know. Else I will try to send you a little more. I inclose copy of letter of which I would like to have copies. Make them as soon as you can. I had a letter from your father and I am writing him. I have not heard from Dorothy for a month or even longer. I wonder why? I hope she is not ill, or having domestic troubles. I may write her to day if I get time.

Love to mother and Beckie. Fraternal greetings to all the comrades. Lots of love to you my dear,

Emma
My London address is c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue London N.W.12

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Vanguard, [New York] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 26 × 20 cm.

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Paris Oct 30th 35.

Dear Comrades of the VANGUARD GROUP.

I mean to write you long ago but simply could not get to it. I wanted to congratulate you on the two last issues of your paper. It was splendidly done, and I wish you may continue as well, and if possible even better. You may say it is all very well to send us good wishes, but that does not pay the printer. You will be right of course. Yes, I am not in a position to help you materially. I wish I were, but I am not.

However, I do want to help you in the best way I can. I have, therefore written comrade Milly Desser of 759 Bathurst Street Toronto to forward to you a copy of my article THE TWO COMMUNISMS? BOLSHEVIST AND ANARCHIST. Comrade Desser does some typing for me and she has probably already sent you the MSS.

The Spanish comrades in New York and the Dutch comrades plan to publish a pamphlet of the article. It occurred to me that you too may like to do it. Whatever you will realize of the sales I want of course to go to the VANGUARD support. I hope this will meet with your approval.

I am here on my way to England. I am to lecture there in London and some of the provinces. I am not expecting much. The English comrades are set in their old ways and most timid in trying new methods. Also the bulky Labor organizations and the frantic activity of the Communists have absorbed all most entirely the young elements in England. That makes it so much harder for the few comrades still active to launch out on a more efficient and daring lines. Still, being in England will give me some outlet for the need of public work which I can

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870920010

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 30, Paris [to] Vanguard, [New York] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

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4840

not have here without the risk of being expelled within 24 hours. The British government is compelled to endure me. All it can do is to lock me up. Well as you know it would not be the first time. Besides, one needs to go back to prison or one is likely to become rusticated. Not that I intend putting my head in the noose so easily. But I do mean to do intensive anti-war work which may not quite suite His Majesty's Government. Well, I have no anxiety on that score. I am much more anxious about the comrades in England who are rooted in the past and very hard to budge. I will try my damndest of course.

I leave Nov 12th. My address during my entire stay in England will be c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beecheroff Court Beecheroff Avenue, London N.W.11. Please write me there just as soon as you will have received my MSS from comrade Billy Desser.

Please remember me to all the comrades.

fraternally.

P.S. Should you publish my article in pamphlet form I will send you my statement in re the butchery of the article by the Mercury and also in re the use Hearst has made of it. I think we ought to inform the readers how it all happened. Do you not think so? The inclosed copy of my letter to the editor of the Mercury may interest you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029256

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 30, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / S.A. Trengrove. —
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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REFERENCE _____ SAT/M.

30th October, 1935.

Miss Emma Goldman,
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20, Beechcroft Court,
N.W.1.

Dear Madam,

Your letter of October 13th
to Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. regarding MICHELANGELO
by Professor Finlayson, has been handed to us since
we control the English rights. This book is not
yet issued, but we hope to publish in the early Spring
of 1936, when we will advise you further.

We enclose a copy of our Autumn List,
in which we think you will possibly be interested,

Yours faithfully,

S. A. Trengrove,
Director.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 31, Paris [to I.A.] Herman, [Los Angeles] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.



Paris Oct 31st 35.

Dear comrade Herman.

Comrade Berkman has forwarded to me the letter you wrote me c/o of him ordering 25 copies of Sasha's Prison memoir. Yesterday I also heard from him to the effect that you had sent him a check for 31,50 for the 25 copies of the memoirs which he will forward to me. It is this way about the memoirs, the British publisher is willing to let me have the entire lot of three hundred copies for fifty cents a piece, (it will be a little more in English currency owing to the exchange) and whatever the shipment will cost. I arranged with the comrades of New York, the dressmakers union, the comrades in Chicago and Toronto to pay the original cost of the memoirs, number of copies they order, sell the book at \$1.75 and let comrade Berkman have the difference. In as much as much as your group has sent \$31,50 and only want 25 copies I will take off the actual cost of the memoirs and turn over the difference to comrade Berkman. I hope that will be satisfactory to you and the other comrades of your group.

I am here for a short stay on my way to England where I intend to remain part of the winter, until after new years anyway. I leave for London the 12th of this month. I will see the London publisher of the memoirs directly after my arrival and have the 25 copies shipped to your address in Los Angeles.

I am delighted to hear that you have also contributed to the publication of comrade Berkman's ABC of Anarchist Communism. The group that has undertaken it is my child, organized by me during my stay in Toronto. Please thank the comrades of your organization.

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[Letter, 19]35 Oct. 31, Paris [to I.A.] Herman, [Los Angeles] / [Emma Goldman].—
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B

for the solidaric spirit which has prompted the ready help in re
the Memoirs and the ABC. They are great works and should rouse
people to see the fortitude of comrade Berkman and his clear
presentation of our ideas.

My address in England during my stay will be
c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue.
London N.W.11.

Kindly greet all the comrades for me and comrade
Bell whom I know so many years in particular.

Fraternally.

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612

The Emma Goldman Papers

870925096

[Letter, 1935] Oct. 31 [Washington, D.C. to] E[mma] G[oldman, Paris] / Henry G. A[lsberg]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

return

Oct. 31-81

18828

Dear E. G.: — Of course I am the S.O.B.

You don't want to call me.

I have been terribly rushed and have neglected all my friends. However, if things clear up, will have a little time to write more in detail as to my ~~downing~~ ^{downing}. I am laboring as best I can to cut the mass of red tape ~~to be~~ ^{to be} entangling us to get 5000 intelligent to work on writing ^{and edit} projects. The job has me working day and night. You'd laugh at the busy executive I've become. I try to stay human, however. I shall talk up the cases you mentioned & see what I can do. This administration is pretty despicable, espec. by the relief part of it and ~~know~~ ^{know} of the cases of political discrimination against people ~~deserving~~ ^{deserving} people because of their political or religious beliefs or because of race. As soon as I can I'll write you more details. The main feature of our ^{new} program in which it differs from any other, is that we give the unemployed work ~~at~~ ^{at} the ~~shells~~ ^{shells} & occupations for which they were fitted by previous training. Hence the job for art,

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870925096

[Letter, 1935] Oct. 31 [Washington, D.C. to] E[mma] G[oldman, Paris] / Henry G. A[lsberg]. — 2 p. ; 21 × 16 cm.

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01, running + writing projects.

18520

Very about the trouble with Rochar.
He is a bit of an ~~old fashioned~~ book a brick-
work type, of course. But it was
straightened out.

Your letter to Roger very
much to the point & quite justified.
We collected some money
here in Washington for your fund to
write a book or to anything else you
consider best. I wanted to wait until
it reached \$100 bucks. I enclose
my check for the amt. It isn't much,
of course, but it's the best we can do
just now.

Please pardon my haste. As
soon as things get running more
smoothly I'll write you a letter really
describing what I am doing & conditions
etc.

I shall try to do ~~something~~ something
for the two people you mention.
Yours with best to yourself,
Basha + E.

Henry D. A.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924856

[Letter] 1935 Oct. 31, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.S. Evans.—
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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99 GREAT RUSSELL STREET.
LONDON, W.C.1.

October
31st
1935.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Mr. Huebsch of the Viking Press tells me that you are coming to England
on a lecture tour. He tells me that you would like to have a copy of
Humphrey Cobb's PATHS OF GLORY and so I send the book to you under another
cover.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

C.S. Evans

Miss Emma Goldman,
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20, Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue, N.W.11

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[Letter, 1935? Nov.? London? to Alexander Berkman, Nice? (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 19 × 15 cm.

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matter how disappointing
never to hear from you
you give an impression
the same. Some to
of the day, something a
which you perhaps
intended only for me
I would include the letter
I know you are no carriage
Dearest why do you write
in such a hurry? I am
the Magazine idea. I certainly
have no desire to suggest
anything which would
mean a burden to you es
pecially when I am not
able enough to share the
burden. I simply did not
understand the Bulletin
idea. I thought it was only
to be a typewritten proposition

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something definite a gift
 to help you with, so at last,
 I can't think of anything
 more paralyzing than the
 certainty about her living
 however I do not want
 to urge you to accept the
 proposition if the Bulletin
 only suggest that you
 read it until you have
 talked it over with
 as you came fresh from
 a. she will be able to tell
 of the danger of the Bulletin
 reaching Salazar's organization
 I may say here that
 you take it on I could
 help you, not only
 follow the situation re-
 gularly now, strike

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[Letter, 1935? Nov.? London? to Alexander Berkman, Nice? (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 19 x 15 cm.

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1/3 Be
 computer, Unemployment
 in Parliament!
 may even be able to get
 a card of admission to
 the House of Commons
 when important matters
 come up & report to
 you. But as I said you
 must decide for yourself
 about the Bulletin.

You did not seriously
 think I'd use the Bulletin
 as a correction of Rebecca
 Dancy's? I'd be crazy. I
 sent type-written copy of
 her original to Danica ages
 ago, it's already set up
 in the case I asked Van
 to make me many copies

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935? Nov.? London? to Alexander Berkman, Nice? (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 19 × 15 cm.

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19
I don't see how an English
man could find it. It is
most of a week to take 2 days
a month or require for
any of the day for
reading in my last European
magazine. Why you should
not be able to do that
or write a sketch occasionally
or beyond me. Or is it
because of the many years
I lived in the States? I
understand Paine's days
to get some organization
interested. If they could
be gotten to contribute
you need have no scruples
and of course mean a
steady income. In fact
the feeling that you have

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216123

[Letter, 1935?] Nov.? St. Tropez [to Wim] Jong, [Amsterdam] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6509

St. Tropez Nov 1935

Werte Genosse Jong

Es ist wichtig dass Sie mir recht bald mitteilen
welche Themen die verschiedenen Organisationen gewahrt haben für die ich
sprechen soll. Und zwar deswegen weil ich nicht alle meine Notizen mit
mir schleppen möchte. Ich habe ungefähr ein Koffer voll von Manuskripten.
Sie werden verstehen dass es doch keinen Sinn hatte das Ganze mit mir herum
zu schleppen. Wollen Sie also die Freundlichkeit haben mir bald mit zu
teilen welche Vorträge gewünscht werden.

Bis jetzt habe ich noch kein Antwort von Genosse
Day erhalten. Weiss also nicht ob sich in Belgien etwas arrangieren lässt.
Es scheint mir doch fraglich inden wohl sehr wenige Menschen in Antwerp
oder Bruxelles Deutsch oder Englisch verstehen. Vielleicht schon eher
in Antwerp. Ich habe dort einen sehr guten Amerikanischen Freund. Ich
schreibe ihm heute er möge Day aufsuchen und mit ihm sprechen. Jedemfalls
haben mich dieser Freund und seine Frau eingeladen ein paar Tage bei ihnen
zu verweilen ehe ich nach Holland reise. Somit werde ich in Antwerpen
halt machen. Leider wird dieses nicht die Reisekosten vermindern, d.h.
falls Genosse Day keine Versammlung zustande bringt.

Haben Sie das Exemplare meiner Essays erhalten?

In der Erwartung Ihrer baldigen Antwort

Solidarisch.

620

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029192

[Letter, 1935 Nov.? London to Mollie Steimer and Senya Fleshin, Paris] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

245A

245A

side of the road. I know how you feel about your own loved ones.

Thanks for the letter containing nannes address. I will look him up when I have a free moment. I can't do it the next few days. I am busy with a thousand things and in addition have a little trouble with my right leg. Nothing serious Dolly will tell you.

My dears I DID NOT TAKE DOLLYS KEYS. They are not easily taken among other things like the letters. I have explained to Dolly that I left the keys on the table or the desk when I returned from the Café Flores. I know that I would not need them again so I never even put them in my bag. Perhaps Marie put them somewhere. I am not certain whether it was the table. Dolly put a lot of things on in the morning and when she gave us breakfast. Perhaps they were picked up with the paper from the parcels of croissant and other eatables and thrown out. Though I can hardly believe it...anyhow, I LEFT THEM IN THE STUDIO. I am awfully sorry to cause Dolly inconvenience. By the way, Dolly left a set of keys with the janitress. I wonder has she collected that? Perhaps she has forgotten and is using the keys I left, or perhaps she gave those keys to the woman. Anyhow I hope they will be found.

Dearest Senyushinka please send me the Posledni regularly. It is difficult to get it here and I don't want to miss it. Besides, it will save double expenses. I know our sweet Mollie will be glad to mail them twice a week.

Darling how do you feel? Have you been able to rest is there even a little improvement. I think of you all the time of both of you of course, but more of your condition. I wish I

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[Letter, 1935 Nov.? London to Mollie Steimer and Senya Fleshin, Paris] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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4243

4244

knew how to help. when I return to Paris I will at least be able
to relieve you fo your house work. it means nothing to me. It does
to you, besides you need an awful lot of rest. take it meanwhile
please, my dearest.

Devoted love to both of you

Greetings to the Chapiros and Labo

and Mollie

and Senya

and Mollie

and Mollie

and Mollie

and Mollie

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and Mollie

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622

The Emma Goldman Papers

870916089

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 1? Paris? to] Grace [Kimmerling Wellington, Pittsburgh, Pa. (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

10279

not live by bread alone, without it he ~~can~~ can not live at all.

A friend of mine connected with the P.W.A. in Washington is in charge of the relief given various professionals. I begged him to enable you to write in peace. In his last letter he assured me he would see how it can be done. I suppose what depends on the party in charge in each state. I dare say if my friend were a politician he would create a way even if ~~his~~ his method were crooked. ~~Henry~~ Henry Alsberg far from being a politician is scrupulously honest. In point of fact I was surprised to learn that he had the job wished on him. Well, I hope he will do something for you. I'd give anything to see you secured for a while and free from the ever present misery of making ends meet.

Yes I can imagine how you miss Alex and he misses you. That is the most damnable side of our entire civilisation. Those held by a beautiful love are kept apart. And those whose life is continued discord and brutal recriminations are forced to remain together. Yet you are right not to move to that deadly dull town. It would have a deteriorating effect on both of you I fear.

Dearest wishes seem so futile, they are rarely ever realized. Yet life could not go on if one did not keep up hopes and fervent wishes for some change for those we love. With all my heart I wish that the New Year may bring you some vital event that would enable you to have Alex near all the time, and that would give you complete health and freedom to create.

Give my affectionate greeting to Alex and your aunt thank her for her kind greetings.

With much love to you dearest Grace.

The Emma Goldman Papers

870925045

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 1?] Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 16 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

18408
JANE SCOTT
WALBERSWICK
SUFFOLK
24 Nov 1935
13. heavily square
1.20. 111 37 82
Emma, dearest:
At least I hope I
am getting it over
with before your arrival
this time! I have
been ill — a small
rectal fissure, which
I do not wish to have
an operation for if avoid-
able! It causes more
pain than it should,
being small, and I have
been laid up however.
I seem to be improving
and shall start

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 1?] Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 16 × 20 cm.

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O.S. Your enclosed card was
intensely interesting and revealing
as to your "conversations". Emma
dear - Conversation is all right
if the things conversed are worth while
about it? So here's to your brand!
My husband, yes, yes and even
Americans are temperamentally
rebellious - for they expect to
behave so - if for will to
nature. I see sometimes but not as
it were, spontaneously. If that is
fine again! This regard
from me. Evelyn

now laying plans, as
it were, for suaring
you for that weekend
visit. We can offer
no excitement and, alas,
no cooking worthy of
your own, but certainly
much much affectionate
welcome.

I won't try to answer
your letter but thank
you for writing it and
don't forget you are
coming, please.

With our loves - so
very much! Godspeed
on return etc.,
Emma

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 1, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris Nov 1st 35.

Dearest Ash. Dolly Sturm returned from the states to liquidate her affairs here. The studio is in such confusion its almost impossible to collect ones thoughts. I would of course go to a hotel if it were a matter of a longer stay. but I will have to bear it until the 12th. Dolly insists on my remaining and I can't very well dash off. It would hurt her very much. Anyway, it will only be until the 12th when I difinitely go to London by way of Dieppe Newhaven.

At last letters from St Tropez have begun to arrive. I am sure they had been held in the P.O. becauss May must have turned in the notice at the window and not as I always have to the receveur. Its alright now.

Dear I realized only after I wrote Herman from that the \$1.50 from the group for your memoirs means that the ~~conrad~~ ^{conrad} ~~which covers~~ it covers the price of \$1.25 for each copy of your book. That is damned decent from the Los Angeles comrades. You are therefore entitled to 75 cents per copy out of the \$1.25 Now I can either let you have that. Or if you can wait I would use the difference of the amount to pay for the other copies. A letter from Keell tells me Daniel will not let anything go until the whole amount is paid for in cash. Another thing for which I am to blame is that there are only fifty bound copies for which Daniel wants fifty cents a piece. 250 are in sheets for which he wants 25cents. I had simply forgotten about the arrangements Keell made. But it is even better. first sheets do not imply duty. And they also do not cost as much for postage. Keell tells me 100 copies bound would cost about \$15 postage. That is aw awful

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022017

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 1, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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lot of money I had not reckoned with. sheets can be sent by freight. I have therefore written Reall just now to notify Daniel at once that we will take the fifty bound copies and the sheets. When I get to London I will have the sheets shipped to New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Toronto. The comrades in these cities will have to have them bound. Naturally I will charge them only 25 cents each and the freight charges. I will have to send back to New York and Los Angeles whatever I will have above the expenses from the money sent. Especially Los Angeles will have to get back 25 cents for each of the 25 copies for the binding. Anyway that is my concern you need not bother about this matter.

I thought I will have it easy in England coming with prepared material. Now I learn that the subject for my second lecture Nov 27 is to be Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. Of course I left the work on Stalin we have in St Tropez among my books. So I had to write Ann to try to find it and send it to me. If you have some suggestions to make re this subject, please do my dear.

Nothing interesting or exciting from this end.

Love to Bmy and yourself.

Emma

Ben Clairs wife replied that they will be in London to the end of this month and he will be glad to meet me. I will see him directly I get to London.

*Manchester
wapping to you to day.*

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924859

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 1 [London to Emma] Goldman, [London?] / Jean D. McBrodie. — 1 p. ; 20 × 12 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

16610

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48 PALL MALL S.W. 1.

1st November 1936

Dear Miss Goldman,

Mr. Luerschen recently been in touch with Mr. W. A. Collins about your lecture tour in England, and has told him that you would be glad to receive one of Hermann Brod's "The Shadow of the Past".

At Mr. Collins' request, I am forwarding this to you, together with copies of our Spring and Autumn Catalogues. Should there be any other books on our list which you think you might care to read, Mr. Collins will be delighted to send you copies. He has also mentioned in particular your book "THE PITHS", one of our most successful Spring books, which he thought you might like.

Yours truly,

Jean D. McBrodie

secretary.

Received
M.H.H.

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628

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 2, Paris [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Paris Nov 2nd 25. [1935]

Dear Modest, I was glad to get your cable. But very much puzzled at its meaning. You see I did not know that Sasha has urinal difficulties in addition to his heart. He did say something about it the last couple of days in St Tropez. But he did not give me the impression that it was serious. He ascribed the effect to the wine he was drinking so I suggested he should cut it out. You can imagine I was surprised to read of an operation in your cable. And no less dumbfounded was I to find that one who has so little faith in doctors would take absent treatment for what ever physical ~~trivial~~ ailment so easily. I am sure that you have described Sasha's trouble to your doctor minutely. Still, it is rather superficial on the part of your doctor to advise an operation. Surely, no two cases can be diagnosed by one method, neither can one treatment be advised for different cases. Anyway, I am glad Sasha without first getting my reaction to the suggestion will have nothing to do with operations. Naturally, I myself would have advised strongly against it. Massage is another matter. If only Sasha could afford it he should take it.

That just it, I doubt whether he can afford it. Well, we will see how his urinal condition continues. On the whole Sasha was feeling better when we parted than he had for a long time. And he was very much stronger.

Between you and me dear Modest there is really nothing very much the matter with Sasha except his weak heart. And that would cause him little trouble, if there were not other causes which aggravates his condition from time to time. Among these is first of all his material insecurity. If Sasha had any

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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 2, Paris [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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2

kind of a steady income even if not entirely enough to cover ALL his expenses he would be at peace. And he needs peace of mind, and emotional peace as much as he needs the income. Another factor is the fretfulness of Sasha when he does any kind of literary work., translations (unless they are light stuff) or original work. Sasha always went through hell when he wrote, just as I go through the most ~~mad~~ excruciating mental stress while writing. But since his heart began to bother him, he goes entirely to pieces. That's why he was so ill a year ago. Lastly is also the fact that the most ideal relationship if one of the partners is neurasthenic it must needs effect the other. I hope you will not misunderstand I appreciate E.'s devotion to Sasha and the need he has of her. And I am delighted he should have all E. can give him. But the fact remains that her illness and her nervous condition effect Sasha, perhaps even more than his material insecurity. Proof for this is, when E is less hectic and all is well at home Sasha is a different human being. You would ~~hardly~~ agree with me had you seen Sasha the last three weeks in St Tropez. Such peace and serenity I have not seen for a long time. And such energy. He worked from morning until night helping me getting our place in order, filing, packing, doing a hundred different jobs. Sleeping like a log and eating with a ravenous appetite. It was all due to the fact that E. and he were at peace, there was no drain, no tear and wear on his ~~outward~~ emotional reserve. No wonder he improved. And so I say that while Sasha has a weak heart and is easily subject to colds other factors hurt him more.

You understand dearest Modest that this must remain between ourselves. I don't want either Sasha or E. hurt. Besides they would never admit the situation. Perhaps they are not even

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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 2, Paris [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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aware of it themselves. But I have had ever so many proofs of the effect of the least domestic friction on Sasha. He could support it better when he was younger. He grows very wrought up now and that naturally affects his heart.

However your material help will go a long way to relieve our Sasha of part of his anxieties

AND THAT IN RETURN WILL

have a good effect on his health. In any event he feels very much better now. "Knock wood". As to his material status ~~your~~ money you plan to send him and what he will receive for his birthday, will I hope keep him going for a time. I have no idea how much the New York Committee will send. It probably will not be very much because he has already received \$300 in advance. I understand there is to be some kind of an affair the 21st. Something may come from that. But of course this begging for funds can't go on for ever. I dare not think how either Sasha or I will manage in a few months.

You will admit that I have never bothered you very much about my own situation. But lest you misunderstand why I did not advance some money to ask Sasha to come along to Paris I want you to know that the money raised for my writing a new work is nearly gone. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ If at least I had settled down to writing my friends might send out a personal and private appeal to raise more money. But as you know I was not able to concentrate on writing. Nor do I know when I will be able to do so. Naturally, I can not have another appeal made since everybody would ask why I had not buckled down to the book until now.

As to my tour in England, it is to weep. At best it will barely bring expenses. The poverty in England is even greater than in the States. In addition the English are not in a habit

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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 2, Paris [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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of paying admission to meetings. But more miserable than everything else is the fact that some of our comrades are again carried away by war slogans. They are for SANCTIONS, hence will not be very enthusiastic to help me. For, I am certainly NOT deceived. And I mean to oppose the new madness as I have in 1914 and 1917. Well, I can't worry about what is going to be. It does not help anyhow. I am leaving for England the 13th or 14th of this month. My address during my entire stay will be c/o Mrs L. Koldosky, 20 Beechcroft Court, Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W. 11. I am sure to remain in England until Jan. Then if I fail to rouse interest I will return here for the rest of the winter. I have two invitations from friends with whom I could live fairly reasonable. In May I will go back to St Tropez.

How are you dear Modest? Do write me soon.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022019

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 3-4 [Nice to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].—
1 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Sunday, Nov. 3rd

Dear, it's really silly to discuss. I pointed out to you that you use words in the wrong meaning, and you retort by telling me that I am always taking part against you!!

Well, let's talk of other things. I hope you received the copies of the Holmes letter. They Emy started to make some notes for me and her machine broke down again. Those Underwood people here are the greatest fakes. Charged about 100 fr. for fixing her machine, then 30 fr. again for a broken letter for which probably they themselves were responsible, and now the machine is on the bum again. Well, I'll never buy any machine of them, that's sure, and no more fixing machines at tack, either.

I shall enclose that Los Angeles check here, endorsed, and you had better use it on account of payments for the new edition, — I mean for those copies to be supplied the groups.

I have been trying to make some notes on Sanctions and really wrote a short introduction to such notes — somehow it came out that way. I have to add a few more things to them and will then send the thing to you.

Nothing new here. Sun. shines beautifully today. Actually not.

Monday.

Pouring all morning, started last evening. And now the other letter arrived from you of Nov. 1st. Strange that she arrived so unexpectedly. And now you need the notes about Stalin. I wonder whether Ann will know where to find them. I hope so. I don't know what particular notes I could make for you on Stalin, Hitler and Muss. Anything I might say on that is surely familiar to you, for it is old stuff — but will make a few points for the next letter, anyhow. Can't tell when this can be mailed, it is just pouring. Will have to be mailed near by here and not in the post office.

Well, I'll see what I can do in that matter.

Affect.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924858

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 4, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Fredric J. Warburg. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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PLEASE QUOTE REF GR/FJW

Broadway House,
68-74, Carter Lane, E.C. 4
London. 4th November, 1935.

Mrs. Emma Goldman,
C/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20, Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue,
N.W. 11.

Dear Madam,

Mr. Lown of Lippincott's has asked us to send you a copy of Richard B. Gregg's POWER OF NON-VIOLENCE, which we do herewith. The book has just come out and has received a remarkable press. We shall be glad if you will go what you can to recommend it to your audiences. The writer of this letter well remembers meeting you at Mrs. Knopf's in New York in 1934.

Yours truly,

Received
F.J. Warburg
Nov 10

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022020

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Paris Nov 5th 35.

✓
Dearest Cash. I hope my letter reached you shortly after you wrote me Saturday. For no matter how busy I am, I never neglect you. Besides, I am not busy with important things. First about your NOW AND AFTER. We have two or three copies in the house. Ann could not miss them as they are standing on the shelves, I am not sure whether the big book came, or the one on the side. Besides, you lent her a copy which she was going to bring back to Don Esprit. So write her to 9, rue des Jardins, and she will send you a copy.

Together with the Guardian and the Literary Supplement of the Times I am sending you the Freie Arb. Stimme forwarded to me from St Tropez. If there is anything important in it let me know. Cut out the review of Sinclair Lewis' new book, and that of Cook and send them back to me. We can't very well ask the publishers for more books, but I will later on when I find who has replied favorably.

I have not yet heard from C.V. Cook in reply to my letter. So I do not know about the translation. I suppose it's being doctored. Our foolish Rudolf has still much heartache awaiting him. I am sure of that. But I am "selfish" enough to be glad that your heartaches and worries in re the translation are over. Heaven knows you need a little rest from mental stress.

I don't need more copies of the Holmes letter just now. But when E. feels like it, and has nothing more important to do she might make some more. No hurry.

Dear, there seems to be no cure for our unfortunate Lollie. I went with her to Muller yesterday. He is too honest and sincere to take advantage. He told us that he does not

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].—
3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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know what to do for her except to try and reduce the inflammation of the nerve. For that he prescribed IODINE and SULPHUR' strangely enough some homeopath doctor prescribed the same thing, only in minute doses. Mollie took these tablets for a month and as they did her no good she gave them up. Dr Muller seemed to think that unless she takes larger doses and for at least six weeks in succession ~~she~~ she will not know results. He asked her to come back in six weeks. He thinks that in the present state of her malady all drastic measures, like the electricity she underwent, or mass age will only make her condition worse. But after the inflammation is eliminated perhaps ~~ray~~ treatment would strengthen the stretched ligaments of the cheek bones, and in that way help them into proper place. But on the whole he was not very enthusiastic. You can imagine Mollie's state. She feels terribly discouraged. It's really cruel that Mollie must suffer so much now when she and Senia could really enjoy life a little. True he works terribly hard, such exploitation I never heard of as he has to submit to. But 2000 francs a month in France ^{is} a fortune. Mollie and Senia have a lovely home and really live decently for the first time in their lives. Now Mollie's illness had to happen. It is really cruel. I hate to go away. While I am here I can cheer and distract the kid a little anyhow. It is certainly not good to leave her much to herself. But of course I must go.

No further news about England. My lectures begin the 21st what there is of them. Perhaps a few more small cities have replied. But I am sure the whole business will be a frost. In fact, I expect to be back in Paris after new years. If I have time I will try to find a cheap place to live until the spring. Lily Reclus wants me to stay with her. It would be cheap. But

The Emma Goldman Papers

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3 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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Paris is raining is out of town and difficult to reach at night.

however, there is a new proposition. Mexico. I met
Abrams here. He tells me all Jewish speakers who have come to
Mexico have had great success, with Jewish lectures of course.
He thinks I would have even a greater success, but mostly with
Jewish lectures. He is der ganzer macher in the anti fascist
organization. He is sure he could arrange a series of large meet-
ings. He is coming to Mollie Thursday when I will have another
talk with him. Of course, if he means what he says his organization
will have to guarantee my trip to Mexico going and ~~coming~~ ^{returning},
besides, some fee for each lecture. Abrams and his wife sail
back the 14th of this month. They will be in Mexico in Dec. when
he means to start the ball rolling to bring me there. I am not
building too much on it until I have something more definite.
but I would go if it could be brought about. Once in Mexico I can
arrange a few English lectures myself. It would be an experience
worth trying. Don't you think?

By the way, dear I did not take with me the
copy of Communism you corrected. You might send it on to me.
I heard from Milly Messer. She received the one I sent her and
has started to ~~type~~ make copies.

The weather here has changed. It was very mild
and sunny all the time. Yesterday it rained and to day it is also
very gloomy. Its to be expected in Nov.

I hope Emmy and you are feeling fairly good.
And that you are taking a much needed rest from your past mental
stress which is sometimes worse than physical pain.

With love to both of you

Mollie and Benia send love.

Emma

The Emma Goldman Papers

811022198

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].—
3 p. ; 29 × 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Paris Nov 5th 35.

Dearest Jeanne.

As so many times before our letters passed each other on the high seas. I wrote you from here. Then your letter arrived saying you had received the suites. Since it was the manufacturer who made the blunder in the size of the underwear you should have no difficulty in *changing* them. I hope not anyhow. And I also hope my last letter will reach you before the change has been made so you can get shirts for Sasha instead of underwear. As I wrote you he discovered that he had plenty of ~~my~~ warm suites which of course I did not know.

Darling, to come back to the Memoirs. You will be glad to know that New York sent fifty dollars for hundred copies. Los Angeles sent \$31.50 for 25 copies which makes it the full amount, \$1.25 a copy. And Toronto is sending money for fifty copies. Now, I learned that only fifty copies bound are to be had. The rest are in sheets. I have rushed a letter to London to leave them in sheets. First it will mean no duty. Secondly, it will mean less express charges or postage. I hope I am not late. Now, what I would like to do is to send you fifty sets of sheets for which, by the way, I will pay only eleven pens. Then you could have them bound which you are sure to get for 25 cents a copy. In other words your actual immediate expense would only be for the binding and the shipment. Then you could pay me the eleven pens per copy when you sell the book, *really* ~~and the~~ after you ~~had~~ *will* deduct for the binding you can send the surplus to Sasha. Will you let me know by return mail if you agree to this arrangement. Then I will attend to the matter in London. I hope

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The Emma Goldman Papers

811022198

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].—
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2

I have made myself clear. I will pay for the fifty ~~copy~~ sets of sheets to the London publishers which you can return when you have sold the books. Your immediate expences will therefore be only the cost of shipment and the binding which you will order when the sheets arrive. And that can not be more than 25 cents a copy. But I must know at once if you agree to this as Daniel will ^{not} let me have only part of the stock. I have to take it all on cash basis, 250 sheets and fifty bound copies.

There was no sign or sound from the Halperines. I have no idea where they are. Darling not everybody has as fine an understanding of friendship as you. Julia wrote me from Le Havre she would write me soon after. Nothing came. She might at least have written to give me an idea when she will come this way or England. I guess the Halperines are like the Fromkins. You remember their enthusiasm, especially his. "You are entitled not only to necessities, but also some luxuries" he once wrote. Since then not another word. Yet I have written him repeatedly. Yes, I know he has contributed to the fund. And I am dully grateful to him, as I am to the Halperines. But that's the easiest way for people of means to show friendship. I prefer the steady kind, the kind that is always interested and always ready to be of comfort and help. It is alright. Only there is no need of expecting more than people can or will give. For a time I believed both the Halperines and the Fromkins would continue in their interest. I am beginning to doubt this very strongly.

I am going to London the 14th. I confess I go with many misgivings. The outlook is glum and blood freezing. But as I never give up what I begin I will go. I am sure however that my stay there will not be as long as I had expected. Perhaps

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3

I don't know what I will do then~~ex~~. I will have to come back to Paris and winter here, if only my "grand" capital will hold out. There is a new proposition on foot, Mexico. A comrade from there is in Paris just now. He and his wife are going back the 14th of this month. He insists I would have considerable success in Mexico. But it would largely mean Jewish lectures. Perhaps being there I might myself organize a few English meetings. But primarily the comrade tells me it will be for lectures in Yiddish, and possibly some in German. You understand this is only in the air. Nothing may come of it. But you can see that I grab at a straw not to drown. I'll keep you posted.

Write me right away in re the memoirs, please dear
dearest.

With love to Jay and yourself.

Emma

London address c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue London N.W.11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].—
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14688

Paris Nov 5th 35.

Dearst Jeanne.

as so many times before our letters passed each other on the high seas. I wrote you from here. Then your letter arrived saying you had received the suites. since it was the manufacturer who made the blunder in the size of the underwear you should have no difficulty in changing them. I hope not anyhow. and I also hope my last letter will reach you before the change has been made so you can get shirts for Sasha instead of underwear. as I wrote you he discovered that he had plenty of ~~xx~~ warm suites which of course I did not know.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928193

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 5, Paris [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 21 × 16 cm.

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2

14687

I have made myself clear. I will pay for the fifty empty sets of sheets to the London publishers which you can return when you have sold the books. Your immediate expenses will therefore be only the cost of shipment and the binding which you will order when the sheets arrive. And that can not be more than 25 cents a copy. But I must know at once if you agree to this as Daniel will not let me have only part of the stock. I have to take it all on cash basis, 250 sheets and fifty bound copies.

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14650

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to Paris and winter here, if only my "grand" capital will hold
out. There is a new proposition on foot, Mexico. A comrade from
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14th of this month. He insists I would have considerable success
in Mexico. But it would largely mean Jewish lectures.
Perhaps being there I might myself organize a few English meet-
ings, but primarily the comrade tells me it will be for lectures
in Yiddish and possibly some in German. You understand this is
only in the air, nothing may come of it, but you can see that I
grab at a straw not to drown. I'll keep you posted.

Write me right away in re the memoirs, please dear
dearest.

With love to Jay and yourself.

London address c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 50 Berchcroft Court,
Berchcroft Avenue London N. 4. 11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924857

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 5, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Desmond Flower. —
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Telegrams: CASPEG, CENT.
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DIRECTORS:
Thomas Young J.R.
Norman Flower
H. Aubrey Gentry
Desmond Flower

November
Fifth
1935

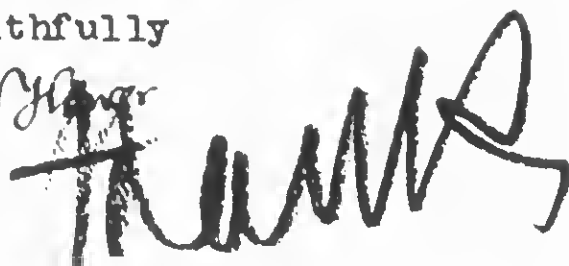
Miss Emma Goldman,
c/o Mrs. L. Woldofsky,
20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue,
N.W.11.

Dear Madam

I learn from Mr. Huebsch
of the Viking Press that you are
interested in The Other World (or,
as we have called it in England,
The Wealthy Beggar), by Madelon
Lulofs. I have therefore great
pleasure in enclosing a copy herewith
for your perusal.

Yours faithfully

Desmond Flower

received 

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 6, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris Nov. 6th 35.

Dearest Mash. I wrote you at length yesterday. To day I want to acknowledge the receipt of your registered letter of Monday with check and copy of your letter to Mark inclosed. The letter is splendid. Yet I wish you had not written it. As you know I am not panicky, but with the growing reaction in this damned country, and the recent decrees forbidding criticism of the French and foreign potentates your letter though published in the *Fr A.S* may have repercussions on your statues. I hope I am using the right word to express what I mean. It would be too absurd to have any difficulties with the authorities here because of a letter in the *Fr. Arb. Stimme*. You will admit it is hardly important enough to risk it. Of course, there is nothing to do about it, in there now. But aside of its ~~xxx~~ possible ~~xxx~~ grave result the letter is splendid as everything you write.

So there is nothing in it that I don't know and mean to use in my lecture on sanctions. By the way, dear heart, if the notes cause you any mental stress leave them. It is merely that our old disease before a new lecture sort of numbs me at first, but in the end I manage somehow. Largely because of habitual lecture cheek, I suppose. So do not worry about notes for me, either on sanctions, or the Mussolini, Hitler Stalin theme.

You misunderstood me my dear, I did not ask Ann to find any kind of notes of mine. I asked her for the Stalin biography, or rather sketch we have by Philip Moeller. I know it is among my books on one of the shelves. It ought not to be difficult to find it. Just because I asked Ann to find and send me this volume I did not wish to ask her for your A.B.C. Its alright for you to write her for it. This too, she can not

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2.

miss. In fact, it will be easier to find yours than the Stalin because we have three or four copies. Since I wrote you I recollected that we have at least as many which I have put among the books on the shelves. In addition, Ann has the one you gave her. If there is any delay it will only be because she wrote in her last letter that she is not feeling very strong. Her cure is usually to go to bed and stay several days. But one day she will send you a copy of the ABC, which however is under the title of NOW and AFTER. There is one or two copies with the title ~~ANARCHIST COMMUNISM~~ ANARCHIST COMMUNISM, it is the smaller binding if you remember. Ann may not find that. She will find the other.

I don't know why Mrs. Storm came back so suddenly except that she had always done such things. Since her illness she seems to have become more hectic. I think I wrote you she came back to liquidate her studio, take some things back with her and sell the others. She expects to go back before Christmas. I only sleep in her studio now. The rest of the time I am with Lollie and Senia in their place.

I may stay over until the 14th. I am waiting to get final word from Mace about the interview with the Guardian. I am sure it is not to be until after the elections, after the 14th. So I may not leave until that day. I hope to know before the week is over. In any event you can reach me here until the 13th. You see, Monday being a holiday I can not get to the bank. So I will attend to everything Tuesday the 12th and leave the 13th which is Wednesday. Or the latest the 14th.

It is too bad about my machine. Never mind about more Holmes letters if I should need them I will have them done

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in England.

Alright dear old scout, lets not argue anymore.

It makes no difference anyhow in my love for you though some times you are hard as nails. I am sure you do not realize it yourself. but I know that you never mean to hurt me, or anybody you care about, and that is after all the main consideration.

I am writing Mummy this afternoon as I am staying in. Meanwhile give her my love.

Devotedly

Emma

Did I already write you that I heard from that confused nephew of mine, Bob Low. He is raving about Ruths return home which seems to be only a matter of a short time now. Saxe also wrote me that she has made miraculous progress though he insists she should continue a little longer in the institution.

Mollie and Senia send love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 6, Paris [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 25 x 18 cm.

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Paris Nov 6th 35.

Dear Emmy, I am a pig. I am gone almost three weeks and I have not written you once. The fact is there is nothing exciting or interesting to write about. Paris has of course remained Paris. But its simple gaieties are gone. It seems to me that here people are being wighted down much more than in America by the poverty that has overtaken them. The cafes and cinemas are still overcrowded. But somehow people look frightfully worried. They impress me not as if they enjoyed being very they are, in the cafe or at the film. But rather as an escape from their hopeless situations. Perhaps I am mistaken, perhaps I transfer my own need of escape, of forgetfulness to everybody else. Surely people must still have some means. Else how can they fill places of amusements as they do? And if they can still afford them it would mean that their economic status is not so hopeless.

However, it is no use philosophising. It was the same in 1930 even during inflation. The restaurants, cafes, theatres and concert halls were always packed. Inasmuch as the crowds could be counted in tens of thousands there must have been people who still made money or had some left. It is the same here. I am astounded how the crowds can afford 15, 20 and 30 francs for the cinema. To get seats at ten you have to sit in the first rows. The theatres are even more expensive and are ~~xxxxx~~ uninteresting. Concerts are prohibitive. In other words there are still vast masses that must have means. Benia and Mollie certainly can't allow themselves many things even though Benia earns considerable for French salaries. I ask as to myself, though I pay no rent, and very little

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for food I have: really spent a small fortune. I have been
only to the cinema three times and four times in some cafe. With
nearly everybody I know broke it is impossible to let them pay.
or three four people merely for an appetitive mount up to 15,
or 18 francs. Somehow one can not be in Paris and sit home. What
would have been the use to come here if I were to sit at Mollies
or go up to see Chaplin, or someone else? And so out of despair
I saw a few pictures. I should have preferred to hear Bruno Walter
or some other musician. ~~xxxxx~~ Please do not imagine I regret
having come to Paris. I love the city for its own beauty, its
Luxembourg, its Tuilleries and the rest. But being not any too
hopeful about my visit to mg; and I am not exactly very hilarious.
No doubt you will say that is nothing new about our Emma. And you
will be right. Still I was very much at peace and happy the last
few weeks in Bon esprit. That only goes to prove that I am not
entirely dumb and incapable to enjoy. Well, one must take life
as it comes. Manifestations, gay or triste. It does little good to
fight and at it.

Now are you, my dear? Is the stomach behaving.
The man who treated Sonia and cured him from boils seems to be
a miracle worker. I met a few more of his patients whom he cured.
If ever you and Sasha visit Paris you should really see him and
Sasha too. Sonia will tell you all about him. Meanwhile I hope you
are not too bothered by your melody. And Sasha is he behaving? Does
he still feel as he did the last few weeks in Bon esprit? I hope
he will continue.

Well, my dear I leave for London the 13th or 14th
I doubt whether I will remain there long, probably not longer than
after the new year. I'll have to come back here then. I have no
idea what doing. Triebal blasen, I suppose. No use making plans.

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Write me dear Emmy. I want to know how you feel, and I am always
glad to hear from you. If you get no time to write here then
to England, c/o Mrs I. Keldofsky, 20 Beechercroft Court, Beechercroft
Avenue London N.W. Angleterre will be my address until I leave
England in Jan.

I understand from Auntie that Nellie has succeeded
in getting a tenant for the apt, that she sold everything but
for insignificant prices and that she expects to leave for N. the
end of this month. Auntie herself is going to England. She ~~expects~~
expects to leave Venice this coming Saturday. If she does I will
see her/ in Paris. If not in London.

By the way, while in London I may see Kay. If you have a
message for her let me know I will deliver it.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 7, Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].—
3 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Nov. 7th, A.M., 35

Well, dear, here are some notes on Senetione. Just finished them. The other Notes, on Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, I sent you the other day. Hope they are satisfactory. There is enough matter in them, I think, that you can enlarge and develop.

These notes are somewhat delayed. The reason is that I lost some time by the unexpected arrival of ---- who do you think?

THE HALPERINS!

They came three days ago. I was in the city, returning at about 6 P.M. When do I find with Emy? The Halperins, father, mother and youngest daughter Lucille.

They had come to the city (from Italy) a day or two before and had spent most of their time wiring and telephoning to you in St. Tr. They thought you were there and became very anxious that they could get no reply. Thought something had happened to you.

They did not have my address and in fact they thought I was also in St. Tr.

Finally they told their trouble at the Amexco. They found that the young woman of the Mail Dpt. knew my address in Nice but did not feel the right to give it to strangers. Very thoughtful of her. Then Mrs. H. remembered that she had a letter from you in which you mentioned me, and that proved sufficient identification, and so they got my address and took a taxi up here.

Well, we spent some time with them and last evening we had dinner at the Ruhl where they have a suite of rooms. Today we were to go to Grasse to see those perfume factories, but this morning I called it off because I have a bad cold and E. is also not feeling at her best. Nothing serious. Incidentally I felt that I could not really spend the day in Grasse while you are waiting for the Notes. (We were to leave at 10 A.M. this morning and return very late.) So I phoned them this morning to call it off, but they are going themselves, of course. And tomorrow they take the 7.43 A.M. train out of Nice for Paris. (The same early train that Senya and Molly took from here). Of course we'll both be at the train to see them off.

They are very fine, splendid people. And Lucille is remarkably intelligent and well-informed for her years, and also very observant and thinks for herself. Very good material in her.

Father and mother much impressed by what they saw in Russia, he in particular. She is rather superior to him mentally and also KNOWS to a little extent of the red-terror policies of Stalin. But both speak in the highest terms of conditions there!!!! Of course we discussed things, but what's the use.

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They are very eager to see, and admire you greatly. One of the reasons they go so soon to Paris is to catch you there. I told them you will leave on the 12, but they want to take no chances, in case something happens and you leave a day or so sooner.

They will also go to London, on the 18th, I think or on the 20th, rather. They want to hear Toscanini, I think, who is to play in Paris on the 19th or so. Then to London, so of course they hope to hear you there. ~~xxxx~~

Well, you'll soon see them, I expect. I gave them your address in Paris. Tomorrow morning I'll also give them your London address.

It seems that Ann is probably out of St. Tr. Or may be she is there, but as the Falp. addressed their wire to your name (Colton) so the Post there returned the wire back to Nice, to the H. at their hotel. And the telephone did not answer, which means that Ann was not in at the time, probably she slept at her own place, because they phoned several times and even at 2 A.M.

~~Second bundle received from the Falp.~~

Second bundle imprinted also received: Times Lit. Suppl., F.A.S. etc. This is the FIRST F.A.S. I see since I left St. Tr.

Nothing in the F.A.S. Except that Comrade William Shulman, of Phila. died of an operation. Did you know that seems to have been active for many years in the an. movement in the Radical Library.

Recker is lecturing in and around N.Y. They do not state when he is to start West.

The Falp. asked me about the transl. I told them briefly that R. liked some parts he had read and told me they were fine. Also gave me the right to use my judgment etc. Then he read some chapter in which he thought I used too much judgment and did not like it, in fact was greatly distressed and then I agreed that some other translator do the work. (In fact I had suggested another translator MONTHS before that in order to hasten the work). So the transl. has been turned over to some comrade in Los A. with instructions to make a literal translation. That is all. But you of course may give them details, which I did not care to do.

But I told them of course that R. is one of the finest and best personalities I know.

It is terrible about Mollie. Stretched ligaments are a fearful thing -- you know how long my leg took to get better, and the jaw is of course a hundred times worse. Perhaps Fuller is right. I hope though those tablets will help her. I wish we could do something for her. But what? One is powerless in such matters. I wish I could cheer her up. And you are right that it is bad for her to be all day alone, for the visiting comrades, I am sure, do not help her in any way except to cause work and trouble. It's hell.

I think that Mexico proposition rather promising. Abrams used to be an effective worker and a rather reliable comrade. I don't think he

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can have changed very much in that respect. And if he is interested,
as would seem from your letter, then the thing might prove a go.
Well, let me know the result of your talk with him, which you are
to have today.

I have ONLY one copy of the An-Comm article. I'll send it to you
registered, today. Return it to me when you get copies from Hilly
Desser. It's good to keep on hand.

Sinclair's review I'll return to you when I get time to read it.
Have been occupied with the visitors and neglected some urgent things
and letters.

That's enough for today. It is late already.

All OK here. Love to you from both and be sure
to tell Sonya and Mollie that we send our best love and encouragement.

Affect.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924072

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 7, Paris [to] Nicholas Kopeloff, New York / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 26 x 21 cm.

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Dr Nicholas Kopeloff
Psychiatric Institute & Hospital
722 West 168th Street
New York City.

Dear Nicholas Kopeloff,

Thank you loads for your prompt and friendly reply of Sept 23rd. It found me amidst packing for my departure to England. On previous occasions when I left my little place in St Tropez I had but to shut up the house for the period of my absence and not bother about it until my return. This time a friend of mine, an English woman has taken the little "Villa". So I had to assort all my MSS, notes and vast correspondence to get them out of her way. When I will tell you that I have gathered through the years several thousand letters you will believe me that I had a big job before I left St Tropez. That by way of explanation why I had not replied to your kind letter sooner.

Both my nephews, the husband of my niece and Saxe Commins her brother have kept me informed of the condition of Ruth. Her recovery in so brief a period is really remarkable. I hope Ruth will continue under the fine care she has been getting. Of course, Bob Low is naturally impatient. I can understand his eagerness to have her back again as soon as possible. But it would be a grievous mistake to rush matters. In any event my family and I have reasons to be grateful to your institution. In no other place would Ruth have recovered so rapidly. Will you be good enough to express my deepest appreciation to the physician in charge of Ruth. Perhaps some day he will come to France and to the very beautiful village St Tropez. I will be so happy to reciprocate in a small measure by my hospitality for what he is doing for

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2

my beloved niece.

This invitation also includes you. This not only because of your interest in the case but for so many pleasant memories. And lastly but not least because I am so interested to see you again and learn of your ascendancy to such a high position in the medical profession. I have been cut off from the states for so long it was impossible to keep abreast with all that was happening there in science, art and letters. That's why I had no idea that you besides being a scientist were also an author and that my publishers had also been yours. I hope your experience with Mr Knopf proved more satisfactory than mine. Not that he did not live up to "the letter of the law". He did. But he seems to think that only best sellers deserve the widest possible publicity. He did hardly anything to bring *LIVING MY LIFE* to the attention of the American reading public. You will agree, I am sure that anything by E.G. needed advising more than any other author because of the prejudices that go merrily on in the states. The result was, L.M.L. received no end of gibes. But nothing else. That's why I hope your works met with greater success than mine. By the way, what do your books treat?

I was sorry to learn of the end of your sister. Your mother must feel her loss ~~xxxxxx~~ deeply. Fortunately she has you. Please give her my kindest greetings.

I am leaving for England the 14th of this month. I can be reached there c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20 Beechcroft Court Beechcroft Avenue, London N.W.11.

I am waiting to hear from my nephews about the further progress of Ruth. I hope for the very best now. Thank you so much for your interest. I am sure it must mean a great deal to

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655

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924072

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 7, Paris [to] Nicholas Kopeloff, New York / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 26 × 21 cm.

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3

my niece, it certainly does to me to know that you are at the
institute and that you are interested in her case. I thank you
so much.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023108

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 7, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London? (fragment)] / [author unknown]. — 1 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Published Weekly Since 1877

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Freie Arbeiter Stimme

JEWISH WEEKLY

46 WEST 17th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

7-го ноября, 1935 г.

Дорогой друг Эмма: —

Узнав о том, что октябрьские последние две недели. Поэтому не отбегая сразу на свое место писем от 11-го октября с.г.

Скверно нам, друг сердечный, невесты на Гемелл охоты. Тяжело нашему брату, не только физически, но — в ладу, не стоит скучать.

Очень жаль, что вы, дорогой друг, не в состоянии сейчас писать хотя и редко друг нас, друг Ф. А. Stimme. Хотелось бы знать Ваше мнение о войне, о том, как мы должны относиться к войне между демократической Францией и Германией и гитлеровской.

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657

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 8] Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 1 p. ; 24 x 18 cm.

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Friday, 10 Nov. [1935]

Oh, I just discover that I stupidly forgot to mention in my last letter the first part of the Sanctions. Somehow it came out as a kind of introduction. Well, may be you can use it in some way.

The Halperins just left and I sent you a postal about it. Fine people. I gave Mrs. H. a kiss for you! And the daughter one for you and one for myself! And to Mrs. H. too!

Nothing new. Have to see Nellie. She is selling out her stuff and means to leave this month.

Will write Ann Sedg. about the Now and After.

About my article for the P.A.S. -- I think it is OK. The French hardly read that paper. But in any case, I cannot consider such things when it comes to writing an article for papers OUTSIDE of this country. But I think it is all right anyhow.

Affect.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 9, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].—
5 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris Nov 9th 35.

Dearest Max. I have been in the devils own need these last few days, hence did not write. I don't know just what is the matter with me. Such complete exhaustion I have not known in a long while. I can barely drag myself along. I think one reason is the metro. I get sick to my stomach every time I go into it. Then, the stairs. They leave me completely spent. Perhaps my physical state effect ^{all} me mentally. Anyhow, I felt like hell all week. There is nothing serious so you need not worry about me.

I got your letter and card to day. That is grande news about the Malperines having come to France at last, and having gotten in touch with you and A. I had given up hopes they would come this way. In fact, I was ver. much disappointed not to have had word from Julia Halperine. I was begining to think they were like so many other people, easily carried away for the moment, and easily forgetful of their friends. I will have to apologise for having doubted them.

I wonder what can be the matter with Ann. I have written her several times and have received no reply. She may have gone to Venice to be with Auntie the last few days. Auntie was to leave to day. Also Ann maybe laid up. She really is frail, but tries to overcome it by her mysticism. However, if the Malperines wired me the wire should have been forwarded here. I received nothing so far. I was at the Amexico Thursday and am going again this afternoon. Perhaps mail from St Tropez will be there.

So far, 11,30 A.M. there is no sign from the Malperines.

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5 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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2

Unless they come to Mollies, or have left word from me at the
address where I might find them, I don't know how we will get
together. I have two engagements to day and tomorrow which I
can not very well break, so if the M.s come I will have to squeeze
them in between. I see Soukhemline this afternoon, and I am
taking Fredrickson to dinner. Since he is frightfully hard up I
can not call off the dinner engagement for fear he might think it
is his poverty that makes me break my invitation. He was always
so charming and generous with me I could not hurt him so much. So
I must go. It is the same about tomorrow. Lily Reclus has invited
a number of to ~~have~~ ^{have} café with her, at a café. She has been ill with
heart trouble and it will be her first outing. I have no time to
see her again before I leave. So I must keep the engagement tomo-
row. Then Dolly Stamm has a sort of farewell dinner for me
tomorrow evening at her studio to which Mollie, Sonia, Eve, Mella
and one or two others are invited. That too I can not call off.

Well, I am not leaving Paris until the 14th. So I will have
three days with the Malperine, Monday, Tuesday and Wed. And since
they are coming to London it will give me time to see more of them.
Yes, they are fine people. I should say Julia is the more intell-
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Lucille is a very remarkable girl. If it is not
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books I will be alright. Perhaps it would have been better to
arrange with Ann to always leave the keys of the house with the
Sandström. I did tell her to do so, if she leaves St Tropez for any
length of time. On the other hand, it would not be fair to expect
Ann to leave the keys to what is now her place. It is only that
Sandström could always be depended upon to get things out of
the house when needed. Well, I hope Ann is back and will send me
the Stalin.

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if I could remain near her I would get her well, more than medicine
or anything else she needs absolute rest and quiet. Washing
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Fuller told me that. And I can see when she rests up in the after-
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I am going to the A.E. to book my ticket for the 14th. Perhaps I will find word from the Malperines where they are. I will add a line to let you know if we get together. When I get a few free hours I will write all about my Paris exploits though there is damned little to report. Mollie and Senia send their love. M. feels guilty that she has not written you, but I just told her she must not use the machine too much. Love to Emmy and yourself. I hope her and your condition is not really serious.

A

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662

The Emma Goldman Papers

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5 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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oght not find much
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a little some
accept it next day
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[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 9, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
4 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Paris Nov 9th 35.

Dearest Sam. I have been in the devil's own mood these last few days, hence did not write. I don't know just what is the matter with me. Such complete exhaustion I have not known in a long while. I can barely drag myself along. I think one reason is the metro. I get sick to my stomach every time I go into it. Then the stairs. They leave me completely spent. Perhaps my physical state affects me mentally. Anyhow I felt like hell all week. There is nothing serious so you need not worry about me.

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2

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667

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870922150

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 9, Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
1 p.; 27 x 21 cm.
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Nice, Sat., Nov. 9th, 35

Dear, nothing specially new, but I wanted just to sum this morning to you:

Notes on Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler sent to you.

Notes (with Introduction) on Sanctions also sent to you.

The check on Los Angeles also sent. (You write to check
was held. OK.)

I hope all that was received OK.

Now, before I forget: Nelly told me you know about those rings she had pawned
in London. They are worth a good deal, she says, and her pawnticket cost her
100 pound sterling. That is, she received that sum when she pawned the rings.

She thinks it would be a great help to her if she could sell the pawnticket,
for 100 pounds. The party who buys it could then get the rings for himself.

Now, she knows that the Halperins were here. She therefore wants me to ask
you whether they would be likely to be interested in the matter. She wants
you to write me or to her about this. If they would be interested, she would
send you the pawnticket (registered, of course, or even insured). The Halperins
could take a look at the rings when they are in London, though Nelly said they
would have to pay something, about 2 or 3 dollars, I think she said, to look
at those rings. (I suppose it is for the trouble of the pawnbroker to show
these rings. The matter would have to go through the hands of Nelly's soli-
citor in London, I assume.

So let me know, dear, or write to Nelly, what you think of it in re the Halperins.

Have answered all your letters and nothing more to add at present. No mail
came yet this morning, but if anything comes from you, will add a line.

This is just a greeting. By this time you have probably seen the Halperins.
They were really greatly worried not being able to get in touch with you in
St.Tr. and they had even decided to go to San Raphael and St.Tr. to investigate.
Then they happened to get my address at Amexco, and about that I have already
written you.

Nelly is selling her things out, considerably, though at very low prices, na-
turally. Today Emmy is putting in an ad for her for more things. Nelly hopes
to be able to go end of this month, if she will have enough money, and she
will go from Nice per Italian boat, because she has so many suitcases etc
to take that it would cost a fortune to go via Havre or Cherbourg.

I wonder how Pierre Kropotkin looks. Must be a big girl now, and is she in
any way radical and bright? And Mme Tcherkesoff and Lilly? If you saw them,
write me about them.

It is terrible about Mollie. Have not yet gotten to it, but will write her
soon.

Affect.

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Paris Nov 11th 35.

Dearest Sam, I got your letter with introductory notes to sanction yesterday and your and Emma's letters, hers of Friday and your short one of Saturday, this morning. I did not know mail is delivered to day and not wanting to keep you waiting for news until tomorrow I mailed my letter to you Saturday EXPRESS. I hope it reached you.

First, about the Halperines. You know the story ~~about~~ about the man who traveled half the earth. Then was killed by a brick of the roof of his own house. It was not quite so tragic with the Halperines though it came nearly being so with Julia. Imagine coming out safely from Russia, and fasciate Italy and then having ones nose broken and being bruised up by ones own baggage on a damned French train. That's what happened to Julia. The train suddenly gave a ~~xxxxxx~~ violent jerk and the bags from on top fell on Julia. At first it was thought she had sustained ~~severe~~ grave injury, but when they reached here and got a surgeon it was discovered that her nose bridge was broken. She was of course badly bruised and she received a nervous shock. Anyhow, she had a narrow escape, but she will not be able to get about too much. We got in touch with each other late Saturday and yesterday I spent three hours with them in their hotel which is the Grande, near the Opera. Better write than a line. I know they will appreciate it.

I don't know what they told you about Russia but I am sure it is certainly nothing flattering, or enthusiastic. True, they praise some of the achievements but on the whole they come out very much depressed from the poverty, the raggedness and the filth, not to speak of the inefficiency that continues as

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8

before. another thing that appalled them was the fetish worship of Stalin and Lenin. Of course, Julia tells the people she met expressed contentment. They said "we have more than we had in the past". That may well be true. But on the other hand they saw only people who would and could not afford to say anything else. You see dear, the Halerminees are very kind and generous folk, but they have no definite opinions of their own, so it maybe that since their talk with you their enthusiasm became dampened. Anyhow, I certainly did not get the impression that they were carried away by the miracle that is Russia. In fact, Aaron said he told the officials frankly that the unemployed in America live better than the Russians who earn thousand rubbles a month. why, they have to pay 250 rubbles for a pair of shoes. Anyhow, after your talk and mine there will not be much left of the impressions our friends got in Russia.

However, they are lovely people and I am very fond of them. Now more than ever because they are so enamored with you. Of course they don't know you as well as I. You have a trick of your own to fascinate people. Such a false alarm as you are. But I am delighted that it should be true. I can come in on your glory. For you know the saying "tell me who your friends are and I will tell you your own worth. The glamour you spread shines also on me. So I am fonder of the Halerminees than ever. Lucille is a case apart. She is a very rare creature if only life and family adherence will not stifle that. For you know Jewish parents, the kinder and more devoted they are the greater the danger for the development of their children. For instance, Lucille is dying to go to school here Aaron would not think of it. He said "I think it a tragedy for families to be torn apart. Hast Du the alte Geschichte.

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3

Dear, you know how willingly I would help Nellie. But it is impossible to brach the rings to the Halperines. They would be shocked I am sure to find me having any dealings with such matters. If at least they had met Nellie, would know about her and her condition. But just out a clear sky to speak about pawn tickets and rings. No, I can't do it. I know you will understand and I will be very sorry if Nellie does not. If it were ran star that would be another matter. she likes me for myself and not for my ideas. The Halperines see both in you and me great idealists and any suggestion of adelki on my part would certainly dampen their ardour. I don't want this to happen.

I have spoken to them about Nellie and Senia and they have invited our kids to luncheon to day. After we will return to the volunteers so they can see Senia's work. Both Aaron and Julia asked me to be their guest until I leave. I can't do that because I must see our other friends. But I will be with them as much as I can. And I know of their coming I should have postponed my departure for London until next Monday. There is really no need of my getting to London now. Nothing important is waiting there for me. But I have ordered my ticket and I have written the comrades that I am coming the 13th. So I will leave then. I will see the Halperines in London a few days.

I forgot to let you know that I have received the Communist MSS. Yes, I will return it when I get a copy from Lilly.

Now say for Nellie's letter. I will not be able to write her from here. But I will from London. I only have three days more and ever so many people to see. Just now Fanny, Senia's girl came down to say the Kayrovitches want me to come to them.

It is impossible. Then there is Suzanne whose telephone Soukhom line gave me Saturday. I must at least call her up. Then Angela. And mainly now the Halperines whom I want to spend whatever time I have. Anyway, I leave at 10, 17 Thursday, arriving in London 6, 12 in the evening same day. Love to both of you.

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with the Halperines though it came nearly being so with Julia.
Imagine coming out safely from Russia, and fascist Italy and then
having ones nose broken and being bruised up by ones own baggage
on a damned French train. That's what happened to Julia. The train
train suddenly gave a ~~very violent~~ violent jerk and the bags from
top fell on Julia. At first it was thought she had sustained
~~some~~ grave injury. But when they reached here and got a surgeon
it was discovered that her nose bridge was broken. She was of
course badly bruised and she received a nervous shock. Anyhow
she had a narrow escape. But she will not be able to get about
too much. We got in touch with each other late Saturday and yesterday
I spent three hours with them in their hotel which is the
Grande, near the Opera. Better write them a line. I know they will
appreciate it.

I don't know what they told you about Russia but
what they told me is certainly nothing flattering, or enthusiastic.
True, they praise some of the achievements but on the whole
they came out very much depressed from the poverty, the raggedness
and the filth not to speak of the inefficiency that continues as

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 11, Paris [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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B

before. Another thing that appalled them was the fetish worship of Stalin and Lenin. Of course, Julia tells the people she met expressed contentment. They said "we have more than we had in the past". That may well be true. But on the other hand they saw only people who would and could not afford to say anything else. You see daer, the Malermians are very kind and generous folk, but they have no definite opinions of their own, so it maybe that since their talk with you their enthusiasm became dampened. Anyhow, I certainly did not get the impression that they were carried away by the miracle that is Russia. In fact Aaron said he told the officials frankly that the unemployed in America live better than the Russians who earn thousand rubbles a month. Why, they have to pay 260 rubbles for a pair of shoes. Anyhow, after your talk and mine there will not be much left of the impressions our friends got in Russia.

However they are lovely people and I am very fond of them. Now more than ever because they are so enamored with you. Of course they don't know you as well as I. You have a trick of your own to fascinate people. Such a false alarm as you are. But I am delighted that it should be thus. I can come in on your glory. For you know the sayin "tell me who your friends are and I will tell you your own worth. The glamour you spread shine also on me. So I am fonder of the Malermians than ever. Lucille is a case apart. She is a very rare creature if only life and family adherence will not stifle that. For you know Jewish parents, the kinder and more devoted they are the greater the danger for the development. For instance, Lucille is dying to go to school here Aaron would not think of it. He said "I think it a tragedy for families to be torn apart. Da hast Du the alte Geschichte.

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Dear, you know how willingly I would help Nellie. But it is impossible to brack the rings to the Halperines. They would be shocked I am sure to find me having any dealings with such matters. If at least they had met Nellie, would know about her and her condition. But just out a clear sky to speak about pawn tickets and rings. No, I can't do it. I know you will understand and I will be very sorry if Nellie does not. If it were Fan Star that would be another matter. She likes me for myself and not for my ideas. The Halperines see both in you and me great idealists and any suggestion of edelki on my part would certainly dampen their ardour. I don't want this to happen.

I have spoken to them about Mollie and Benia and they have invited our kids to luncheon to day. After we will return to rue Volontaires so they can see Benias work. Both Maorn and Julia asked me to be their guest until I leave. I can't do that because I must see our other friends. But I will be with them as much as I can. Had I known of their coming I should have postponed my departure for London until next Monday. There is really no need of my getting to London now. Nothing important is waiting there for me. But I have ordered my ticket and I have written the comrades that I am coming the 14th. So I will leave to en. I will see the Halperines in London a few days.

I forgot to let you know that I have received the Communist MSS. Yes, I will return it when I get a copy from Willy.

Than Emmy for your letter. I will not be able to write her from here. But I will from London. I only have three days more and over so many people to see. Just now Fanhy, Benias girl came down to say the Kayrovitches want me to come to them.

It is impossible. Then there is Suzanne whose telephone Soukhon line gave me Saturday. I must at least call her up. Then Angelci. And mainly now the Halperines whom I want to spend whatever time I have. Anyway, I leave at 10, 17 Thursday, arriving in London 6, 12 in the evening same day. Love to both of you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029415

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 11, Pittsburgh, Pa. [to] Emma [Goldman, Paris] / Grace K[immerling] W[ellington]. — 3 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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November 11, 1935
1035 Ringgold, Crafton Heights,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

4519

Dearest Emma-

It seems most appropriate that I should write you upon this date - the date that a long, long time ago I heard you lecture for the first time- and your words filled my heart with fire- my eyes with tears..... How good it would seem to hear your beautiful voice right now.....

I have been so wretched all these long months since your departure from our shores; and pain has a way of making one so very much the animal- so greatly aware of the physical, that for the time, all one's dreams and brave hopes become obscured in a sort of red mist. For months I was confined to my room after two separate relapses- unable to see anyone other than our immediate household. During one of my better periods my little niece died suddenly, following an operation for tonsils. She died the same day she was operated upon- seven years old. She lived the larger portion of her short life with Alex and myself, and to us she represented what Stella was and is, to you..... The shock was very terrible..... I can't yet quite believe that so awful a thing has really happened to us. We had a hard time getting the money together with which to provide her dear little body with a decent burial - for the undertaker threatened to send her to the morgue if the money wasn't there by a certain hour.. My brothers had been out of work for over three years- and none of them had a penny....and the county contributes \$20.00 towards the burial of the loved ones of the poor! A month after the funeral Alex's plant shut down for two months.... But all this is such an old, old story- the misery and uncertainty of the worker- and one dare not make of it too much of a personal sorrow, since it belongs to us all.....

Right now I am ~~again~~ able to be about again, and am sure that this time I'll be able to make the grade with out further interruptions. For the most part I am free from pain, and that in itself is such wonderful thing. Alex is working, and I even got several checks in for some free lance movie criticism I have attempted ~~to~~ lately. I would like to get a column in one of the newspapers some time for such work- though it would pay somewhat less than free lance work, it would be far more certain.

I have worried and wondered about you and Sasha. I want to find out just what has been done in the way of raising funds as soon as I am able to get into Pittsburgh.

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 11, Pittsburgh, Pa. [to] Emma [Goldman, Paris] / Grace K[immerling] W[ellington]. — 3 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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4520

December the 3rd - and I hope that this time I will complete this letter to you. Got a badly infected ear in the interim - my own carelessness, I am sure. It "broke" three times - and Heavens, was it painful! You know how it is - when one is run down, every thing comes one's way..... the infection was so deep, it took a long time to eventually conquer it - my whole head was swollen for weeks.....

Was in town yesterday; saw Jake, and he said nothing had ever been done in Pittsburgh - that he had intended calling a meeting, but that for one reason and an other, had never yet done so. I told him that I would see individuals personally within the next two weeks. Frankly, the meeting idea does not appeal to me - not that I would have put anything in any one's way who wished to call a meeting, of course.....but you know those affairs seem to degenerate into a sort of ice-cream social too often. He said that the MSS which Sasha had been doing for Rocker had been removed from his (Sasha's) hands - but didn't know the reason. I am very much worried - I hope no one has hurt Sasha in any way. That would be TOO much! A meeting was held for Rocker while he was here recently, at Albern's house (you will remember the meeting there when you were in Pittsburgh last) and they collected \$23.00 for Rocker. Well, \$23.00 from about 35 people seems to me to be a damned insulting sort of thing - especially when said people have been especially invited because of their sympathy towards a cause as well as their ability to contribute.

Two anthology groups got in touch with me recently. One wants two pages of poetry - the other three pages. Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lola Ridge etc are appearing in the one anthology - and a few rather well known poets in the other one, also. I am to receive a royalty (which will probably never materialize) but what I wanted to mention, was that the one group selected the first poem I wrote for you ~~for~~ as one of the poems they wanted. They make their own selections, you know, from the various magazines publishing one's stuff. A newspaper-clipping bureau has asked me to engage their services, which is really comical in view of fact that outside of my published work, I am certain that my name has never been mentioned more than a dozen times in any way in print.....

Alex was in town for several weeks writing a technical booklet for his company. Since they failed to understand the amount of research it involved, he had to use his evenings on the work as well. Mass production in all things, seems to be the motto. But now he is back in that dreary, miserably cold little town.. and I miss him horribly. If it were not for the fact that he would be completely cut off from all contact with the city - and therefore lose any possible chance of ever obtaining work elsewhere, we move up to that godawful place, rather than endure this separation which is so painful to both of us..... I don't know what I would have done if Alex hadn't been here to treat my ear several times each day.

I am afraid to ask you about your book - afraid that you have been wretched and harrassed with many cares. I had hoped for a little while that things were going to break decently with us, and that it might be possible to do something besides say how sorry I am - still, I can't give up hope - I refuse to believe that we will always be struggling so frantically with petty living....futilely

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striving to make some of the really worthwhile gestures of life—

Always, dear, wonderful Emma,

4521

Your loving,

Love, Jackson

Grace

P.S. Aunt F's sends best greetings.
She has had 5 weeks' work in the
last 6 months — but hopes that
with the new year her team will
get to work on a Heins project.
GKW

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 12 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
1 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.
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Nov. 12 A.M.

Nothing new here. What have you arranged with

Abrams, if anything? Yes, it would be OK if

he would arrange to have Rudolf come there

first. Of course I have taken note long ago

that h. says nothing about R. Sure, as you say, he has a right to choose his subject, but I think that the matter of R. and what is being done there is such a vital matter of universal effect that to deliberately AVOID speaking on it cannot be justified on any grounds. At least I cannot justify it, for all my respect for R.R. A public person and speaker has certain responsibilities to his audiences and to the public in general. And one of these responsibilities is to denounce injustice wherever found, particularly when it parades in the garb of revolution. In plain English, I think it is the duty of a public person to speak out. If he would not lecture at all, then OK. But he does lecture and tries to educate --- and what is more important than to enlighten the masses on the greatest lie of our age?

Well, dear, this is just a greeting, or was to be.

So, enough for today. I do hope you will live things up there.

Affect. S

Greeting to the Goldofskys. Tell them I have by no means forgotten them, nor her rosy cheeks in Russia, which were the great wonder to me, everything considered. It was the wonder of YOUTH, of course.

Love, S

Dear, just mailed you a postal to Paris, but may be it will not reach you on time.

Nothing special, except that I am wondering whether you managed to get in touch with the Halperins. There was nothing from you today, but in your last letter, of the 9th, you told me that you could not get in touch with them.

Very strange, for they were to look you up at once. I hope nothing happened to them. Must be some good reason for their failure to find you or write to you, since they were very eager to meet you.

I sent them another card, giving both your Paris and your London address. But now it will be too late for them to look you up in Paris. Then they will surely hunt you up in London. In the meantime you could write them c/o American Express, Paris, for they intend to stay there till the 20th, I believe.

I hope you are feeling better, dear, than you did in Paris. May be it was due to the bad weather. Here too it has been pouring for several days, though today it is brighter, yet a bit grey.

This is only a greeting which I hope you will find on your arrival in London.

I wonder also whether you got a reply and the book from Ann S. I wrote her several notes, but no reply. May be she is ill.

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[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, Paris] / [Alexander Berkman].—
1 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Nice, Nov. 14th, 35

Dear, this is about the time you are leaving for London. Good luck to you, and as you're not going first class, I hope no such accident as happened to Julia Halperin will come your way.

Seriously speaking, it is unheard of about that accident. Even supposing some sudden obstruction on the road and a heavy shock, if the places there for baggage were properly arranged, such an accident would not happen.

The H. did have a lot of luggage and some of it heavy and large. Yet with all that, one piece, a heavy one, must have fallen ~~down~~ off from the top. The place was probably too small to hold the things securely. Anyhow, it was an awful thing, and I really had a shock to read about it in your letter of the 11th.

The previous letter, your special, was also received and answered, though briefly. I don't know whether it reached you O.K. in Paris yet.

Nothing new here and everything O.K. It's been rather bad weather lately and also raining today. Every day, really. I hope you will have better weather in London, though this is only a pious wish, for I fear it can't be better there than here.

No word from Ann, though I have written her ~~many~~ three times. Must be ill. But what can I do? I'll drop a line to the Sandstr. to find out if anything in the matter. I wonder whether you have heard from her.

Have also written you to London already, o/o Mrs. Goldofsky, of course.

Well, I guess you will be busy there, and I hope you will have no long stairs to climb to the or back from the subway. I don't know how the subway is built in London. Hope they have those escalators.

The Halperins (they spell it without an e after the n). They were ~~most~~ enthusiastic when they first came to see me. Told me all the wonders and that the people are not only seen, satisfied, but use the ~~many~~ had talked to all kinds of people, in Russian, etc., etc. Mr. Halp. does speak a very good Russian. Anyhow, I talked to them of course and may be they changed their minds a bit, because I showed them the REAL significance of the Bolshevik policies and example, whether they build subways or not.

Well, dear, I do hope you will be able to manage something in London. And I'm anxious to hear what interviews you can secure.

It is O.K. about Nellie. I'll tell her. -- by the way, I wonder if one could buy in London a little alcohol lamp for our coffee machine. It has no lamp, you know. Otherwise it is all right, but I don't want to have any dealings with Germany, otherwise I could get a lamp from the people who sell those coffee machines in Berlin. May be the big places in London like Selfridge, has such alcohol lamps. It would really be strange if they didn't have it. If you can get one, see that it fits exactly; that is, it should be exactly the same size as the lamp of your coffee machine. Particularly the height should be the same.

Greet the Goldofskys and the comrades from me.

Affect. 

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916103

[Letter, 1935 Nov.? 15? Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 8 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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10344

Dearest Emma:

I got your beautiful letter yesterday. My wonder
wonderful sweet heart, my Goddess, my precious mother, my
adorable woman, with the way your words of love kindled me,
it is almost fortunate for you that you were not by some
magic, transported here at that moment. The rush I would have
made to you and the crushing embrace I would have given you
would have been something to survive. I could devour you.
But my Goddess can always hold me within bounds and a love
both the subtlest and the wildest carresses. To carry ss you
through an eternity, my own. Train on again and beyond
worlds and beyond limits, I love you.

I spent an agreeable short time at the
Dunes with Mary enjoying the simple, out-of-door life there
and then, back to the old life of illness and futility which
save for the escape of reading is devoid of achievement or
pleasure or any interest to speak of. That ever talents
I have do not seem to find place in the scheme of things
and for all practical purposes, I do not exist at the present
moment. I am glad to be free from the government. My
hatred of government and bureaucracy and authority was, if possible, increased by my work with it. Still, at the
same time, I would like to have kept the job if Mrs. Neufiel
organization could have remained as it was, without political
interference which eventually killed it. Mrs. V. being one
who votes with the Whigs and dines with the Tories got
as promotion but the project of educating the
men in the shelters is extinct. I do not say that by way
of sarcasm or to depreciate my former boss from whom I had
nothing but kindness and fair dealing. She did not desert
the project. The politicians pushed it from under her and
she could do nothing to save it. She is a cool, somewhat
calculating but largely generous Epicurean. She is
completely aware of her attitudes and actions, sincere in
being free from pretense, determined to get the comforts
and amenities of life and some times a bit regretful about
not being a real participant in the radicalism in which she
believes. All of this to my mind, issues to the individual
and the revolution is a privilege, not a duty. To think
otherwise would, to me, be a betrayal of the complete
individual expression in which I believe.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 15? Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 8 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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I left because I was glad to be saved from grove lingron
my knees before ancase -worker and from lie s to make my
my self de stit ut e . I do not miss the work I was doing
but I miss not doing some thing re munerative . Mary's
im prove me nt in s tatus is an improve ment but does not
free us from financial worry and the work is terribly hard.
Even if this were not so, my pride and my overflowing
energy would demand expression and function and outlet.
As it is, my life is like that of an invalid or a
vegetable. I live like a prisoner upon dreams. But let me
forgive me God for talking to you about my complaints and
my mixed-up s . You have many more troubles of your own.
Besides, self pity is never the pity of any one else
is dreadful. It is only that you are so easy to talk to.
Really, I am quite alright and have tendency to grouse
over nothing. Life does not exist. The moral victory of
the individual is the one human concept which can transcend
all of life's blows or frustrations .

I was enchanted with your comments
on the conference and the colony. No, the conference did
not dampen my revolutionary ardor, may have increased it.
I am always at my best as a minority.. To stand alone gives
me a strength which a favorable situation would make us lose
in abeyance . I have seen some revolutionists, serious
ones to my mind, of which more later but that is not one of
the m. That people do in a given situation never affects
me much . I am always a bit surprised when they act in
intelligently. In any situation or any movement, human
frailty and confusion of thinking are factors which
allow for in advance as part of the picture . As I
expect them, they do not bother me . I was rather shocked by
the softness of our comrades at the conference but what
worried me most was the fear of its effect upon the
hand-full of ardent young people . But I think young people wish

people have away of refusing to be crushed by their parent
and standing up without fear or sentiment for a con
conviction. . The same young comrades stood their ground
with wit and intelligence and courage and were not at all
baffled by age or dignity. I was delighted by your remark
about the Talmudism of some of our Jewish comrades and
recognize the trait. With every strong human trait goes
some weakness and this tendency nullifies the
negligible importance goes with their love of discussion
and ideas one of the very traits which make some an
admire the man and love their company.

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10346

3.

Dearest, I have had the strangest interruption in this letter. I started it the day I got yours. Then, I suddenly went out with some friends and I have been in other people's houses almost ever since. I seem to be gyping these days but I must pick up the scattered forces of my life and do something with them. Anyway, I feel refreshed and improved. Mother insisted that I should start another letter to you but I wanted you to see this one that you might know I had started it right away. I remember, however, exactly where I left off without having anyone read the last word for me. We were talking about the conference and our Jewish comrades. If we were placed in a country without Jews, I would die of loneliness. It is the companionship of Jewish radicals that keep me up and make a life possible to me. The thing that hurt me most at the conference was not the technical quibbling but the smothering of the gallant young people who wanted to infuse the occasion with their enthusiasm. To my mind, that youthful enthusiasm, when we can find it, should be encouraged above everything else. These young people stood their ground well though they were not burdened with reverence. You mentioned Yelenski as representing some of the complexes you spoke of but said he is a good comrade. I agree with you. I appreciate Yelenski and have warm regard for him. Behind his tendency for emphasizing the important issues and unswerving idealism and his tirades into bigotry. He is absolutely dependable and when difficult or tiresome work is to be done, he is always forward ready to take the worst of it. If it were not for the plays and Yelenski, even the semblance of a movement we have here would not exist. I had an amusing experience with him at the colony. One of the comrades with whom I went out there had a good-sized bottle of whiskey. I had had three or four but was not affected. As soon as I got established on a front porch here, this comrade poured me a small cup full of whiskey and you know how I enjoyed it. Then, Yelenski who happened to be on hand confiscated the bottle. He said I had to lecture that evening and he did not want me going under. The amusing part is that I have never cracked up at a meeting, that I know how much I can take and that underneath a show of wild frivolity, I have a deep sense of responsibility and almost self-casting feeling about anything that pertains to the movement. I probably would not have taken any more booze. There was no danger. However, I understood Yelenski. For me to insist upon my rights would have simply given him a scandalized feeling that I did not have the movement at heart. It, the booze meant nothing at all to me. I made a heroic struggle off the whole business. The bottle became a fantastic play-thing of conversation for everyone.

Just before I got your last letter, Sasha's article on Wakhno arrived and I enjoyed a very moment of it. I passed it around among the comrades. Did you want me to do that? Do you want the article back? I was dissatisfied by the article of Harper's. Certainly, the criticism that the beautiful outburst has not passed you is very right.

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[Letter, 1935 Nov. 7 157 Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 8 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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4.

4.

I seemed to have botched the last two lines on the last page. I was saying that the editor of Harper's is an imbecile to say that the style is outmoded. The best seller list of any year proves that beautiful writing has not passed out. The more fluent style is alright. I like it. After all, it comes from "Lottire" and from Boccaccio before him and Terentius before that but the none re adssuch writers as Luella nowys, he writes in beautiful word mosaics. In a little magazine the "Writers' Digest", which consists of trade advice to writers, I remember reading that it is safe to submit radical ideas on sex or religion to Harper's if they are toned down in expression but that anything which implies a threat to the social and economic status quo is rejected. Therefore, I think that the editor's criticism was a refusal for his loss of liberalism. It is true that some short stories I read recently in book form were rejected by several magazines on the ground that they were above the standards of their readers. But Asha's article is raw and human as well as beautiful. The article is a little beyond ordinary magazine length but that might not matter. I suggest that he try the Forum or Cribber's. These magazines are more open to unorthodox economic ideas than Harper's and they are not closed with a Bolshevik padlock as are the Nation and the New Republic. Would you believe that a young friend of mine sent something to the New Republic which contained some incidental criticism of the Communists and the editor told him that his article showed the spirit of social fascism, one of the terms used by the Vatican to imply heresy. As hard as I write more. He is a glorious writer and the loss would be our sorrow more than his if he does not. "My should" the do that book on Bakunin that I thought of doing. He is in the place and in the position to conduct the research and it would be a real book if he did it instead of myself. I would far rather have him do it than myself. I can't tell you how important it seems to me that he should write more. On the other hand, of course, he must take it easy. No one in the world more deserves the ease and enjoyment of life. If it wasn't for this god-damned handicap of mine, I could move quickly and accurately. I would go to New York and get into with the right sort of sea-faring men and be too easy for words. A few hundred dollars would do the rest. We would have Asha and his lady over in Canada before the stupid authorities knew what happened. The political wine would never find it out and he would be secure from the European war. That danger to him is what worries me dreadfully just that present as I am sure it does you. Just what will happen between Italian brigandage and British hypocracy no one can predict. I am inclined to think that the danger will blow over this time but I know that my opinion is just a crude guess.

is in the I. W. M. - Please don't let those Bolsheviks have any trouble
they If all the Anarchists in the world - I don't know what you think

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5.

10340

Dearest, this is terrible. I got a second start on my letter, then ran out of type-writing paper and before I had time to get a new supply, was away from home again. I have been gypsying during most of the month of October, scarcely home. I must get down to something and have plans which I will tell you later but in the meantime, I have to run away from reality, from the world which is so different from the way you and I would have made it. I would start another letter but I am determined to send you this one because it was started the day I got yours and has in it the closeness of you which your letter brought me like an embrace. In the next few days, I am writing you another long letter with most of the things I had intended to put in this, for instance the discussion of a half dozen books I read within a week or two, a couple of months ago.

Then I left go off, I was saying after having asked you what was the trouble with the "W. M. M." that there are a few of us who never would go Bolshevik. I was telling you that recently, at a social gathering, a charming lady of Marxist persuasion told me I belonged in their movement and could do much, etc. etc. She said though that after some of the things I have done, I would find it hard to be admitted to the party. I said; my dear lady, one of these days, I will be marching in the vanguard of a Communist parade but on that day, the parade will be somewhat hampered because it will be raining potatoes.

The fact is that in my spiritual rebirth, I got Anarchism with my mother's milk and I simply breathe it. To me, when I speak to a child or a friend, there is always present the Anarchist approach to human relations, something that makes life more worth living. I become increasingly pessimistic though, my darling. The activity which your glorious presence galvanized in the comrades and which in my poor way, I tried to keep up and there are those here who have done far more than I, has subsided, is vanishing more and more, at least, in these parts. Our south side group has not begun to function yet this season. The younger people are working evenings or scattered or indifferent. Whether any useful purpose can be served by simply having the older comrades come over from the west side once a week to constitute another group I do not know. We might start some sort of educational and discussion group which might be useful later. I have something like that in mind. My real interest though, my heart interest is in the masses, in working people whom I prefer even to the intellectuals. I am in no position to reach them but will never cease to hope. The workers are confused, horribly confused by every jingo messiah including the Moscow gang. Is what I heard time, that the vile Bolsheviks have given our comrade Petrucci over to the Italian government?

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916103

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 15? Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 8 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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10349

61. -

I heard Professor Froeger who is not unfriendly to them say that they are selling war material to Italy which Greek Communist workers in Athens refused to load on board the ship. If they have actually given up Comrade Petrini to the Italians, it seems to me that they are being betrayed off the revolution completely in a way which none of them seem to have.

Speaking of Professor Froeger, the real debate recently at the University between him and an Italian fascist chosen by the Italian consul representative here. Froeger is a left-wing Socialist. He was not brought into last spring's farcical trial of the professors because his membership in the Socialist Party made his position too definite. You see, the other ones were not members of any party and it was easier to fix vague charges of Communism on them. Thumann was the only one really active with the Communists and you will remember he folded up like a tent. Anyway, Froeger was not in it. They would have had plenty to talk about if he had been. He is a solid. He is another with courage like Love with unflinching courage. In the debate with the Italian, he came out against all capitalist war, criticized the Russian position, and maintained that the world revolution was the only solution. I must get closer to him. He is already on good terms with the "I. W. O." and I think would help us. He is not a Socialist politician or does not seem so to me. After the debate, three minute discussions were allowed from the audience. Froeger went into the Italian fascist with a will.

His main points had been that Italy wants to civilize Ethiopia and that fascism is a purification of life, as seeking for something beyond the material, a spiritual philosophy to do God's will and prepare for some day. I said, It is interesting that the Ethiopians are not to be allowed to civilize themselves but are to be civilized by the fascists who have substituted the cannibalism of nations for the cannibalism of the individual. The new day is to be prepared by the fascists

and they prepare for it by imprisoning professors, suppressing all freedom of thought, and telling the women to breed for the army. From the dawn of history, every cruelty, every social injustice, every oppression has been excused by reference to higher powers, to a pure life to the spiritual as against the material. This has been so from the tossing of helpless victims into the burning belly of Moloch to the present military mass

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7.

I had a delightful experience yesterday. Paul Robeson's anguished concert there. It was an audience from the stage that any one interested might come to a reception given for him at the Negro Club about the same time Mary and I went. I only talked to him for a few seconds in the receiving line. I said to him, my great friend and the Asher Emma Goldman has often spoken to me of you. He seemed delighted to hear you spoken of. He said, "Oh yes, I know Emma very well. I must go to see her next year." I said to him, you are a symbol of a new wage, a new war, and a new free world. He said, "Thank you for feeling that way. I'm sure that world will come." His speaking voice is almost as beautiful as his singing voice. He made a short but magnificent speech at the reception. He said that the colored race needs all the you can get to European technique and European science but that they have much to give Europe in art and philosophy. He said that surely some thing is lacking, something is wrong when Italy which is the cradle of European civilization with all its tradition of Greek and Roman culture is applying the best of modern scientific knowledge to exploit and crush awake the people.

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8.

He said that he has become acquainted with an African language which is as subtle as any European language; that he has found a high degree of musical development in Africa; that he found there a mighty saga of the Fuluss which is as great as the "Nibbelungen Lied", and which an African composer could develop into something as great as the operas of Wagner. He advised the Negroes to rediscover their African sources and develop a great culture for the sake of humanity.

To me, Paul Robeson in his life and in his art, is one of the great, redeeming figures of the age.

I met a lot of delightful Negro people at the club. They treated me with great courtesy, a bit too much courtesy to please me, more than a rebel like myself needs. They were a bit deferential and I did not want that. I wanted to be one of them. I told them that at times, I am a little ashamed of being white. I hope I can establish connections among them.

My own darling Emma, I have so much to say to you that if I tried to say it now, this letter never would get mailed. Not her long one will follow it shortly. It was not that I did not think of you and speak of you but I simply was not home most of the time. I was vagabonding about. I am really a hopeless person. I will send this letter now my heart's own and save the tons of conversation with you I have in mind for the next.

Again and again and again and again and I'm ever tired of saying it;

Devine women, I love you.

Frank.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022030

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 16, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 7 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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London Nov 16th 35.

My Dear. Yesterday I sent you ~~another~~ letter by air mail asking you to wire ~~Snatilians~~ address to Mollie. In the evening when I looked over some of my papers, hurriedly thrown together in Paris, I found the ~~Snatilian~~ letter to Mollie. So I sent it to her. She will probably get it before your wire. I am sorry of the mixup. As usual, I was so rushed the last day in Paris I did not get a moment to go over accumulated stuff before packing them away. So I just threw them into the suitcase cases in a haphazard way. And Mollie's letter from ~~Snatilian~~ got mixed up between them.

You know how it is when one comes to a city after a long absence. At first I could find no one in Paris I cared to see. Then the last week all sorts of people propped up. Of course I wanted to be with the Malperines as much as possible. And that took time. Anyhow, I was as busy as a bee the last days. Not that I met anybody so very interesting, except Doublin, the author of ~~ALEXANDER PLATZ~~. If I had time I should have seen more of him. He is a charming man, with a fine sense of humor and well informed of ~~German~~ affairs. But I could only be two hours. I may see him again on my return to Paris. I wanted to meet Jacob as well. But there was no time left. Soukhomline was also interesting on the French situation. He is coming to Nice so you will get his observation. But I only saw him for an hour and Suzanne not at all. I just could not manage to even call her up. I was particularly busy with Angelica. When I left she did not yet know when or by what line she is going. Never met anyone more helpless in worldly everyday affairs as she is. If I have to return to P. after the new year and live

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Well, my arrival in London was anything but pleasant. To save fifty francs I foolishly went third class on the boat. The crossing was the roughest I ever experienced and it was bit bitterly cold and damp on the boat. The result was a night of chills that shook me from head to foot and a wretched day yesterday. In fact, I thought I am in for a heavy cold, but a hot bath, hot water bottle, and asperine sort of put me back on my feet though I am still very much under the weather. Not that it is cold outside. Its mild, but the British mild climate is worse than rigid cold and icy weather. It is so penetrating you just feel the dampness in every joint and nerve. Of course there is no central heating. The K Apt has one ~~stove~~ stove in the sitting room and small electric heaters in the rest. Now Liza can support the chill half dressed with the windows wide open I do not understand. But she like all the people living long in England have become hardened *by* the climate.

My room is about half the size of yours in non spirit, not larger than the boudoire. I feel as in a cell. Its advantage is that it can easily be kept warm. In addition is the warm hospitality of the Holdofskys that makes one adjust oneself easily to almost any inconvenience. No, Liza no longer has her rosy cheeks. She is very pale, but she still has her sparkling eyes and she has retained a beautiful figure. She received me with the same sweet thoughtfulness as Stella would, or any of my own. I can't tell you how much this means to me in this forbidding and unfriendly city.

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Auntie is here and called me up yesterday. she is doing everything to rouse the British intelligentsia, god save the mark, to rouse their interest in a U. The idea of them having ignored A.G. She has already arranged a party for wed to meet me, and she has told them they must go to hear me. Our dear Auntie does not know that I had scores of parties when I was here before. And that was as far as it went. the British intelligentsia is gone lookoo on Russia, hence they have no interest in me. sure, if I too could swim with the muddy stream I'd have a most successful visit here. But as I can't and won't, dear Auntie's efforts are so much waste of time. but I am willing she should learn through experience, so I will go to her party. I myself have no illusions about its worth.

Speaking of Russia, I think you are a little too harsh with Rudolf. you probably forgot that he was the first almost who wrote and spoke against Russia when we were still uncertain in our stand. he was the one who refused to attend the Red Trade Union congress because as he said he could not consistently accept hospitality of a government that persecutes and imprisons his comrades. And he has never changed his attitude. Repeatedly Rudolf has lectured on dictatorship. If he does not go out of his way to attack

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malperines are people who are not clear in any given social issue.
Julia said everything was very much confused in her mind. It would
take her time to clarify her impressions. But in any event they
have no definite social ideas. They are close to us ~~mean~~ as
anarchists, because of their admiration for Joe Goldman, Ben Vapen
and the Leveys. Also because they were very impressed with Rudolf
and you and me. But they have not the remotest ~~idea~~ of Anarchism
as a social ~~philosophy~~ philosophy. Thus, Aaron asked quite naive
ly "how would the Anarchists have acted if they had the power in
Russia". Believing as he does that the world will not move without
state power he must needs have been impressed by Stalin. However,
if the malperines remained with us a few weeks their enthusiasm
would evaporate I am sure. For the rest, they are very kind and
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Lucille. She is not in the least deceived about the things she
saw. She said she did not care what advantages the young had, so
long as they may not think, or move freely, or express themselves
frankly on any subject it meant nothing to her. She really has a
splendid mind. But what she will do with it is another matter.
For one thing she is too well cared for and provided to ever launch
out on her own. She does want to come back to France to study at the
Sorbonne. But will her father let her? I doubt it. She is a lovely
kid now. And that's the main thing.

As I suspect, Ann was away to St Paul and Venice and
did not get back until the 13th when she wrote me. She sent the
Stalin before she left. She probably had not received your request
for the A.B.C. before she had gone to Venice. I am sure she must have
sent it then and you probably have it by now. Ann writes there

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were fierce storms and rain in St. Tropez, that Marcelle will begin to fatten and cut the vine just as soon as the weather permits and that all is well otherwise. I also had a letter from the sand. They are as depressed as ever and she more than he. They had not yet seen Ann he writes. I don't think they ever will unless one of them makes a start. But what with the French indifference and the British reserve they may never get close enough to even greet each other. Strange people, both nationalities.

I found a whole lot of books from the publishers we wrote to. But not all of them, some are being published here and the London publishers were informed to send me copies. I should acknowledge the books received. But I don't know how and when. I have an awful lot to do. I must get hold of René Clair, and Anne wants to arrange for a radio talk and movie tour without pay of course, just for the publicity. I hate both and fought against it on my last visit here. But unless some publicity is gained the failure of my meetings will be even greater than I expect. My one hope is that the radio people may not be as interested as last time when they parked on Mears stoop. Also, I have three new lectures to prepare, on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, The Fallacies of Political Action, and something against war and fascism for Plymouth. It is to weep that after forty five years of strenuous activity as mine I have to accept engagements at a pound a lecture, less than five dollars. But as I wrote Barr, I am willing to speak for nothing if I could only once break through this god damned country. But it is a hell of a come down, don't you think? I ^{must} ~~need~~ to have Boris to do my secretarial work. But I cannot afford to pay now, and I hate to ask her to do anything without remuneration. She seems to be frightfully hard up. I am seeing

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her tomorrow.

Well, dear this is a long negile. I have to make
up to day for the days I will not ~~xxxxxx~~ have time to write
you at length. so do not grow impatient or anxious.

Love to ~~my~~ and lots of it to you.

Emma

The inclosed letter from Golla
at Laore, to her mind interest
me. some time ago I was
narrated that Nick is
located in London.

So dear, I am a bit of a
I had left good.

I can't say my hands
on the letters. Will send them
next time. Also a letter
from Henry.

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881022031

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5

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her tomorrow.

well dear this is a long message. I have to make
up to day for the days I will not ~~have~~ have time to write
you at length. we do not grow impatient or anxious.

Love to Mary and lots of it to you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 17, London [to] Dolly [Stamm, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

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London Nov 17th 35.

Dolly, my dear. What a horrible thing to happen to your knee. I hope fervently it is not serious. I once broke my knee cap and know what a slow process of healing it is. Especially if one refuses to have it operated upon. I pray that you will under no circumstances consent to that because the knee invariably remains stiff after an operation. Perhaps it is not so serious. In that case rest is the only thing for it. But will you rest? I thought I was a holy terror in energy. But really my dearest you beat me to pieces. Yet, you will have to be sensible this time and force yourself to rest. It is really imperative in the case of an injured knee.

My dear, Mollie asks whether I had taken your keys along. Of course NOT. I left it either on the table or on the desk. Indeed I left ^{them} there the night before when I got to your studio. And I never took them up again as I knew I would not need them any more. I can't imagine what became of them. Did not Marie see them? I am sure they could not have walked off by themselves. So they MUST be in the studio. I am awfully sorry to have caused you annoyance. But I am absolutely certain the keys remained in your place.

I had a rotten crossing and caught a severe cold. In fact I thought I was in for the flu. My friends always teased me about being stingy about small matters and extravagant in large affairs. So gave fifty francs I went third class on the boat. I have a very sore throat, my head is like hell, my chest is badly inflamed, swollen, and hurts like hell. I cannot imagine

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029191

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 17, London [to] Dolly [Stamm, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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what it can be unless I was bitten by some insect. That would not be surprising in the third class. I hope it will pass soon as I have an awful lot of running around to do the next few days.

Dear, dear Dolly, I cannot tell you how badly I felt seeing you so miserable and distressed, and yet unable to help while I was receiving hospitality from you. But I never could or would pry into the human soul much as I felt with its travail and its suffering. Besides, I have long ago learned that each one must fight out the difficulties of life by himself. No one can help another in that. All one can do is ~~not~~ not to touch the sore spots with uncouth hands. However, I have faith in your strong will to overcome whatever life places in your path. To overcome it and come out on top. The main thing is to retain one's sense of humor which you certainly have, and also to lose one's bitterness against our fellow man. To do that one must realize that most people are exactly what their environment, their social prejudices and their rotten training have made them. You know yourself that nothing counts in the world but wealth. Naturally, every one scrambles for it and judges others by their own ~~scramble~~ scramble for it. They have never been taught the value of character, personality and human relations for their own sake. Naturally they try to use people with money. You so wise as you are should understand that. And if you do understand it should not poison your attitude to human beings since there are many who certainly love you for your own sake. Forgive me my dear if I seem to sermonize. I do not mean to. I only wanted to safeguard you from the tendency of so many people of means who are fairly obsessed by the spook that they are being sought out only for their money and not for their own fine self. As you said, you have no money now. So it is doubly

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necessary for you to emancipate yourself from ~~the~~ old inhibitions that you had been used.

As far as my lectures arranged until now are concerned I might just as well have remained in Paris. They are puny affairs in halls holding barely 150 and with free admission. But my being here may lead to bigger things. I know quite a number of people, friends of mine who like me and my work though they do not share my ideas, and they may be of help. One especially, an English woman who has an art shop in Venice and who is most devoted to me, she knows every man and woman of the British intelligentsia and she is busy interesting them. She has arranged a party for me for a lot of people to meet me and I then. And she is giving them the Dickens because they "had in the past shown such indifference to you". And there are others. But I am no fool to expect the impossible from people who are snobs by nature and cold as icicles.

Give Mollie and Benia the inclosed note with my love.

With heartfelt wishes for the speedy recovery of your knee and with loads of love for you my dear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880615125

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 18? London to] Joe [Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman].—
2 p. ; 15 × 12 cm.

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Dear Joe. Thanks for your letter. so far I have received only fifty dollars from Minna Lovinson which she had gotten from Aluestein and Rose P. She writes that they had advanced the money for hundred copies of the memoirs. at first I was going to send the sheets and ask Aluestein and the comrades in Los Angeles who had also sent money to do the binding in New York. but I discovered that there is no ~~any~~ difference in duty on printing whether sheets or bound copies. so I am having them bound here and will send them to Aluestein when they are ready.

unless the money Milly sent me is for copies of the memoirs I will write Aluestein that he could have fifty copies more if he will send the cost in advance. but if I am to send copies to Toronto I will have none left to send Aluestein more than the hundred paid for. I intend to keep fifty copies for later use when the book will be out of print. And so I must send Los Angeles fifty and New York hundred I can only spare another fifty, either ~~to~~ ^{to Milly} Toronto or to Aluestein. I hope to hear from Dorothy soon to settle the business of the five \$ Milly sent me.

I will then know what to do about the rest of the memoirs.

You and the other few comrades were the only ones who were considered enough to send Washa a cable to his birthday. the committee that had undertaken to raise a "handsome" gift for S. for his birthday did not carry out its intention. In all five hundred were raised of which three hundred had been sent S. over the summer. but it is not so much the money as the lack of thoughtfulness in not sending S. a word of greeting. and I was bitterly disappointed that the big meeting that was to be arranged for Nov 1st had not

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had been dropped altogether. Such is the frailty of human memory.
Alexander Berkman who has given his all life for our ideas is almost
forgotten by the old generation, and hardly known by the young. It
is sad.

What was done about the plates of the N.A.B.C? Did you get
them? I ask because this work will be the only means of bringing to
young people the spirit and splendid mind of A.B. Let me know
what you did about it.

Milly will show you the short account of
my doings here.

I ^{sure} can say the family must be happy having you
back. Give Sophie and Neddie my love. Warmest wishes for a better
and happier New Year.

Affectionately.

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 18, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 24 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London nov 18th 35.

Emmy, my dear. I got your warm and friendly letter before I left Paris. but I had no time to reply. my few last days were taken up with the Malperines. Yes, they are beautiful people and the very personification of kindness. Julia Malperine the more intelligent of the two. but he is very big and generous. she too has a very kind heart. but he ~~impresses~~ fairly bubbles over with generous feeling. I love them both even if they are so naive and easily impressed by appearance as they were in Russia. You see, my dear, you once expressed the idea that I do not care for people unless they are close to my ideas. You did not know then or now that I have closer and more devoted friends outside of our ranks than among my comrades. The Malperines are but three of the many who love me for my self and whom I am most attached to. that is because they are so fine and so simple and uncorrupted in spite of their means. there are so few of their class.

As to Lucille, she impressed me the very first moment at a large party her people gave me in Chicago. She seemed the most intelligent and most vivid of the company. the few days in Paris have only strengthened my first impression. she is a wonderfully awake and socially conscious for her age. Just think only ~~fifteen~~ sixteen. she was certainly not deceived by what she saw in Russia. and she realises more than her people that even if the material improved were true it would still mean little without the complete lack of freedom she found there. she is a great girl and I love her very much. she wants terribly to study in Paris and study in the Sorbonne. but her father would not hear of it. he said "if I will let her live with me he would permit her to come back to France. and Julia said she knows no one whom she would trust Lucille with so readily as with me.

As I told you of the frightful accident near Julia had. It was miraculous that Lucille escaped as she was on the same side with her mother. and it was an equal wonder that Julia got away with only a broken nose. It is a very narrow escape indeed. Julia says in Paris is completely spoiled by the horrible shock she had. she goes about. but she is in pain. I expect to see her the 20th. and as they are sailing the 27th it will give me nothing for days with them. its not only that they are such genuine friends, its also that they represent to me a link with America, the only country I am part of and feel at home and where all my own flesh and blood and friends are. I can't tell you how much everyone who comes from there from among my large family of friends stir me and how completely wretched I feel to see them go away. It is also in part of my own torn heart. all the years since our separation I have struggled against this sickening nostalgia. but my last visit in America has only deepened it. it will go on until the end.

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Sasha's charm began with his release from prison. He was a wild Indian before, terribly aggressive and fanatical. But unlike so many politicals who had been hurried alive for many years Sasha came out wonderfully mellow, and this has grown since his release. It is therefore not surprising that he can charm everybody who meets him. His beautiful sense of humor has also become richer with the years. Anyhow he hypnotises everybody, lucky dog. But you are entirely wrong to say that Sasha loves you because being great himself he does not mind your "empty" head. Forgive me dear but that is Gratchen's fantasy. Sasha loves you because he loves you. Love does not reason like though we humans are fools enough to think we can say why we love some people and not others. Why do you have to worry about the reason for Sasha's devotion to you? The important thing is that he does love you.

Dear, I wish I knew why you do not feel free and at ease when you are near me. Everybody else does, whether man or woman. Mollie, Dolly Stern, Julie and Lucille, Auntie and Nellie. I could name you dozens of my women friends young and old who love me deeply and feel at ease with me. Take Milly Dessor who lived with me four months in close proximity, she is only 31. And scores of others. Brutus who took to me as if he had known me all my life. I am deeply sorry that you alone feel so restless and fidgety. Take even the last few days you were in London. I had looked forward to your coming. I did my damndest to make you feel at home, but you were in a pitch of nerve excitement and could barely get away quick enough. I saw how restless and unhappy you were, and it is for this reason that I suggested your leaving Sunday instead of the next day. It is too bad. Well, my dear there is no one forcing human feelings. If you love me when we are apart that is alright. I want you in peace of mind and your happiness. So why ever try to stay together. We can remain real friends and see each other occasionally. Don't you think?

My dear, I will be with you and Sasha on the 15th. I hope it will prove a great day for you both and that our friends and comrades will remember our dash with loving messages if nothing else. I enclose three dollars. Use it to take Sasha out to a decent restaurant for dinner, not the metzies you and he discover which only results in new stomach aches. Take him to a cinema. And have a good time. I will be with you both in loving thought.

My lectures are arranged here look most depressing, small halls and cheerless. But something may come later on. In time our darling Auntie has already "propagandised" me. I have written her yesterday, and for good she has arranged a large party where I am to host the "high" society of the British intelligentsia. When I have a number of other people there for the first visit. Anyway, I am determined to try it out once more. It's the only thing I can do. Oh, yes Bisham Holmes called up. I will see the two boys on the lecture Thursday. Bisham wants to arrange for one of the important

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editors of a London Daily to interview me. Anyhow, I will see
the boys. I thought I shall have time to enjoy between lectures
and rest, but no such luck. I found on my arrival that I have
four new lectures to prepare and that the dates in the provinces
are close to each other, so I will not have much time the next
two weeks. But after that I will be freer. And I will see the H
as well as others I know.

You will be interested to know that I found
Doris Zhok looking fifty percent better than three years ago.
she has new teeth which makes her look younger and she has a
healthier looking skin. she was quite ill with rheumatism. she
always had that, but it grew worse and she had to undergo treatment
in a hospital. since then she feels much better. Also she has a job
and she has someone living in the house, a Russian friend of
hers. I really feel relieved because I had expected to find Doris
in a bad state. she is coming to dinner to night and will take
some dictation from me. I am simply swamped with letters. and
there's no hope I will get to them myself.

I can't write Sarah separately to day. Give him my love
and my greetings on this 18th. He will hear from me for his birth
day. Give him the inclosed ~~xxxx~~ letter from Stella on sax. I
wrote in I would send them. You can imagine how happy I feel with
the improved condition of my niece Ruth.

Goodby dearest Writchen. Sure I want you to
write me. I enjoy your letters very much indeed.

With love.

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my dear, old Wash. ~~Excuse~~ as a greeting to your sixty fifth birthday it is fitting that I should tell you the secret of my life. It is that the one treasure I have rescued from my long and bitter struggle is my friendship for you. believe it or not dear Wash, But I know of no other value whether in people or achievements than your presence in my life and the love and affection you have roused. True, I loved other men. I love Frank with a silly but none the less intense emotion. But it is not an exaggeration when I say that no one ever was so rooted in my being, so ingrained in every fiber as you have been and are to this day. Men have come and gone in my long life. But you my dearest will remain for ever. I do not know why this should be so. Our common struggle and all it has brought us in travail and disappointments hardly explains what I feel for you. Indeed, I know that the only loss that would matter would be to lose you, or your friendship.

Such an abiding feeling could be better explained if you had always been all kindness or understanding. But you were not that. On the contrary, you were and are still often harsh and lacking in comprehension of the inner motivations of my life. But all that is as nothing with the force you have been from the moment I first heard your voice, and met you in Jack's cafe and all through the forty five years of our comradeship. I seem to have been born then as woman, mother, comrade and friend. Yes, I believe my strongest and most compelling feeling for you is that of the mother. You have often resented that saying you are no mollycuddle. ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ Of course, you failed to understand that it was not my desire to impose my mother authority on you. It was the ever present concern in your welfare and the equally present fear that something may befall you that would tear you away from me. Terribly selfish feeling, isn't it dear heart. Or is it that you had bound me by a thousand threads? I don't know and don't care. I only know that I always wanted to give you more than I expected from you. Indeed I know that there is nothing I can think of that I would not joyfully give out of the fullness of my ~~xxxx~~ being to enrich your life.

feeling as I do for you it was bitter hard to go away before your birthday. I wanted so much to remain and celebrate it with you and a. But I feared my presence might interject some discord. not that any one of us would do so deliberately. on the contrary, we'd try hard to avoid it. And ~~because~~ because we would be careful it perhaps ~~have~~ happened. however, what difference does the physical presence make. I feel bound to you spiritually. and it is this which keeps you ever present and real to me even when we are ~~apart~~ separated by thousands of miles. so it is alright my being away from you on your birthday. I will be with you in my thoughts and with my heart. Strangely enough I will be lecturing Thursday. I wish it were on a subject that had some bearing on your life and work. For I always wanted the whole world to know about you. but I am speaking on the

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2

international munition clique, the traders in death. still that want prevent me from thinking of your birthday and feeling you real close to me.

I hope fervently that Thursday maybe a brilliant sunny day and that they maybe no ripple on the sky of your sixty fifth year. mainly I hope that you will feel physically fit as the English say. have a real holiday with it. I know you will be remembered by many of our friends by personal message and in our press. I also hope that the New York efforts may bring you more than what you have already received. I know there will be more, but how much I have no idea. I should feel so relieved if you were secured for at least six months. I wonder what Alec Cohn did. I am awaiting ~~for a~~ reply from him to the letter I wrote at Harry Kelly's suggestion while in Paris. I received hundred dollars from Henry which he and someone else had collected for my fund. so if you run short be sure to use my blank check and draw some money.

I am waiting for Tom Keell to come to town so I can settle with Daniel about your memoirs. I am sure I could sell the fifty bound copies at my meeting for five shillings, that would leave your 75 cents per copy. not much to get excited about, but it is something. The sheets I will send to the different groups who have sent money and to Jeanne Levy though she has sent nothing. I understand from the Halperins that the Levys suffered some reverses. Jeanne never wrote a word about it. Except to say that she could not send the money in advance. but I know that Jeanne will sell the book and send every penny above the cost. by the way, Daniel offers to let me have the plates back only for the expense of shipment. I think I will have them sent to Desser. They may come handy for another edition should I return to Canada for an extended tour.

As to my visit here. Not much will come from the meeting so far arranged by the comrades. they are in measely halls and with free admission. but my being here may lead to bigger things. Auntie has arranged a party for me for tomorrow where I am to meet a lot of people and there are others who want to help. the two Holmes for instance. needless to say I do not expect too much, but whatever it will be I will not feel gagged and thrown in die Kumpelkammer. several papers sent their men here to interview me. The Express did not bring the interview. and the two papers that did gave nothing of importance. I inclose both clippings, keep them for me. I am meeting the committee that arranged the lectures this evening so I will know what dates I will have to fill.

About the lamp of the coffee machine. if we could or would send for it to Germany I would send for the lost parts because the coffee holder made in Toronto ~~it~~ was never any good and the sieve is already tearing. but if I will not even send to Wiser for new glasses as long as my eyes hold out I

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much less would I send for the parts of the machine. Just as soon as I have a free hour I will go to Selfridges for some alcohol lamp I might use and I will send back yours. I will do it anyhow because the Koldofskys have a perculator which I bought for Lina on my last visit. It is not as good as ours but it is alright and I can very well get along with it. Just now I have not a minute. I have been reading up my material on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin which I need for next Monday. By the way dear, have you read Men's Biography of Stalin? Imagine I have it ever since it came out and have never looked into it. It is a brilliant piece of work most objectively written and richly documented. I will send it to you when I am through. I really never thought you can write so well and with such understanding. I must congratulate him when I get time.

Goodby my dear, dear Tolstogub. With all my heart I wish you a grand birthday, very much improved health and some interesting and vital work that would relieve you of economic stress and anxiety

I embrace you tenderly

Emma

My love to Emmy.

The Koldofskys asked me to inclose their greeting and good wishes.

I had no time in my decent paper as the three sheets are already very heavy for the mail. So I will send the cuttings and the time.

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I cling as I do for you it can be hard to go away before your birthday. I wanted so much to remain and celebrate it with you and a. But I feared my presence might inject some discord, not that any one of us would do so deliberately. On the contrary, we'd try hard to avoid it. As I believe we should be careful it perhaps have happened. However, what difference does the physical presence make. I feel bound to you spiritually, and it is this which keeps you ever present and real to me even when we are ~~spatially~~ separated by thousands of miles. So it is alright by being away from you on your birthday. I will be with you in my thoughts and with my heart, strangely enough I will be lecturing Thursday. I wish it were on a subject that had some bearing on your life and work. For I always wanted the whole world to know about you. But I am speaking on the

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I embrace you tenderly

My love to Samy.

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[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 19, London [to] Henry [G. Alsberg, Washington, D.C.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 21 × 17 cm.

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London Nov 19th 35.

Dear Henry, what an event to get a letter from you. I almost went on a bit to celebrate the red letter day. Thanks a lot my dear. And for the inclosed check as well. I had heard some thing about you hoping to raise hundred dollars, but as there had come no fur her news about it I thought you were too busy to bother about such "trifles". Believe me the hundred loon high to me. I am ashamed to admit that I did not begin even an out line of the book I have in mind. I just could not settle down to write. The summer brought one damned thing after another to to distract my attention. And now while on tour writing will be excluded all together. I mean to make another attempt next spring when I return to Bonapart. Though how I am going to do so and worry about the next meal I can not imagine. You see by next spring the fund, never having been very large, will have been used up. Still, I seriously mean to get at the book next year some time.

I came here not because I expect any thing, but because it is cheaper to live than in France and I do not have to watch ~~my~~ every breath and every step. It got on my nerves to continue ~~stagnant~~ in France. So I came back to "my own country". Well of a country it is full of mobs. However I know a lot of really pleasant people outside of our ranks who want to help me break through the British reserve. If anything is to come it will be from these people and not the red fore men and forlorn anarchists. You know we have few people in America. But England is altogether a grave yard. Yet our grandest men have worked here. Perhaps someday their seed may sprout into life, but just now there is nothing. Yet I am certain if a few of us, Wacha, Chapiro, you and myself were here something vital could be created. There is no end of rebellious spirit in labor ranks, none communist that could be directed into anarchist channels. But what can I do alone and with no means of support? It will already be much if I could gain some footing. I could then return every winter to go on. Well, I will see.

Indeed I never would have believed that you would display such sticktoitiveness to organizational work. I take off my hat to you, old dear. That you will find the bureaucracy limiting and hard to break through was to be expected. Just the same I am delighted that it is YOU, and not some corrupt person who ~~might~~ would give a damn for those he was supposed to help. I feel certain that you are doing your damndest to enable a few at least to ply their profession.

Propos of the names I gave you. I forgot to give you Wacha's address. It is 410 West Fifth Street Apt 3. I hope you can do something for Frank ~~Wachin~~ Wachin, my very interesting blind friend. I know he began one book, a popularization of psychology in relation to the economic struggle. I may not have the correct name for what he is trying to do with such a work. Another is a work on Bakunin. It would be wonderful

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 19, London [to] Henry [G. Alsberg, Washington, D.C.] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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18822

If you could enable him to carry out his desire to write. as I already wrote you he is even a more marvelous phenomena than Helen Keller. She had every chance in the world and that very wonderful teacher of hers. Frank Heiner owes his triumph over his terrible handicap almost entire to himself. I wish you could meet and talk with him. You would be carried away by the clarity and lucidity of his mind. Please Henry dear try hard to put something in the way of Heiner that would secure him for a time and make it possible for him to do some writing. He has some other themes he hopes to treat in book form, not propaganda themes but of a literary and social value. Get in touch with him at 5704 Harper Avenue Chicago.

Then about Grace Wellington who has written beautiful verse amidst the most abject poverty and handicapped by poor health. Won't you try something for her, tell her I referred her to you and to send you some of her poems. You will then be able to judge whether Grace is worth saving from slow starvation. Her address is 1808 Hazelwood Crofton Heights Pittsburg Pa. You can also tell Heiner I referred him to you. In helping these three you will indeed do a netzive, if you know what that is.

I am looking forward to you promised long letter. Don't postpone to long to send it on.

Affectionately.

Is there no way of getting hold of Cliff? Heaven knows I have no design on his inheritance, but he should at least send on the money he collected for the fund. He told Ann Lord he had \$500 besides what he will contribute. Well, never mind his own contribution, but what about the \$500? Was that mere boast? If there is a way of getting hold of him, please my dear do it. I do not have to tell you what the two hundred would mean to us

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029193

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 20, London [to] Mollie [Steimer, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Nov20th 35.

Mollie, my dearest child. Tomorrow is your birthday which I can not permit to pass without a word of love and many heart felt wishes for your health and happiness. Yet it is difficult to express in so many words my love for you and my concern in your welfare. You have always meant much to me from the time when you called on me in Stellas Apt even though we seemed to remain apart. But since we both became pariahs driven from pillar to post you have grown much deeper into my heart to remain there until the end of my life.

Your spirit, your courage and your glowing faith in our ideal are among the few things that have helped me to go on in our battle against all odds. There are so few of the your generation who have remained so strong and so dedicated to our ideal as you. This in our horrible time when empty sounds fill up the air and loud demonstrations are taken for inner quality is a wonderful thing. It helps me to keep my own faith. I am therefore grateful for your birth and I consider it a loss for all of us who love and admire you.

And so my darling I wish first of all that you regain your health and that you continue for many years to inspire all those you come in contact with with your splendid devotion, your tireless efforts and your strong will to our beautiful ideal. With loving contractions and in the hope that tomorrow may prove golden not merely in the weather but in your feeling and in your beautiful comradeship with our beloved Senia. Your most loving

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718

The Emma Goldman Papers

860115052

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 20, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers], Scarboro Bluffs, Canada /
[Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5746

10, Southcroft Court,
London, N.W.11.

Nov. 20th., 1935.

Mrs. Dorothy Gleason,
Chico Drive,
Scarborough, Bluffs,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

Dearest Dorothy,

Your letter lifted a weight from my heart. I have been terribly anxious about you. You see, my dear, you were among my prompt correspondents - I do not remember when you left me without a word so long as this time. Naturally, I was uneasy.

I had a letter from Mrs. Barrett. She mentioned the fact that she had seen you, but nothing else, and I have not heard from anyone else in Toronto. Only the other day, I had a letter from Dion and I had planned to write her to find out what was the matter with you. Anyway, I am relieved to hear from you direct.

Dear, I can read between the lines that you have been very unhappy - very likely going through a terrible struggle in regard to your home and other matters. I wish there was anything I could say to relieve you, but it is unfortunately true that in great distress each one must fight his own battle; not even the dearest friends can help us in that. However, I have confidence in your will-power and in your determination to be true to yourself and to continue the work for our ideas you have so splendidly begun when we met.

I do not think you should be so disappointed about our Group. After all, nothing ever could be done in the summer. I am certain when Dion comes back and possibly Joe, you will whip the group into line again. In any case, the fact that you have succeeded in raising money for the plates of "Anarchy" proves that the group still has life. So you must not despair.

I can see why you and the other comrades feel like joining the unorthodox Communists - "unorthodox" because they are not yet in power - for anti-Kaiser and anti-war work. I hope you will have no cause to regret it.

For myself, I would never make common cause with people who believe in dictatorship, for I know that if they get the least bit of power, they use it to crush every one's opinions and, first of

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 20, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers], Scarboro Bluffs, Canada / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5747
-2-

and those of the anarchists. But, of course, the group must decide for itself. I have never yet imposed my views on any of the comrades and I do not propose to do so now.

Yes, I do say that the Communist Party in Toronto is confused on the European situation and distorts from Moscow. That merely goes to prove that the Communist Party is made up of dummies and its members ever been taught to think for themselves they would now now be confused. They would have realized long ere this that the Soviet Government will make any compromise to further its state ends — anything to keep the power in the hands of one man. Naturally, people who follow like sheep cannot be expected to see clearly.

The European situation is confusing only to those who would like to serve God and the devil at the same time. It is not confusing in itself. Every government is out after conquest and loot, pretending humanitarianism (or) peace and at the same time only too willing to "settle" matters behind the scenes. Foremost in hypocrisy has been Great Britain: it is always starting out with a humanitarian motive. Its whole cry for "sanctions" was nothing else but imperialistic designs as assuredly as those of Mussolini. There is no difference, really. All the hue-and-cry for sanctions was merely to throw sand into the eyes of the people. Already England is "manipulating" Mussolini, trying to come to some understanding! So where is the confusion? The tragic thing is that the people simply do not learn from experience and that they lend themselves to being duped again and again. All the more reason for us, anarchists, to stand firmly on our feet and to proclaim as loudly as our voices will carry the demand and the snare of the League of Nations which consists of nothing else but flunkys each government represents, in which (the L.N.) by its very existence, has blindfolded and hypnotized the peoples for so many years.

I wish I could tell to you about the matter; it would be easier. But I will have to finish. I still have a lot of letters to dictate. I arrived here last Friday. Some lectures have been arranged in London and in some of the provincial towns. They are all on a small scale and I do not hope to reach many people through them. But I am more determined than ever to break through: that is my main purpose.

I am happy to have an old friend of mine take my letters; it has been very difficult for me to keep up my vast correspondence since I left Canada. I had no one to help me. I did miss Willie Dancer terribly; she was such a friend! Well, my friend who is helping me here is an old comrade, and we have many things in common.

Remember me to the other comrades of the group affectionately and do let me hear from you again soon.

Affectionately,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925044

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 20, Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 4 p. ; 16 × 10 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

*Worried about the cold
just when you have so
much to do!* JUNE COTTAGE. 18483
WALBERSWICK.
SUFFOLK.

Nov 20th

Emma, darling; We
have been expecting every
day to get word of
your arrival here — so
are mightily disappointed!
Well, I haven't completely
abandoned hope yet!
After Plymouth, what?
How long will you be in
England?

However, whatever comes,
your place in our hearts
is the same, and if you
get anything at all really
rewarding from your tour,
and keep well in tone

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870925044

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 20, Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 4 p. ; 16 × 10 cm.

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2
as much care as you can!)
that is more important,
even to our selfish
hopes, than a Wall Street
wreck-end!

I can't come to London
in the immediate present
because of the trouble I
mentioned before — an
almost grotesque ear
slant, since it is in
no sense total and in
another quite painful.
Ever since a 1929 operation
for general prolepsis, small
things incline to go wrong
and I incredible as it
sounds! — I seem to have
torn some scar tissue just
where I have to sit. So
I am reclining on air
cushions and being locally

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seated, trying to avoid the upset to
work, it looked mean to go to a
nursing home for a stick or two at
the very moment when I am trying to
finish in me on which all, as usual,
depends. Being all right and free from
this local disturbance (and really
better standing than sitting) I
can get by in these surroundings but
not so well in trains or hotels I fear.
As the local doctor hopes this will
cure itself, I may be able to get
to town before you go if you

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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 20, Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 4 p. ; 16 × 10 cm.

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15404 A

only stay long enough.
Though, as I say, we
won't utterly give up
hope about your coming
here until we have the
last word.
I still plan on France,
however, for as soon as
winter we can rent the
house, or, I get a nice
cheap advance on rent. So
in no case will I believe
until I have to that we
shant meet this year.
You give your lecture dates
but not place or topics
for me to pass on! ?
Please don't have flu, and
a million blessings & all the
future in practical expression
of what you are doing now!
I love you & wish we could hear you
more often. I love you
very much! E. C. C.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 20, London [to] C. W. Dani[el], London] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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London Nov 20/35.

Messrs C.W. Daniell Publishers

Dear Mr Daniel.

As per my talk with your secretary I am inclosing my check for the fifty copies bound of Alexander Berkman's Prison Memoirs. I understand through Thomas H. Keell that you let him have the bound copies at 1,11. The five pounds will therefore leave a little surplus towards the 250 sheets for which I will pay just as soon as I can find an hour to come to your office. I lecture in London and Leeds almost every night hence am busy during the day preparing my material. I will certainly come the week of Dec first to settle the arrangements Keell has made with you.

Your secretary promised to send me the fifty copies without fail tomorrow sometime. I lecture in the evening tomorrow and I must have some copies for sale there. If you care to send along a few DISILLUSIONMENTS they will be put on sale and the money returned to you without fail. Let me know what you are selling them for, please.

When I was here in '33, I tried to get in touch with you. I have not forgotten your kindness to me and I wanted very much to see you again. But you were never in your office. At least I was told that every time I rang up. I hope to have better luck this time.

Cordially.

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881022035

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nov. 21, P.M. 1935
Dear Em —
Received several wires
from Paris & half a dozen
letters from — Holland.
Why Holland's of all
the world? I wonder.
Nothing from anywhere
else.
But of all letters
and congratulations
your letter was
the best & dearest.
Naturally of course
Dear, don't mind
short greeting. We'll
write you in a couple

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

My dear Emma, I got from
her some twenty boards and
pieces that belong to
an etagere. So my room
is full of lumber &
it is a job for a
couple of days to put
the etagere together.
More soon.
all well.
Love

S

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to] Harry Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y. / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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20, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W.11.

Nov. 21st., 1935.

Harry M. Kelly,
25, Prospect Street,
New Rochelle,
New York. U.S.A.

Dear Harry,

Your letter of Oct. 16th. reached me on my arrival in Paris. But it is only now that I am able to write you and that only because our old and ever faithful Boris Shook (M.S.: she glushes as she types this!) is taking dictation for me. My correspondence simply grows over my head. I can manage somehow if I have a secretary, but since I returned from Canada I had to keep at the machine answering letters, in addition to my household and the need of preparing new material for my tour here. Perhaps I am growing old and find it difficult to do as many things at the same time as I used to.

Well, while I will be in London, Boris will help me in her "off" hours to clear up my accumulated mountains of mail. I have written Alec Cohen as per your suggestion; it is outrageous for people to say they will do things and then fail you! Perhaps Alec was waiting to send the money he collected - if he collected it - to Sacha on the 21st of this month. It would certainly be marvellous if he did it. But since you and the others have received no satisfaction from him as to whether he had actually collected some money, I am inclined to agree with you that he probably did nothing about it. It would be shameful from Alec, because he always professed to be very devoted to Sacha - I rather think he was years ago. But you know yourself how little people understand the meaning of friendship and how lacking in the power of endurance it is with some people.

However, I will let you know if Alec replies.

Yes, Sacha received the cheque for 100 dollars which you helped to sign. I wonder, was anything organised for next Thursday (the 21st.)? At least there will be some tribute paid to Sacha in his work in some of our papers: Rudolf has written for "Der Syndikalist" in Holland; a Spanish comrade for one of the Spanish papers and some others. It will mean much to Sacha to see that he is not forgotten.

I feel rather sad that I had to leave Sacha before his birth-

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- 1 -

day, but it had to be done. Besides, physical presence is not of great importance: Sacha is too well aware of our friendship and of my abiding love for him, as I am certain of his. Our friendship is really the only wonderful thing we have rescued from the debris of our life. That is something to be proud about!

Well, my dear, here I am in England again. The moment I came to London, my visit in 1900 at your place stood very vividly before me. I have come back so many times. I cannot say that I have made much inroad so far in this strange land, but I have made up my mind this time to try desperately to "break through". I am well aware of the fact that if I do it will not be by the help of the few Anarchists that are still left - very few indeed! True, they have worked hard here, perhaps more than before, to organise a few meetings, but it would break your heart if I told you that they will take place in small halls with "free admission". One thing is certain, I will not have to buy a Safe Deposit box to leave in the Bank of England!

However, I have a number of friends outside our own ranks; people who like me and are interested in helping me. Maybe, something will come through them - I do not know. In any event, I plan to struggle along for some months. If I find that there is no response, I will go back to Paris at the end of Jan. and stay there until time to return to St. Tropez. I hope I may be in a better mood to begin the proposed book I have in mind than I was last summer.

I am sorry to see you so pessimistic, my dear Harry. I know there are plenty of reasons for it: the poverty-stricken conditions in our own ranks alone are enough to depress one. But you and I know, nevertheless, that the spirit, the ever longing spirit for freedom and advancement is indestructible - that changes must come and that the present rulers of the earth are merely a passing panorama. After all, you have done a tremendous amount of work, Harry dear. I admit the results are not clearly noticeable from any of our efforts, but the very fact that we did the best we could should be enough to sustain us.

Give my love to Elsie and kind regards to Leah - I do hope she will pick up.

Affectionately,

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920004

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to H.] Yaffe, Los Angeles / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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4530

10, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W.11.

Nov. 21st., 1935.

Mr. H. Yaffe,
767 North Lenmore Street,
Los Angeles, Cal. U.S.A.

Dear Comrade,

Comrade Berkman sent me your letter of Sept. 10th. I had almost given up the hope of hearing from you in reply to my letter. I was very glad, therefore, to receive your letter.

Yes, I have heard from the Kropotkin Committee. They sent \$21.50 for 25 copies of Comrade Berkman's 'Memoirs'. This is the only group of comrades who sent the full amount - \$1.5 per copy.

When I first negotiated with the publisher in London, I was under the impression that all the 50 copies of the 'Memoirs' which he still had were in bound form. I have since learnt that only 50 copies are bound and the rest are in sheets. I have already written the comrades of the Kropotkin group that I would have 25 sets of sheets sent to him which would have to be bound at your end. Naturally, I will return whatever the cost of the binding will be from the amount sent me. I do not think it ought to cost more than 12 cents a copy for the binding. On the other hand, the sheets will save on the transport and also on the duty, as there is no duty payable on sheets. I have not yet been able to get in touch with the London publisher of the 'Memoirs' as I have only just arrived and I found a great many things to do, but I will look him up next week.

Almost at the same time when the money arrived from the Kropotkin Group, I also received 50 dollars from the Dressmakers' Union of the Internat. Ladies' Garment Workers. The money is intended for 100 copies, which would have been the actual cost, outside of transport, had the book been bound. As it is, I will have to do the same as with Los Angeles: send them sheets. Inasmuch as the comrades back of the venture - Bluestone and Rose Rathoty - are responsible for the books, I am sure they will send whatever surplus the sale will bring to Comrade Berkman.

The Toronto Group is also trying to raise some money for

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870920004

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50 copies and I think Chicago will do the same. Anyway, it
will not be difficult to dispose of the 100 sheets. As to
the 50 bound copies, I intend to keep them here and have them
put on sale at my lectures.

Yes, son. Money has tried to enable me to write a book
on the personalities I have met. But the result was not very
encouraging. In any event, I was unable to concentrate on
writing during the summer; it may have been due to the utter
exhaustion after my 18 months' strenuous tour in Canada and also
the United States. It may also have been due to the painful
experience we went through in connection with the translation of
Comrade Rucker's book. I don't know what it was, but I did not
get to writing - perhaps next summer. Alas, the small sum
raised for the purpose will be used up by that time, and I have
not the remotest idea how I am going to write while fretting
about the more necessities... Well, the summer is a long way
off and it is no use losing sleep over what is going to be. Life
is too uncertain now anyway to make plans so far in advance.

Your dream of a series of biographical sketches in pamphlet
form is very commendable, but you see, dear Comrade, the material
for a pamphlet is not the same as for a book and is the kind of
book I have in mind which would reach the public at large and
not merely our own comrades or a few outside radicals. So, even
if I had the time now to write what you want on Libertarian women,
it would be of no use to me for the book I plan. It would be
quite different kind of writing. However, now that I am on
lecture tour it will be quite impossible for me to do anything
else, especially writing. I consider writing in the true sense
a very painful process. I could not imagine doing such work in
connection with touring. So we will have to dismiss the matter if
for the present, as far as my contribution to your scheme is con-
cerned. I hope though that you will get it going and get other
people to write about the worth-while men and women in Libertarian
ranks..

As I expect to remain in England for some time, you are safe
in writing me to my address as above.

Please remember me fraternally to all the comrades. Give
my special affection to Tom Bell and C.V. Cook.

Fraternally,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924073

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / Nicholas Kopeloff. — 2 p. ; 27 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Form 30-1



CLARENCE D. O'NEWY, M. D.
DIRECTOR

New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital

722 WEST 169TH STREET, NEW YORK

November
twenty-first,
1935.

DEPARTMENT OF BACTERIOLOGY
NICHOLAS KOPELOFF, PH. D.

16006

Dear Emma Goldman:

I am sure that I do not begin to deserve all the nice things that you have said in your kind letter of November 7th but whether or no it is a rare delight to have such a letter from you.

I have again made inquiry concerning your niece and have learned that she is still on the mend with the chances for complete adjustment outside the hospital in the near future a very likely possibility. If anything her physician informs me that the "difficulty outside" is more likely to be her husband's behaviour than her own.

Speaking of our common publisher I must say that I had plenty headache myself. It was Mencken's idea that I should write a popularization of bacteriology that would be more straightforward than "Microbe Hunters" by De Kreif but as in your case when the volume, "Man Vs. Microbes", was completed no effort was made to sell it. It hasn't done badly for a cold storage turkey. Previously Knopf published "Why Infections in Teeth, Tonsils and Other Organs" which was also of the garden variety.

My attitude toward popularization has changed and I am inclined to think that such efforts are a waste of time since all that they produce is some sort of unintelligent thrill in the reader. I shall never do another. My favorite work therefore you can guess is a monograph entitled, "L. acidophilus", which was published by Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore.

I gave mother your regards and she was very pleased to hear from you and about you and she sends her kindest to you.

Mrs. Kopeloff and I will be in Europe this summer to attend the International Microbiological Congress in London but we shall probably not go further south than

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924073

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 21, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / Nicholas
Kopeloff. — 2 p. ; 27 × 21 cm.

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Psychiatric Institute and Hospital

-2-

Paris. Otherwise I should be delighted to take advantage
of your invitation to visit you at St. Tropez which must
be a heavenly place.

With warmest greetings and best wishes,

Sincerely,

Nicholas Kopeloff

III

Mrs. E. G. Colton,
c/o Mrs. L. Koldfosky,
20 Beecheroff Court,
Beecheroff Avenue,
London N.W. 11,
England.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Receipt] 1935 Nov. 21, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C. W. Daniel Co. —
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London



21st November 1935

Advice Note No.1736
Miss Emma Goldman
20, Beechcroft Court,
N.W.11.

net

6 My Disillusionment 6/- net 4/-

24/-

on sale

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861029174


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21st November 1935

INVOICE No. D 4273

Miss Emma Goldman.

20, Beechcroft Court,

N.W.11

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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London Nov 23rd 35.

So sorry and late. I should have written you sooner had I not come off the boat with a heavy cold and found a hundred things to do in connection with my lectures. You know the story about me in regard to my friends. It is to the effect that I am a regular patient in a little room and frequently am engaged in big affairs. Well, my followers in trying to save fifty francs for first class on the boat caused me not only my cold but some strange trouble on my skin. I must have been bitten by a bug because my leg swelled and hurt like hell causing me to be a cripple ever since I landed here.

I inclose the correspondence I had with Mrs. Franklin. You will see that like no others of her class she is paying the back. Of course it was stupid of me to approach the woman. Nor do I think I keep it up. I know now that nothing will come from that source. The rich British are worse than the Americans. Their snobbery is what sickens me.

My outlook here for any systematic lecture work is about as nil as it was when we first met baby dear. Then I had at least your ~~enormous~~ youthful arrogance to cheer me. This time I haven't even that. However I mean to stick it out for a few months. There is one thing here that helps a little. The cost of living is less than in France. So I might as well hold out for a while.

How are you my dears? You dear Erma, still smoking like a chimney sweep? Really, my dear you should cut it out. It

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may add to your weakness, but it most assuredly does not add
to your comfort and very much less to that of the future citizen
of the world.

And what about your new business baby dear? Write me
how you both are, and please send me back the inclosures. I want
to keep them on record. No need to say I do not mean to reply to
the last letter. I dare say her ladyship is indignant because
I turned down her invitation to luncheon. To hell with her.

With love to both of you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023172

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 23, Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 3 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Nice, den 23 ten Nov. 35.



Mein liebe Emma.

Ich hatte mir vorgenommen, Ihnen einen Bericht ueber Sasha's Geburtstag zu machen. Aber bisher hatte ich nicht eine Minute frei und warum, werden Sie nachfolgend hoeren:

Also, wie Sie wissen, ist Nelly nun fast entschlossen, nach New York zu gehen, und sie verkaufte ihren gesamten Haushalt. Ich war oft bei ihr, da ich mich darum auch kuummerte, Reklame einsetzte, Leute schickte etc etc... Am letzten Tage des Umzuges, ausgerechnet Sasha's Geburtstag, Sasha musste um 10 Uhr morgens bei Nelly sein, um sein bildschones Bookshelve, Geschenk von Nelly, mit einem Mann zu holen..... Dann, gegen Mittag war der Umzug fuer uns erledigt. Ich erhielt von Nelly ein Haufen von Sachen. Ich kaufte zu laecherlich niedrigen Preisen ein herrliches, grosses Eispind!! Da wird Modest Stein zufrieden sein, denn er war sehr erstauscht und immer noch ohne Eispind zu finden.... Ich bekomme kleine Vasen, ntzueckente Gardinen aus Seidenvelvet (welche so elegant sind, dass ich sie nicht aufhaengen kann, es sind zwei Paare) und Kuchenspeise etc etc.....

Nachdem wir Beide nach dem Mittagbrot eine Stunde fest schliefen, standen wir auf und an die Arbeit! Emma, diese Bookshelves (eine sehr grosse und ein kleineres) geben Sasha eine kolossale Arbeit. Er hat nicht weniger daran gearbeitet wie zwei ganze Tage ---- wohingegen ich das Eispind und Sachen zwei Tage lang sauber wuschern musste!!!! Nun wird das Spind noch angestrichen und es ist wunderschoen. Das hat setzte seine Sachen tuechtig zusammen, sodass er nun wieder seine bucher gut untergebracht hat.....

Sachen, es ist Sonnabend abends, haben wir entschlossen, in den Kino zu gehen, (anstatt des Geburtstages). Man spielt One night of love (Grace Moore). You told us about it, remember?

Also, sehen Sie, Emma, ich bin sicher, Sie dachten, dass wir den 21 ten feste gefeiert haben. Und wir haben so geschuftet, von morgens bis spast nichts.....

Nelly wohnt nun in einem kleinen Hotel. Sie hat alles ausverkauft, manches zu Spottpreisen, aber manches ganz anstaendig.... Keine englische "Freundin", die ich uebrigens nicht mehr wiedersah, kaufte auch allerhand. Deute besser. Freue mich, dass sie nun alles hinter sich hat. Sie wird bald abfahren, wir werden wohl noch Abschied fuer sie feiern.

Briefe zum Geburtstag hat Sasha bekommen. 20 Briefe aus Holland. Es war funny, you know. Als wenn Jemand eine Antwort eingesetzt haette. NIELAND (Natuerlich except you, but that is selbstverstaendlich, isn't it) hat sofern gratuliert. Aber Telegramme kamen und included Modest's. Sasha wird Ihnen darueber wohl schreiben....

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A propos, Emma, darling mit dem Kino sieht es heute auch wackelig aus. Unser gemeinsames Idol sitzt auf Tante Meyer. Es ist 6 Uhr. Er braucht zwei Stunden, sagte er mir. Also! Um acht kommt er raus, dann muss man Abendbrot essen, dann sich anziehen und den Buss erhaschen. So ging es gestern. All dressed up, at 6 o'clock, Sasha had to consult his beloved "aunt". UM 6 UHR KAM ER AUS DER SPRECHSTUNDE ---- und, es war zu spät zum Kino. So wird es heute auch gehen. Liebe Emma, in diesem Hause ist die Tante Meyer eine Frage des Seins und des Nichtseins... Sasha scheint mir sogar ganz heftig Konkurrenz darin machen zu wollen.

Ein Haus conet. Toujours la même chose. Gesundheit: gerade man so, Pide nicht berührt. Ach ja. Ich habe seit Sasha's Rückkehr alle restaurants -ugeschlossen. Alle Mahlzeiten werden zu Hause fabriziert, und ich habe eine so schöne Eisbox, und da heelt sich alles. So.

Also, ich höre dass Auntie Ihnen eine Party gab! War es interessant? Sie werden gerne Sasha darüber schreiben. Well, I hope that you may meet some interesting people. And you are lecturing already, aren't you? Dear, I hope that everything will go fine with you.

Oh, yes, dear I got your lovely letter and the three dollars included, which since we did not go out I gave to Sasha and told him they were from you for this and this purpose. Swell, thanks, my dear. The weather has been nice, but now sun is shining is shining again. In the daytime it is even hot. You know the climate here. Tell me all about your adventures over there, if you will write me another letter. DON't worry in answering my letters, I hear everything through Sasha and I know how busy you are. I never judge people from what they write. Because I know myself that there are people I care for, but I never write.

I think of you every day. If ever I make a hash or anything that I would like to share with you, I think of you. And I think of you warmly, tenderly as can be. That is very good for me, dear.

I have a plan: but not a breath to Sasha about that. I think, if you darling/would go back to Paris after New Year's, and you need anyway a small flat, may be our Sasha could join you there? Not a word about it, it will be very annoying to have Sasha's reproaches about my suggestions. I got them the last time when I wanted him to go with you to Paris. But, I really cannot see why he should not come over to you.

As to me: Emma, my own girl: I am very "etingy" as to Sasha, as you know, but not as far as you are concerned. You must see that by now. So, if Sasha is with you, I feel (in a way) as if he is with me. In so far as he is AT HOME. My longing for him will do me no harm, as long as we both are in good relationship. That was always like that and will be. My relationship to you, as the half of Sasha's life (so I see it) made my life happy or unhappy. I told you that a million times. And, not because I do not like to be near you, or anything like that, do I love you from far. Put, because, often there is a terrible strain between you Sasha and myself, and that makes me so miserable, whereas in a letter you are the woman I am admiring and loving. And, I have to do that or I will be unhappy. The same way as I feel about Sasha. UNDERSTOOD NOW???

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Emma, I am dreadfully tired.... After Sasha had arranged his shelves, I wanted him to have the house clean, so I scrubbed everything and had a big wash. So, there you are.....

Emma, dearest, cheerio, and stay in good health. That is the gain thing in life.... And do write here and there a line. Indeed, it makes me happy. Just a word for me.

Your EMMA

Leutbrace
Jan

It is 7 o'clock —
"All quiet in Tante Meyer's!"
No movie today!

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 23, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey]. — 3 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~1122 N. Dearborn Boulevard~~ 36 E. State Street
CHICAGO

November 23, 1935.

Emma, a friend:

It was so good to get your letter and also the copy of John Parnes Holme's letter. I read the article in the Nation some time back. To use your own terms, "he tried to serve all masters." To my mind he is an opportunist, he seems to take up all timely issues. When the Jewish question arose he took up the cudgel for the Jews. The same now about Germany. Perhaps not to the extent of being too sympathetic to the Hitler regime, but he takes advantage of all these timely issues, and seems to capitalize on them. I perhaps am cruel in these terms, but that is how it strikes me. He is always sponsoring the outstanding cause of the day and takes up everybody's problem. I can never get very enthusiastic about him. The preacher seems to be ever present in spite of my attempts to sear the man from his background. Maybe I am wrong. I feel he is a very nice person as an individual, but I do not embrace him as one of the saviours of the world.

I am so happy you had the opportunity of visiting with Julia, Aaron and Lucille. It certainly was a piece of luck, to have run into them the way you did. I know they would have been very disappointed if they missed you on their trip. I am carrying away in their return so they can bring me some news from you. It made me very happy to read what you had to say about Lucille, because she is certainly my favorite. I believe she has so much to her. I certainly hope she will continue to develop with that same earnestness and unbiased attitude. I have a great deal of confidence in Lucille, she now will have cause to be real proud of her some day, unless her father's wealth spoils her. This of course is possible. It has done so in the case of their other children, especially the one daughter Ruth, who was very promising intellectually. She has become very disinterested in everything, but the conventional life.

Emma, a friend, you will be surprised to know that the underwear which I sent Jack was size 4, not 6. I thought you saw, said 60% wool and you did not look any further. The size was on the inside right under the buttons. He had sent me a suit back from Kate Picconi, I don't know whether you remember her or not, was at the office and I told her the story of the underwear. She said maybe her husband could use the underwear and if he can I will get the pajamas and shirts instead. The manufacturer would not take them back and I already sent one suit to Jacka when I received your letter. When Becker was here in Chicago he stayed at Kate Picconi's house. How do you remember her?

By this time I would have gotten the pajamas and shirts and sent

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 23, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey]. — 3 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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IRIS GIFT STUDIO

31 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

them on to go, but our business has been so bad, I just have not been able to do so. In a matter of fact, it is the worst year we have ever had in the history of our factory. For our sales and the needs of our dear friends, I have it fixed up, so I can do the things that I would like to do for them.

About your tour to Canada, maybe it will turn out better than you anticipated. After you arrive there, perhaps the comrades will get busy and arrange some large crowd for you. There's hoping they do. It is a pity more interest cannot be aroused to hear your messages. When I think of the many speakers that crowd halls and have so little to say, it certainly is a reflection on the masses indicating to what extent their intelligence regresses.

Next Monday night Rocker will speak on "Nationalism and Culture." Joe and Mr. Rabens have arranged a lecture. I hope he will have some success this time. On his return from California, I am arranging a meeting for him at my brother's farmhouse. I am asking 100 people and charging \$1.00 per person, so I expect to raise \$100.00 for him, without any expenses.

If only you were able to come here, we could arrange a series of afternoons and evenings where you could speak to selected groups and have the comrades serve refreshments. In that way, you would make your expenses and have a little money over. There's hoping you will be able to come. By the way, dear, if you can come to Canada, it would not be such a bad plan to arrange your lectures in this way. Instead of leaving Montreal, charge \$1.00 and invite fifty to a hundred people for each meeting. Then you would have very little in the way of expenses.

Recently I was in New York and had the pleasure of meeting Maxest Stein. He told me about the Aminty Foundation and is willing to give \$500.00 to start it. He also might be able to raise another \$500.00. I have called a number of printers in reference to the pamphlet which I am trying to get published. In that way, I feel I ought to raise at least a thousand dollars to aid the Aminty. If C.V. Cook could do something in Los Angeles, that would be a great help too. I might be able to go to Los Angeles next year and if I do, I have a large number of friends who might be interested.

I am very happy that you fit into C.V. Cook as you did in our letter because took him down a peg or two. He certainly has a large touch of conceit so beautifully developed from long ago. I know him a long time and his bombastic remarks and ideas just seem to sweep a certain element off their feet. He is another one, I could never get very enthusiastic about. By this time you will think there are very few people I really like.

About the Rocker translation, I am disappointed in the way

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IRIS GIFT STUDIO

31 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

It is being managed so I am sort of taking a "hand's off" attitude. I will probably help them raise the balance of the the necessary funds to bring it to a successful conclusion. When it comes to business these comrades certainly are great fellows. Their methods in taking over the small matters is certainly a bad start towards their ideas in a new and free society. Imagine a world with these people actually at the helm. Well enough of this nonsense, dear.

Write me how you are getting along and what is new with you. The free society is now sponsoring a bazaar and they came to me for a donation. They will work their heads off for two weeks and then realize about twenty-five dollars profit. They certainly master these affairs in a most efficient manner.

Jay is now on the road and has been away most of the time. Of course this makes it very lonely for me. I send him your letters as soon as they arrive and he also likes to hear from you. So you have his love as well as mine.

Always,

Your Jeanne

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870919192

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 23, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Lucille [Halperin]. —
2 p.; 18 × 27 cm.
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Le Grand Hotel
Paris

Place de l'Opera
17 Boulevard des Capucines

Emma dearest.

You can't be as sorry as I am, that I shall not see you again on this trip. After all, the world is filled with people like me but there is only one Emma Goldman. Because of that, I hate to hear you sound discouraged. You have done such great work all your life that one doesn't think about whether or not you're a success; that is unquestioned. Each person to whom you've told the truth and whom you've made think, should be considered

Emma, dear, Mohammad will come to the mountain, several of them in fact. Not later than nineteen thirty seven.

I do wish that you'll be successful with your London meetings — materially, I mean.

Loveingly,

Lucille

P.S. I finally found a coat — and a handsome one trimmed in black Persian lamb. Found it at Trois Quarters.

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 23, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Lucille [Halperin].—
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a personal triumph for you,
and to be able to win, over
the ignorance of the world,
is indeed a great victory.
Reading your book and
Sasha's Russian Revolution

Series, travelling in countries
like Russia and Italy, plus
living in the United States,
have made me feel that
your and Sasha's ideal is
the only one that is true
and worth fighting for.
My trouble is that I'm a
rotten fighter. Cowardly,
you know - too much
Oak Park exclusive edu-
cation. A case of "hear
no evil, see no evil,
speak no evil", in other
words deaf, blind, and
above all dumb!

I. 1. 11785
The reasons for our not
coming to London are
various; even so it was
a hard decision for the
folks to make. Mother's
nose is better, the other
old trouble is bothering
her; also the lawyer needs
time to settle things with
the train company - you
know how the French are.
The company doctor didn't
get here until today. In
addition to all this, the
papers have been reporting
terrible things about the
weather in England and
if the sea is so rough
and the rains are so heavy
that they are causing
floods, we feel that Mother
will be better here; and

The Emma Goldman Papers

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Nice, Sunday, Nov. 24, 35, evening

Dearest Em, it is sort of only time I'd write you a decent letter. But I have been trying to do so for several days, yet something always interferes. Just now as I began this letter, the lights went out in our apartment, and it took a while to fix them. But in reality my delay is due to my monkeying with the two shelves I got from Nellie. And to put them together. There are many pieces in them --- they are of odding shelves, you know, like tagones --- and some pieces are missing, so I had considerable difficulty in fitting things, etc. And I find that after some physical work I am rather tired and can't do anything else. May be the weather is also responsible for it. It has been raining for days and days, though the sun also shines up now and then.

Anyhow, what I mainly wanted to tell you is that of all the letters received yours is the most beautiful. Naturally so, everything considered. But it is the most beautiful letter, perhaps that I ever had from you.

Not that I believe that one deserves to be congratulated on reaching a certain age, and certainly not on reaching his 65th birthday. Anyhow, I received several telegrams from Paris (also one from the Halperins) and a lot of letters -- 15 or 20 -- from HOLLAND. It seems that Rudolf R. has had an article about me in the Holland Syndicalist, and so many organisations from Holland wrote me. Unfortunately no one thought of sending me a copy of the Rucker article!

Another thing, not a letter from anywhere else, and not even from the U.S.!!! All Holland. But today I received a letter from Mada, the only one from the U.S. And also one cable from New York. It is the "larger family", signed OMA-VARIN. I suppose it means Khavairin, comrades. Must have been some little dinner, but I don't know exactly who sent it, may be Dr. Michael. The cable reads:

In commemorating your birthday bigger family expresses deepest love and devotion looking forward time to ~~pass~~ have you with us, chavarin.

(And of course a letter from Molly, Shapiro etc.)

I assume that from the U.S. letters will come later on. It is strange, however, that the letters from Holland all came on time, on the 21st and 22nd. I suppose that R's article there appeared in time to have the comrades send their letters.

And how are you, dear? Are you managing to keep your room warm? I am sure I would never survive the London climate, if I ever went at the least change of temperature I am conscious of my old bones.

I am looking over your last letters! Re address of Santil. for Nellie. I was just leaving the house to send her a wire when I had a letter from her telling me she found the address. So that was OK. -- In one letter you mention Helene Zibelin. Who is she? I remember our comrade Zibelin, but Helene?

As to the Halperins, yes they are a fine family. Lucille is of course very unusual for her age, wide awake and interested in social affairs. Now, one day here she wanted me to tell her about our ideas. I could not of course explain much at the dinner table, I just gave her an idea. But I should

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time to send her a copy of my New and After. She is good material and that will enlighten her. Now, I got two copies from Sedgwick. One I am sending to Spain, the other I could give to Lucille.

When you see her, ask her whether it is better to send her the copy to U.S. or to England. May be her parents would not like her to have the book in her things while en route. Another thing, her parents did not seem any too enthusiastic about her interests in An. May be they are afraid she'd become active. Anyhow, ask her when you see her. Now that I think of it, I have a letter from them and I see the wire, so I may write them a line and ask her myself.

(Don't mind if the a and other letters are occasionally missing in my typing. Machine pretty bad)

No, on second thought, I don't know their address in London, and it may be too late to reach them by letter. So ask Lucille or send me their address in Chicago.

Yes, I sent Mollie a wire to her birthday.

By ACTUAL counts 15 letters from Holland!

Also letter from Auntie and Betty, from the Kaldofekys, and from Derie Zhook. Also wire from the London E.G. COMM., signed by Barr.

Mollie sent me a copy of a P. .S. from Paris, may be it was your copy. Anyhow, in the last copies of P.A.S. that I saw, there was not a word about my birthday. But a lot about the Bazaar of the P.A.S. There are so many affairs in N.Y. at this time of the year that they probably interfered with any evening they might have had about my birthday. Well, that is OK. No doubt I will still get some letters from the U.S. about it, and if I do not, it also does not matter, for as I said in the beginning of this letter, it is no occasion to rejoice that one is getting old, and especially when with age comes illness and other troubles.

I do hope that the affair in Antioch is progressing fairly well. It would be right be useful for your other meetings. Of course much cannot be expected from Engl. particularly at this time.

Dear, don't bother about that coffee alcohol lamp. Under no conditions do we want to get anything from ~~max~~ Germany. I only meant that in case you have the time, to find out if any store in London has such a lamp. Otherwise it is not important and we don't need the lamp just now. It is only for later on.

Nellie just come in and I have some letter on business to write for her. So must make it short. More anon. Love.

Affect.



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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 24, Universal City, Calif. [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Es[landa Robeson].— 2 p.; 20 x 15 cm.

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4910

Universal Pictures,
Universal City, Cal.
Nov. 24.

Emma, Dear:

We were so glad to hear from you.
And so sorry to know that we are going to miss
you in Thailand. We are here for seven weeks,
for the film of "The Lost", and then return to
Thailand for an extensive concert tour. This
being during the month, and all of it is in the
provinces.

As you see, London is always
in luck. We are in London, so do let us
know when you are, and how long you will be
there.

We are so glad you liked the film.
We loved the African material, which was authen-
tic. They took all the original sequences on the
Tonga, and in the original Stanleyville, then super-
imposed Paul on it, as in the canoe song,
in the war song, etc.

It is great fun, even though we our-
selves did not go to Africa. Paul learned two
African languages while we worked on the set
in London, and is now learning another! And
Paul, dear, you should hear his Russian now. He
speaks it beautifully, fluently, and Russians
just have a fit, and scarcely believe their
ears. He loves the language, and was determined
to master it, and after three years of hard work,
has done so. When he went to Moscow last Decem-

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920171

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 24, Universal City, Calif. [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Es[landa Robeson].— 2 p. ; 20 x 15 cm.

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49.11

ber, they all had a lot about his recent, etc.

Both my brothers are now living in Russia.
speak and write Russian, too. They love it.

Paul joins me in sending you greetings
and love.

Affectionately,

Pasi.

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860115089

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 24, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Gabriel Javscas. — 2 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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G. JAVSCAS
11 RUE SCHOELCHER
PARIS, 14^e
ORDON 21 66

Paris the 24th Nov. 1935

5836

Dear Emma,

Thank you for your letter to which I am replying promptly in order to give you hell. As a matter of fact, I have often wondered why you could not get a hearing in London, now let me know you why.

Mrs. Fingert writes you that she is very willing to help the cause in a way which must have struck her as a blow to the cause.

She tells you that she is writing to Montelloro to see whether an audience can be arranged. Which means that she has arranged for the audience as what she says in that organization is the law. It is only a question of the date. I am sorry you fail to thank her for this, you do not even mention it. Instead you pounce upon her quite innocent suggestion re the Women's intern. league with an evident pleasure of being able to put her to rights. You put her in her place with regard to something that she did not even say. She did not say that the non-Jew should do more etc. You tell her the Jews are not doing enough. That is the right thing to say, from the platform but not in a private letter to a person that has just told you she is arranging a hearing for you. This way it sounds as if you were saying "You are not doing enough".

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5837

• : 772, 7.412.

Gabriel

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022037

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 25 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nov. 25

Dearest Em — did not really finish my letter
that I wrote you yesterday. Mother came up
to consult me on some business. We went
out for dinner etc. Another affair came
out. You said it was to take place
on Wed. I suppose on the 18th. You have
not written me yet about it.
And how do you stand the London climate?
I can imagine how unpleasant it
is here. Even here it has been
rainy almost every day for weeks
now. And you know how I dislike damp
weather.
Can't use my machine — it's a nuisance.
And I can't write fast on P's. So
just a short letter by hand, that
you may know you are always in my
thoughts. I tell I have not been
in a mood for weeks now to write letters.
Too lazy, somehow, especially when my
machine does not work well. It ails
with old age, like its master.
And how about your machine? Do
you have trouble with it? How is your
chance of a good job on it in London.
Surely Albert & Jones sent me a copy
of the Holland Syndicate containing
article of R.R. about my birthday

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and also some comments & a short review of my life by Jones. Jones also sent me the original article of R. R. in Germany since he knows that I don't read that. R's article is most beautiful, one of the finest I have ever read by him. I'll send it to you later on. From the U.S. with came except a cable & letter from What; also a cable from Chavarin & one from Besse Rimmelman. Today also came a letter from H. Kelly. He seems rather depressed and disillusioned. He says nothing of money except that "Pitip Kap is a pretty busy fellow with his union affairs and I suppose he gave over the job of sending the money to his secretary, who sent it without any word with it." This refers to my last letter to H. K., in which I told him that I received the first \$100. from Kap, but that there was no letter from him with it. (That was the \$100. rec'd in August)

Somewhat I have the feeling — though I may be wrong, of course — that the whole

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There was a failure. Maybe because they thought
it that Sunday & then postponed it for Nov.

It is always that sort of thing,
raise some ~~more~~ interest & then postpone it.
It is hard to awaken new interest then.

Besides, Nov. is a bad month. I see
that the F. A. S. has for weeks been con-
vying a large ad of its Bauern Ball or
some other affair. There has not been
a word in it for months about my
birthday or anything referring to it. And
that may be responsible for the result.

Anyhow, it is strange that I
did not have a single letter from the
U. S. unless they waited for the 21st
& write, in which case some other
may come later on.

But between you & me, I don't mind
it at all. In fact, the whole matter
has left me quite indifferent. ~~Indifferent~~
Indeed, I think it only people should
celebrate my 65th birthday. What is
the special reason for it, anyhow?
I see none.

I have read in some paper
that René Clair is soon to go to
Hollywood. Hope you can see him
before he leaves. I don't think he'd
be interested in the historic part of

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the Machine factor, but he may see in it
some chance for some kind of a mixed
scenario that will picture a great
rebel on the background of a resolute.
epoch. Well, in a personal talk you
could show him the possibilities of
the thing. How? You were.
Have received the stamps you sent
in a previous letter & also the envelopes
of Stella's & Sam's letters. But not
yet the Abbey letter. I understand
he is the director for the entire
U.S. on that front for writers.
Jake Barker, Leonard Abbott etc
work under him. Also Wally
Whom Kelly mentions in his letter. He says
it's strange & think that the "baby
Wally is now 30 years old".
No, dear, don't send that alcohol
lamp now. We don't need it at present,
especially since I am trying to discourage
drinking too much & too strong
coffee. This matter should wait till
you are about to leave London.
Then, when you have time, you could
see if alcohol lamps that fit our
machine can be bought there.

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I'm just tell you
 some, but you can't
 when you are busy. And don't worry
 if I don't write much - sometimes
 am not in mood for writing, as
 usually by last. Not wrong
 here & I am but 2 or 3
 but the rain just has made
 me lazy for work. That's
 all, really so don't worry.
 Love to you S

Just rec'd letter from
Halpern that they
are not going to London
but to the U. S. I hope
you are not too
much disappointed.

What is the
story in the heap?

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The Emma Goldman Papers


[Letter] 1935 Nov. 25, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C. W. Daniel, —
1 p.; 20 × 17 cm.

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THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY
(C. W. DANIEL, D. H. WALTHAM)
46 Bernard Street, London, W.C.1
(Opposite Russell Square Tube Station)

Telephone
Terminus
4691



Telegrams
Oprodan (Phone)
London

25th November 1935

Miss Emma Goldman
20, Berchworth Court,
N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

I have noticed that you are getting a fair amount of publicity and the short article in last Sunday's "The Sunday Chronicle" makes me look forward to seeing the "gentle old lady" who was once Red Emma - and I suspect still is. If you will tell me when you will come here or when and where we can meet I shall be delighted. I have very lively remembrances of your kindnesses and friendship in the past.

Yours sincerely

C. W. Daniel

P.S. I would like to be given particulars of your lectures in London.

answered

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029173

[Receipt] 1935 November 25, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.W. Daniel Co.. — 1 p. ; 20 × 13 cm.

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STATEMENT

4216

THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY Ltd.

46 Bernard Street, London, W.C.1

Telephone
Terminus
1691



Telegrams
Oprodan (Phone)
London

25th November 1935

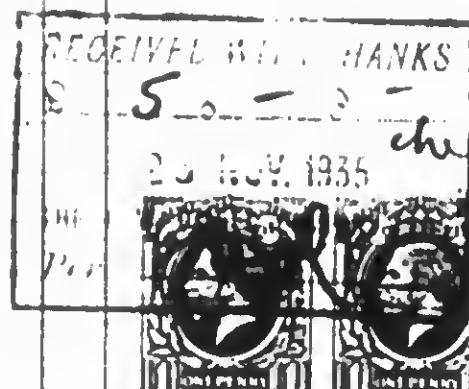
Miss Emma Goldman,

20, Beechcroft Court,

N.W.11.

By cheque on account
of purchase of bound copies
and sheets of "English
Machine of an American"
at 25 special remainder
price

2 5 - -



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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 26, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Nov 26th 35.

Dearest Sam. To day is the first day since I wrote your birthday letter that I can permit myself the luxury of writing you. You have no idea how I had to drudge since my arrival all the time being in awful pain in my leg. I guess I must have been bitten by a bug because the cold I got in the crossing was over in forty eight hours. But my leg is still pretty sore though no longer as inflamed and swollen as it was. Neither is the pain so unbearable. Imagine then preparing a difficult lecture like Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin and deliver it under such handicap. Yes, I found it extremely difficult to compress such a vast subject in one lecture. I found an awful lot of material in Berghis book on Mussolini Red and Black, and in Dons, Stalin. Besides considerable material on Hitler. Dealing with such a subject it is absolutely essential to be able to document every statement. As it was I had the devils own time last night with the communists. It was of course imperdonable on the part of the comrades to saddle me with a new subject when I had sent them a list of twenty. And it was a crazy idea to have that subject announced in the Jewish district. Well, the communists came out in full force. They did everything except break up the meeting. But that was only due to my presence of mind and my self control on the platform. But I came away with frightful pain in my lungs and chest. And to day I feel as if I had been gone over with a steam roller. I have not met with such wild ignorant and fanatical group of people in a long while. They are terrible, really as terrible as the nazis or fascists. Well, its over. Only I wanted you to know why I have permitted more than a week to pass by without writing you except post cards.

I speak again Thursday on fallacies of Political Action. I am not so worried about that as I was about yesterdays lecture. By the way, the hall was jammed to suffocation. But it is not very large, holds about 250 people. I don't know what Thursday will bring. Sunday I go to Leeds for one lecture. The 7th to Plymouth for a week. They have already arranged four lectures and the comrades expect to have more. So it is not likely that I will have much time for rest. You can, if you wish write me there c/o Mr Tom Edmonds 146 Alexandria Road Plymouth England. While I am on addresses I want to let you know that, if ever you will have to send me a wire just address it Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court London. Nothing more is needed. I am sure to remain in Plymouth until Dec. 13th. Thank goodness I will then be free until after the holidays. I will have to contact the people I know from former visits, and try to contact new ones with a view of possible lectures as the comrades have arranged nothing in London, or the provinces for the new year. They mean well but they are so hasty. Last Tuesday I went to their headquarters where also freedom is being set up. It made me want to weep. Our gathering places forty five years ago were less dingy and squalid. And yet they actually thought

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2

they had achieved wonders. You see the house ~~it~~ has been bought by them on payments. And they are very proud of it. It is the same about the meetings they arranged. As I already wrote you the first brought out about hundred people. Yesterday because it was in the lions den and the Jewish quarters the audience was larger. Near in mind the admission is free with only one or two rows at 6d about 12 cents. True, their collection gave them over 2 pounds the first evening and 3,10 last night. It is pitifully small of course. But the few active ones there are simply do not seem to know how to reach wider circles. I do not say I will succeed better. But I mean to devote my free time after Plymouth to get at people and see what can be done.

Aunties party was like fifty other parties given me on previous occasions in London. About forty were there of the most washed out, and inconsequential group I have seen in a long while. My gawd the difference between the English and the American. In the States at such a gathering there would have been a dozen who would have offered help, and would have volunteered to make my presence known. At Aunties party there was absolutely no one of the guests. The only person of interest, or rather two was Aunties friend, Dr Stella Churchill, and her daughter. They are at least wide awake and vital women. But of course Auntie meant for the best. She herself has gone to Dr Churchills cottage in the country as she found she could not write in London. She will be back in two weeks. But I am sure she will not be able to help much. Dr Churchill may, because she is a labor woman and has labor connections. I am to see her again and have a talk this week, perhaps Friday. It will be very hard indeed to get a wider hearing and I am not in the least excited about it. But I will try hard.

I got the fifty bound copies of your memoirs from Daniel and paid him for it. When I get back from Plymouth I will close the deal and have the sheets sent to our people in the different cities. The bound copy already sold well here for five shillings which is about \$1.25. I am sure ~~the~~ get rid of the fifty without difficulties. I wonder if you could find out what the binding of the memoirs would cost. Couldn't you go to some bindery with your volume. I would like to know because I want to keep fifty sets of sheets for ourselves because I am sure the book could be sold later on for 2,50 or ~~even~~ *less* even three dollars. I should think it would be ~~easier~~ *easier* to ship sheets than bound copies. So try to get me some estimate of the binding.

I was very much disappointed not to see the Palmerines again. They said they had to give up their trip to London. They are sailing from Le Havre tomorrow.

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3

On the morning when I left Paris I gave Helene, Albert
Ziblin's wife, money to buy some flowers for the Halperine
cabins. I think I wrote you that Albert worked for the
French line and it is his function to see off every steamer
as well as meet them. So he will take the flowers and he
will introduce himself to the Halperines and give them
my farewell greetings. I sent the flowers for the three
of us of course. Yes, they are very rare people as you
will see by Julia's letter. No, my dear, neither Julia or
Aileen curtail Lucille's reading. If they did they would
not have consented to her hearing Rudolf and me. Or hear
ing what you had to say. So you can send Lucille your
NOW AND AFTER without any qualms. I inclose Lucille's love
ly letter. Please send both back as I want to write them to
Chicago. The address is Julia G. Halperine 412 South Grove
Street, Oak Park Ill. This is of course also Lucille's
address. I also have Aileen's business address, but you will
hardly need it. You can add your greetings to him in your
letters to mother and daughter.

It is certainly stupid of Albert de Jong
not to send you a copy of the syndicalist that contained
Rudolf's article about you. He sent me two copies. Naturally,
I thought he had also sent you one. I am mailing you one
copy to day together with the Sunday Times supplement and
the Revue which has an article about Petrini who had been
turned over to Italy by the god damned Moscow gang. Tell
me what it says as I cannot make out the Italian.

Be I was interviewed by a woman Friday who gave me the wrong name of the paper it was to appear in.
Or more likely I misunderstood her. It did appear in the
Sunday Chronicle. But I have not yet seen it. Someone is
getting the copy for me. I will send it to you. The other
interviews were mere scraps and meaningless. Except the
one for the Manchester News which I have not yet seen.
That maybe something. The English seem to have more gall
than the Americans. Being called up by a paper called
The Literary News for my lecture notes on last night's
theme. The editor would get it ready for publication if
I would sign the stuff. I told them I never give my
notes to anybody and I do not sign anything the editor
would concoct. I would write them an article if they will
pay. Of course I have heard nothing further. Some gall
don't you think.

The weather in London for this time of the
year is not at all bad. But of course it is penetratingly
damp. I have to keep my electric stove going most of the
time. Last time I was with the Koldofskys I did not have
to pay extra for heat. Naturally, I have to do it now
though Liza did not want to charge me more than one pound
the amount I paid last time. I now pay 1,10 which is about
\$7,50 a week everything included except some extras
like my brand of coffee, or seltzer which I can not permit

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4

m. a. Liza to buy as K. earns only four pounds a week. Imagine any of the Jewish journalists to be content with such a wage. In any event I could not live on hundred francs a week in Paris or Nice and much less in St Tropez. And no amount of money would get me the affection, the care and the thoughtfulness of the Keldereky, especially Liza. So whether I succeed here or not I at least feel at home and in a way better than in France.

I am sure the Freie Arbeiter Stimme has brought some thing about you. I know that Santilian has written some thing for the Spanish paper. That's why ~~xxx~~ Nellie needed her address. You will no doubt hear more from A. Althou it seems that the plan to have some affair has been abandoned. Still you should have heard from Sep. I hope you do soon. Nice of Modskas not to have forgotten. Has he kept his promise about sending you fifty dollars ~~over~~ a week for four weeks. I knew about the first fifty. But has more come along? The purpose of calling the attention of the comrades to your birthday is to make them realize that you are alive and the same. You have no idea how many times I have been asked when in America and C. where you are, and what doing. The comrades are interested and they want to know. I am happy that you liked my letter. Now you know that die alte Liebe rostet n.e.

Well, dear heart this all for to day. I must go to Selfridges to order paper I have not a sheet. and I will also see about the lamp for the coffee machine.

Love to Emmy. Thank her for her warm letter give my love to Nellie. Now I don't even know where to write her. I am delighted that she has been so energetic and has gotten rid of her things and that awful museum of a flat.

Devotedly. *CE*

*I wish I knew the date of
Modskas 65 birthday. I know
it is in Dec, but not when.*

*I am having dinner with
Rebecca West to night.*

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will introduce himself to the Halperines and give them
my farewell greetings. I sent the flowers for the three
of us of course. Yes, they are very rare people as you
will see by Julia's letter. No, my dear, neither Julia or
Annora curtail Lucille's reading. If they did they would
not have consented to her hearing Rudolf and me. Or hear
ing what you had to say. So you can send Lucille your
NOW AND AFTER without any qualms. I inclose Lucille's love
ly letter. Please send both back as I want to write them to
Chicago. The address is Julia G. Halperine 412 South Grove
Street, Oak Park Ill. This is of course also Lucille's
address. I also have Annora's business address, but you will
hardly need it. You can add your greetings to him in your
letter as to mother and daughter.

It is certainly stupid of Albert de Jong
not to send you a copy of the syndicalist that contained
Lucille's article about you. He sent me two copies. Natural
I thought he had also sent you one. I am mailing you one
copy to day together with the Sunday Times supplement and
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I was interviewed by a woman Friday who gave
me the wrong name of the paper it was to appear in.
Or more likely I misunderstood her. It did appear in the
Sunday Chronicle. But I have not yet seen it. Someone is
getting the copy for me. I will send it to you. The other
interviews were mere scraps and meaningless. Except the
one for the Manchester News which I have not yet seen.
That maybe something. The English seem to have more gall
than the American. Fancy being called up by a paper called
The Literary News asking for my lecture notes on last night
there. The editor would get it ready for publication if
I would sign the stuff. I told them I never give my
notes to anybody and I do not sign anything the editor
would concoct. I would write them an article if they will
pay. Of course I have heard nothing further. Some gall
don't you think.

The weather in London for this time of the
year is not at all bad. But of course it is penetratingly
damp. I have to keep my electric stove going most of the
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the amount I paid last time. I now pay 1,10 which is about
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like my brand of coffee, or seltzer which I can not permit

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4
Lina to buy as K. earns only four pounds a week. Imagine any of the Jewish journalists to be content with such a wage. In any event I could not live on hundred francs a week in Paris or Nice and much less in at Trepes. And no amount of money would get me the affection, the care and the thoughtfulness of the Keldersky, especially Lina. So whether I succeed here or not I at least feel at home and in a way better than in France.

I am sure the Froie Arbeiter Stimme has brought some thin about you. I know that Santilian has written some thing for the Spanish paper. That's why ~~xxx~~ Mollie needed his address. You will no doubt hear more from him. Althou it seems that the plan to have some affair has been abandoned. Still you should have heard from Kap. I hope you do soon. Nice of Rodska not to have forgotten. Has he kept his promise about sending you fifty dollars over a week for four weeks. I know about the first fifty. But has more come along? The purpose of calling the attention of the comrades to your birthday is to make them realize that you are alive and the same. You have no idea how many times I have been asked when in America and C. where you are, and what doing. The comrades are interested and they want to know. I am happy that you liked my letter. Now you know that die alte Liebe rostet nie.

Well, dear heart this all for today. I must go to Selfridges to order paper I have not a sheet. And I will also see about the loan for the coffee machine.

Love to Mary. Thank her for her warm letter and my love to Mollie. Now I don't even know where to write her. I am delighted that she has been so energetic and has gotten rid of her things and that awful curse of a flat.

Devotedly.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 26, London [to] Wishart & Co., [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 26 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Nov 26th 35.

Messrs/ Wishart & Co.
9, Moyn Street
C.W.2.

Gentlemen.

As per my talk with your secretary over the phone in regard to your publication ~~RUSSOUEI~~ RED AND BLACK, By Mr Borghi I am now substantiating my order in writing. Kindly send six copies for me to Mr R. Barr 106, ~~Caninham~~ Coningham Road W.12. And six to my address 20, Beechcroft Court, N.W.11. Also, I want a dozen copies sent for me c/o Mr Tom Edmonds 146, Alexandria Road Plymouth. The copies sent to Mr Barr must be there to morrow as I lecture in Hammermith Thursday next. The copies to my address I should like to have without fail Saturday. I am going to Leeds for a lecture and I would like to be able to take them along. Finally, I would like the copies for Plymouth to reach there sometime next week. I am going there for a series of lectures the 7th of next month.

I will of course account for the sales as they will be made.

Yours sincerely

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029294

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 26, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Michael Sadler. —
1 p.; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

10 & 12 ORANGE STREET · LECESTER SQUARE · LONDON · W.C.2

November 26th 1935

Dear Miss Goldman

As arranged on the telephone I am sending you herewith a proof of the English edition of Ben Reitman's book THE ABC OF LOBIT PROFESSION, and of the foreword specially written for this edition by the well-known British sociologist Dr Harry Roberts.

I shall be very interested to hear your opinion of the book, and whether you think you can do something to bring it to the notice of your audiences while lecturing in this country.

I want to make clear that Reitman has thoroughly revised the book, considerably enlarged and brought it up to date for English issue. So that it is a more complete and topical work than when it appeared with the Vanguard Press, three or four years ago.

Our idea is to publish early in 1936, and if you find the book of interest, and are willing to do something for it, this firm would be glad to do anything they can to suit the date of publication to your lecturing engagements in this country.

I would like in conclusion to thank you for remembering to ring me up and to wish your lecture tour every success.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Sadler -

Miss Emma Goldman
20 Beechcroft Court
N.W.11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, Vienna [to Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. — 6 p. ; 21 × 14 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Dr. George 27.XI.1935

Dearest friend, I am so sorry and
ashamed of my handwriting and of
myself. Excuse me, dear Emma, as
you see I am trying not to tire
any more your eyes. Success is before me
I write you. I do not know myself
I am going from place to place, and
being me here & the starving German
workers. What can be said to them?
Very often I am ashamed of my success
because it is due to the suffering
and humiliations of the exploited and
oppressed.... Take 50 and 60% of un-
employed. As I do not belong to the "great"
and strong parties, but try to procure
money, as little as it may be, to these
oppressed, in a way, I am
coming from the entrance for, you may
imagine how I live. But even if I have
no money, I would be ashamed
to eat in presence of those who practically
do not have enough to live upon,
though they are dressed decently.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, Vienna [to Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. — 6 p. ; 21 x 14 cm.

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and some of them have even ¹¹⁶¹⁰ a
quite little. I am here after quite
alone in reactionary places where
the fascists are very strong..
In Berlin I met your friends, Sauchy
and Dr. M. Both pleased me very much,
I admire E. M.'s pretensions and voluntary
songs and himself. Of course I do not
know their particular criticisms, but
knowing the general ones, I doubt whether
they have money enough or can raise
so much as to have anybody come from
abroad. Even coming from Berlin, I pay
almost everything by myself, though the
distances are not great. In Berlin
I got letters from American friends -
Baldwin, Mute - they advised me to
defer my journey till early spring
which I do. Now I am without a
roof, with all my things and books
out the road. Having made new settlements
in Berlin... I am very thankful to Wal-
win and Mute, at least I know more
or less what expectations as far as
the journey to the U.S. is concerned.
I met in Berlin an American

The Emma Goldman Papers

870919131

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, Vienna [to Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff].— 6 p.; 21 × 14 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

see therein you might know 11611
Mr. Josef Zivis and his wife both
made a very good impression upon me
sincere and courageous people. He has
told me that he used to come to your lectures
when young. They might come to Paris
next month, I shall write them to drop
a word for you at the A. S. He seems to be
a very convinced atheist and I wanted him to
write a book about Mr. Zivis and the
Vatican for him, which would be of great
financial help too - but he thinks it impossible
to settle the matter in letter and I
cannot afford come over to Paris not
being sure that something shall come
out. From here I am going to Vienna
you may inquire how exhausted
I am both physically and mentally.
If I find something there by, I shall come
back to France before I go over to the U.S.
I am so shocked by the S-d and communists,
that I find even no neutral "work"
(I used to earn by "translations"
on the internal financial engines) but
believe me, dear Emma, I am happier

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, Vienna [to Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. — 6 p. ; 21 x 14 cm.

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so. There is no price high enough ¹⁴⁶¹² to pay liberty and independence.
 First, my dear friend, the young communists, having been motivated by their authorities in order to interrupt my speech, having left the audience to protest against me after having declared that I was betraying Lenin, Kollontai (it was in Berlin) followed them. Two days before he had declared me that, ich lebe die 10% which meant of course that he appreciated my way of living, my trying to live according to my principles. —
 I am very glad indeed that you like Rosetta. I am more fan of her than of him because she is one of the "shills Keldner" whom I appreciate so much because notwithstanding of their "shills Keldner" of course it was a joke of them that I could not know. Some-
 times I seldom saw revolutionists especially among the modern ones who would wear with so much vigils their fate, their misery. With Rosetta I appreciate it the more as they do not belong to any party, bound to no discipline or program.
 Love and dear Joshua, you are certainly

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-3-

astonished that I write such
long a letter — I want to tell you¹⁶¹³
as much as possible of myself
because I know how sincere & you
want to know — and to help,
but I do not need anything, unless you
could speak with Selas about the
article I sent him about 6 months
ago. I would not insist if he would
not have tried me that both he and
his Secretary in N. Y. were sure to get
it published and even to get a publisher
for my "Memoirs". Not a single word
did I hear since then. Before I
left, I wrote him asking to let Sophia
Rometti have the money for the
article she would have kept it till
I came back because sending the
money here is very complicated.

I feel very lonely, just now, dear
friend. I am alone in a hostelry
in about an hour I shall have friends
to those who have yet to come
and whom I do not know as yet,

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[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, Vienna [to Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. — 6 p. ; 21 × 14 cm.

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11614

my whole soul.....

Jacobs

Angelica

bei Herrn O. Cohen

Verlag Hess
Wien 19

42, Bellevue Str.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029264

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Covici, Friede, New York / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

TEL: SPEEDWELL 7136.

20, Beechcroft Court,
LONDON, N.W.11.

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Messrs. COVICI FRIEDE,
Publishers,
NEW YORK. N.Y.

Dear Sirs,

On my arrival in London, a few days ago, I
found three of your publications: "AMERICAN FACES THE
BARRICADES" by John L. Spivak, "THE INTELLIGENTSIA OF
GREAT BRITAIN" by Dmitri Missky, and "TORTILLA PAT" by
John Steinbeck.

I will read these books just as soon as I
have the time and I will certainly call the attention
of my audiences to those works.

Sincerely,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029270

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27 [London to] W. Collins, Sons & Co., [London] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

TEL: SPEEDWELL 7135.

4360

20, Beechcroft Court,
N.W.11.

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Messrs. W. COLLINS, SONS & CO.,
28, Pall Mall,
S. W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

Thank you very much for sending me a copy of
"THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY" by Hermann Broch, as per the sug-
gestion of Mr. Benj. W. Huebsch.

I will read the book just as soon as I have time
and incorporate it in my lecture on American Literature when
I prepare the latter.

Thank you also for your offer to supply me with
other books from the Catalogue sent me. I have read
"MARY PETERS" by Allan Chase while I was in Canada. I
rather think it was your House which sent me the book at
the time.

Yours sincerely,

776

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029269

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27 [London to] Cassell and Co. Ltd., [London] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.*

4339

TEL: SPEEDWELL 7135.

20, Beechcroft Court,
N. W. 11.

.....

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Messrs. CASSELL & CO. LTD.,
La Belle Sauvage,
E. C. 4.

Dear Sirs,

On my arrival in London a few days ago I found your letter and a copy of "THE WEALTHY BEGGAR" which you were good enough to send me at the suggestion of Mr. Benj. W. Huebsch.

I will read the book very soon and will include it in my lecture on American Literature when I prepare my material.

Yours sincerely,

777

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029268

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27 [London to] Heinemann Publishers, [London] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4380

TEL: SPEEDWELL 7135.

20, Beecheroff Court,
N.W.11.

.....

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd.,
99, Gt. Russell Street,
W. C. 1.

Dear Sirs,

On my arrival in London a few days ago I found your letter and a copy of "PATHS OF GLORY" which you were good enough to send me, at the suggestion of Mr. Benj. W. Huebsch.

I will read the book very soon, and will incorporate it in the material for my lectures on American Literature.

Yours sincerely,

778

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029267

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Farrar & Rinehart [Publishers], New York / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4387

TEL: SPEEDWELL 7135.

20, Beechcroft Court,
LONDON, N.W.11.

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Messrs. FARRAR & RINEHART,
232 Maddison Avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Sirs,

On my arrival here, a few days ago, I found your kind letter of Oct. 28th. and a copy of "CREATING THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL".

Thank you kindly for it - it is just what I wanted and have been looking for a long time. I am sure it will help me a great deal in the lectures I am preparing on "Modern American Literature".

You did not mention the English Publishers who have issued the other books contained in my request. Would you be good enough to let me know their names?

Sincerely,

779

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029266

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Vanguard Press, New York / [Emma Goldman]. —
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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TEL: SPEEDWELL 7135.

20, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W.11.

Nov. 27th., 1935.

THE VANGUARD PRESS,
100 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK. N.Y.

Dear Sirs,

Thank you for your letters of Oct. 22nd. and
28th. Also for the two books you were good enough to
send me: "SOMEBODY IN BOOTS" by Nelson Algren, and
"STUDS LONIGER" by James T. Farrell.

I will read the works just as soon as I can
get at them and call the attention of my audiences to
them.

I have not yet had time to get in touch with
Mr. Michael Sadleir of Constable & Co., but I will do so
very soon. Thank you for giving me the address and the
telephone number.

Sincerely,

780

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029265

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Robert M. McBride, New York / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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TEL: SPEEDWELL 7135.

20, Beechcroft Court,
LONDON, N.W.11.

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Mr. Robert M. McBride,
Messrs. Robert M. McBride & Co.,
4 West Sixteenth Street,
NEW YORK. N.Y.

Dear Mr. McBride,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of
Oct. 29th and the copy of "I BREAK STRIKES" by Edward
Levinson.

I shall certainly read it with considerable
curiosity, for I have not the remotest idea how one would
boast of such an unworthy occupation; but perhaps the
title is used in a humorous sense? In any event, I shall
make good use of the work and call the attention of my
audiences to it.

I am sorry that you were unable to send me
"RAINBOW AT NOON", but it cannot be helped. By-the-way, is it to
appear in England? If so, let me know the name of the publisher
and I will get them to send it me.

Sincerely,

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029271

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] B[enjamin] W. Huebsch, New York / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Tel.: SPEEDWEIL 7135.

4361

20, Beecheroff Court,
London, N.W.11.

Nov. 27th., 1935.

Mr. B.W.Huebsch,
The Viking Press Inc.,
18 East 48th Street,
NEW YORK. N.Y.

Dear Mr Huebsch,

I find your letter of Oct. 22nd. on my arrival in
London the 14th. of this month.

I also found letters from Messrs. Cassell & Co., W.
Collins, Sons & Co. and William Heinemann together with the
books they sent me at your recommendation. They consist of:
"THE OTHER WORLD" which in the English edition is called
"THE HEALTHY BEGGAR", "PATHS OF GLORY" by Humphrey Cabb, and
"THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY" by Hermann Broch. These are all so
far.

I am writing these firms to thank them and to assure
them that I will make use of the books in my lectures on
American Literature.

Thank you, dear Mr. Huebsch, for your ready response
and your generous spirit in helping me to the books. I did
not doubt Mr. Best for a moment - I knew that he wrote in
keeping with the practice of the Viking Press, but I thought
he probably did not know enough of me and therefore may have
gotten the impression that I wanted to misuse your courtesy.

I forgot to say that I found also "NEGRO AMERICANS - WHAT
NOW?" by Mr. Johnson. You probably know England to realise
how difficult it is to "break through" here. I have failed on
previous occasions and I am not very sanguine about my success
this time, but I am going to try very hard.

Cordially,

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029254

[Invoice] 1935 Nov. 27, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Wishart & Co. —
1 p. ; 16 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Mr. Emma Goldman,

LONDON 27 11 35

4343

40 Mr. R. B. W.
106 Connaught Road, W.12
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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 1935] Nov. 28 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 1 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nov. 28th [1935]

Dear, it is Thanksgiving day, and I don't object to a turkey dinner, but I doubt whether many in the U.S. will be able to afford it. Sure enough they have no particular reason for any Thanksgiving.

Well, dear, I enclose here a copy of the Rudolf article in the Holland Syndicalist, I mean ~~the~~ a copy of the original German article. I think it is very fine and in Rudolf's best spirit.

The notes that Joe added to the article (in the paper) are taken, I think, from your introduction to one of my pamphlets -- he refers to my activities in the U.S., Mooney trial, unemployed and ~~anti-war~~ anti-war activities, etc. Where else could Joe have taken it?

Your last two postals received. Yes, I know what it means to you to start lecturing again, and were yet to prepare new lectures, but I hope that now, after your second lecture, you are in the swim again. How was the Monday meeting?

I wrote you already about my "birthday". We spent a very quiet day -- in fact, Annie cleaned the ice box that she bought from Nellie and that really needed a very thorough cleaning. And I worked on the two shelves I got from N., both of which have pieces missing, but I put them up anyhow. My room is full of shelves now and that is the way I like it, you know.

Also wrote you, dear, there were many letters from Holland; in fact, one more came today. But none from the U.S., except one from Mads. No money either, but I have some yet. (Also letter from Kelly, nothing important).

How are you, dear girl, and how do you stand the Engl. climate and-- the Engl. audiences? Don't mind my short letters, for there is really nothing to write about and my machine is no joy to write on.

By the way, do you hear from Frank? I hope he is all right, for it has been a very long time since I heard from him. I wrote him in St.Tr., but I never heard from him since. I wonder if he is working and whether Aleber, can do anything for him. You did not enclose the Aleb. letter.

Give my greetings to your hosts and thank them for me for their birthday greetings.

With thoughts of you, affect.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 28, Nice to Emma Goldman, London (enclosure)] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

8668

... ...

Ich habe anfangen Erinnerungen zu schreiben. Die Geschichte meines Lebens liegt vor mir fertig vor mir liegen. Es ist wohl gut ist. Besonders. Ich habe es geglaubt, dass ich mich dazu entschließen könnte. Schuld daran ist kein Freund Max Nettlau. Der schrieb mir immer wieder: "Hörst du, schreiben Sie Ihre Memoiren! Das stille, freundliche Stille, das ausgehauene Silber ist viel dazu gemacht, den Spuren verfliegender Tage nachzugehen. Ich hatte recht. Wenn man mit sechzig Jahren eines ruhelosen und des Lebens noch einmal aus seiner Wirkungsreise gerissen und in die Welt vor- geschlagen wird, was kann man da besseres tun, als an der eigenen denken?

Ich habe ich früher nie daran dachte, Erinnerungen zu schreiben. Schuld daran war ein anderer einer meiner Freunde, den kennen, lieben und schätzen zu lernen, eines der grossen Ereignisse meines Lebens gewesen ist: Errico Malatesta. Wenn wir in London in dem kleinen Hause in Islington, in Jubilee Street Club, bei mir zu Hause oder in der Wohnung der einflussreichen Freunde zusammentrafen, um der Alte und ich, plaudern aus seinem wunderlichen Leben erzählte aus der Zeit der ersten Internationale, von seinen zahllosen Bekanntschaften und den Kämpfen und Irrfahrten auf drei Kontinenten, dann fragten wir ihn immer wieder: "Errico, weshalb schreibst du nicht deine Lebenserinnerungen? Du schüttelst der Alte den Kopf und lachte sein gewinnendes Lächeln, das ich nie vergessen kann. Und wenn wir weiter in ihn drangen, wurde er plötzlich ernst und sagte: "Memoiren. Das ist gut für Menschen, die mit dem Leben fertig sind und nichts besseres mehr zu tun haben".

Er war noch nicht fertig mit dem Leben. Er hatte noch so vieles zu tun, der prächtige Alte, der doch noch lange nicht daran dachte, sich auf seinen Lorbeeren auszuruhen. Er war am Abend seines sturmischen Lebens in den vielen kleinen Stunden, die ihm die Rolle ausseinis bereit hatte, noch immer so lebhaft.

Es ist ein eigenartiges Gefühl, die Spuren eines vergangenen Lebens nachzugehen, das ich vorher nie kennen lernte. Und zum erstenmal begreife ich, wie reich dieses Leben war. Welche Fülle von Erfahrungen, von Kämpfen, von bitteren Enttäuschungen und grossen, erhellenden Augenblicken diese Jahre in sich schliessen. Und die Menschen, die man kennen lernte: Männer und Frauen aus aller Herren Länder, Menschen von verschiedener Abstammung und aus allen Gesellschaften, Menschen aller Völker und aller Sprachen. Und wir alle gehörten der selben grossen Familie an und fühlten in uns dieselbe Blut der grossen Begierde, die uns der unbändige Glaube an eine grosse Idee einhaucht hatte. Es ist ein grosses Ding, ein ganzes Leben an eine Idee zu setzen, besonders, wenn diese Idee in der Tiefe alles menschlichen Daseins wurzelt und von Feuerzeichen der Freiheit und Gerechtigkeit unglühend ist.

Illusionen der Jugend! Liegen die Bahnmal-Weisen und Irratiker des Lebens und zeigen auf die Schatten, die die Sonne und die Dämonen, die das Licht der Sonne zu verstellen drohen.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870923088

[Letter, 1935 Nov. 28, Nice to Emma Goldman, London (enclosure)] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 27 × 21 cm.

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Illusionen! Vielleicht. Aber aus Illusionen werden Wirklichkeiten geboren. Wird die Zukunft der Menschen geschaffen. Lebe der Welt, wenn es keine Illusionen mehr gäbe! Das menschliche Leben wäre keine Leinwand wert. Nein, ich würde nicht, dass ich mein Leben anders gelebt hätte. Ich bin all die Jahre ein armer Teufel geblieben, der das Leben seine Härten und Sorgen an mir als ein Leide verspürt hat, und muss heute an einen Winkel klaffen, wo ich mich niederlassen kann, und der mir von den Knochentatzen dieser Erde bestritten wird. Aber ich würde trotzdem mit keinem Millionär tauschen. Nein, wirklich nicht. Mein Leben war reich und farbensprühend, und vor allem war es nicht langweilig. Ich habe Lachen und Tränen kennen gelernt. Tragisches und Komisches, Gelächter und Tränen. Denn ich heute an die lange Reihe grüner Tücher, die ich mit den Menschen zusammenführte, so fühle ich, dass es schon deshalb wert war, zu leben.

In dieser langen Kette wertvoller und bedeutender Menschen ist die Person Alexander Berkman eine der hervorragenden. Als Berkman 1907 sein Schicksal in Pittsburgh abfeuerte, da begründeten wir Jungen, die in seinem Alter standen, seine Tat mit Beglatterung, und so manche unter uns bedauerte, dass ihr nicht ein besserer Erfolg beschieden war. Wir waren ja noch so jung und sahen nur die heroische Geste. Aber die tiefe Tragik dieser Tat und ihre entsetzlichen Folgen für ein Menschenschicksal ahnten wir damals nicht. So merkwürdig ist das Leben. Heute weiß ich, dass es besser war, dass Erick seinen Untergang nicht erleiden ist, denn sein Leben war das eines Berkman wirklich nicht wert. Der Misserfolg des Attentäters rettete ein kostbares Menschenleben, das in der furchtbaren Jahren der Gefangenschaft erst zu seiner vollen inneren Größe heranreifte.

Als Berkman bereits sieben Jahre in Gefängnis saß, ging uns ein Aufruf zu, Gelder zu sammeln, um eine Revision seines Prozesses zu ermöglichen. Wir gaben damals in London den "Arbeiterfreund" heraus, der jede Woche um seine Existenz zu kämpfen hatte, denn wir waren blutarm, und unser Idealismus konnte nicht immer die materiellen Notwendigkeiten des Lebens aufwiegen. Wir arrangierten für Berkman eine Unternehmung, die zwanzig Pfund einbrachte. Der Besizer war unser unvergesslicher Freund Isaac Sabelsky. Aber da unsere Leitung sich in jener Zeit gerade in einer jener endlosen Krisen befand, so beschloss unsere Gruppe, einen Dampfzug zu mieten und an einem Sonntag eine Ausfahrt zu veranstalten, die, wenn uns das Wetter günstig war, uns eine hübsche Lunte hereinbringen konnte. Aber dazu brauchte man Geld, denn die Schiffskompanie forderte zehn Pfund in Voraus, bevor sie sich überhaupt auf ein Geschäft einliess. Da wurde der Vorschlag gemacht, dass Sabelsky das Geld vorstrecken sollte, dass ihn die Gruppe bald nach der Ausfahrt zurückzahlen wollte.

Aber als der Tag der Ausfahrt gekommen war, regnete es Bindfaden vom Himmel und die Unternehmung endete mit einem völligen Durchfall. Was tun! Der arme Sabelsky war in Ver-

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Zweiflung und wusste sich nicht zu helfen. Da schrieb ich einen Brief an Berkman ins Gefängnis und erklärte ihm den ganzen Vorgang. Wir schickten ihm die zehn Pfund, die wir noch in der Kasse hatten, und versprachen den Rest in einigen Tagen zu begleichen. Einige Wochen später erhielt ich von Berkman eine Antwort, in dem er die fehlenden zehn Pfund der Kasse überwies. Der Brief war so herzlich und enthielt einige so charakteristische Wendungen über den Schicksal des Schreibers, dass er sich tief in mein Gedächtnis eingrub.

So vergingen weitere sieben Jahre, bis sich Berkman endlich die Türen seines Zimmers öffnete. Im Jan. 1891 las ich jenes halbeschwere Buch, eines jener wenigen Bücher, die mit Blut und Tränen geschrieben wurden, und in dem sich alles Leid und Schmerz der Welt zusammenballte in den inneren Kriegen einer Menschenseele. Die Krieger, deren das Leben eine solche Prüfung auferlegt, gehen an dem Uebermaße des persönlichen Leids zugrunde. Ein Mensch aber, der dieses überleben konnte, ohne in seiner Gesinnung schwankend oder geistig verwundet zu werden, ist ein Charakter von unbezweifelbarer Kraft, den die langen Jahre einer trostlosen Gefangenschaft nicht brechen konnten, sondern innerlich nur gefestigt haben. Berkman war ein solcher Charakter. In den grauen und eisenschwangeren Tagen hinter Schloss und Riegel blieb ihm nichts erspart, aber auch gar nichts. Er hat Dinge kennen gelernt, von deren Vorhandensein Millionen kaum eine Ahnung haben. Und besonders unvergesslich blieb mir beim Lesen dieses wahrhaft grossen Werkes jene Episode im Gefängnis von Pittsburg, wo Berkman mit einem der streikenden Arbeiter von Homestead zusammenkam, für die er bereit war, sein junges Leben zu opfern, und dieser ihn fragte, wer ihn für seine Tat bezaubert hätte. Und als er das namenlose Staunen des jungen Anarchisten sah und begriff, dass er sich getäuscht hatte, meinte er kopfschüttelnd, dass Berkman überhaupt kein Recht gehabt habe, sich in die Angelegenheiten der Streiker einzumischen. Wie damals wohl in der Seele des jungen Kämpfers vorging! Auch war um eine Illusion Armer und um eine bittere Erfahrung reicher geworden, aber er überwand auch diesen Schlag und blieb, der er war.

Als ich ihn endlich nach vielen Jahren in Berlin persönlich kennen lernte, da war eine andere Illusion in ihm zerbrochen. Mit tausend Hoffnungen in der Brust war er mit Emma Goldman und seine dortigen Gefährten auf jenes alte "Totenschiff" nach Russland gefahren, um mitzuhelfen in der alten Heimat eine neue Welt aufzubauen. Aber die Erfahrungen, die er dort machte, waren wohl die grösste Enttäuschung seines Lebens. Lange Zeit kämpfte er vergebens gegen die Bedenken, die ihm auftraten, und die Emma schon früher zum Ausdruck brachte. Er suchte zu verstehen, zu entschuldigen, zu begreifen, bis die Hinaschlachtung der Matrosen von Kronstadt den letzten Zweifel ein Ende machte. Da erkannte sich er, dass sein Platz nicht an der Seite jener sein konnte, welche die Pioniere der russischen Revolution ebenso kaltblütig niederschlugen wie während die Verteidiger der französischen Bourgeoisie die 26. Märtyrer, Frauen und Kinder der Pariser

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...wurden. Sein Buch "The Bolshevik Myth" gibt diesen inneren Kampf einen beredten und erschütternden Ausdruck. Es war ein furchtbarer Schlag für Berkman, aber auch dieser Stoss, der seinen aus Feiligkeit und Hinfälligkeit gerichtet war, das ein Mensch in solche Zustände ist zu empfinden, verbrach ihn nicht. Auch das musste überwunden werden.

Es gibt Menschen, die man persönlich schätzt und achtet, aber denen man innerlich trotzdem nicht näher kommt. Es ist da ein gewisses Etwas, das sich nicht erklären lässt, dass man nur empfinden, aber nie überwinden kann. Mit Sacha war das anders. Als ich ihn das erste Mal sah, war es sozusagen eine Liebe auf den ersten Blick, die selten täuscht. Ein klarer Kopf, der weiss, was er will, und der sich trotzdem einen Teil jener kindlichen Heiligkeit bewahrt hat, die das Vorrecht der Jugend ist. Dieser Mann, der in seiner Jugend bereit war, das Leben eines anderen Menschen zu nehmen, weil er glaubte, anderen helfen zu können, deren Menschenwürde mit Mühen getreten wurde, ist durchaus keine harte Natur, kein Gewaltmensch, sondern eine prächtige Persönlichkeit mit innigen Empfinden und grosser Herzengüte. Man muss Sacha sehen in Kreise seiner Freunde, wenn er sich von jenen Menschen freut und in der Glück der anderen das eigene findet. Er liebt Kinder, und die Kinder lieben ihn, denn sie fühlen mit feinem Instinkt das Stück Kind heraus, das noch immer in ihm steckt. Ich habe einmal vor Jahren irgendwo geschrieben:

"Ich liebe die Jugend, die mit dem Herzen denkt, an der die Erkenntnis nicht von den eisigen Gipfeln der Vernunft kommt -- die Jugend der Himmelsstürmer, der Weltverbesserer und Utopisten, die nach den Sternen greifen und sich in den engen Geassen des praktischen Lebens, die mit tausend Ueberlieferungen gepflastert sind, noch nicht zurechtfinden können. Wer das Leben so zu erfassen vermag, ist wahrhaft jung. Glücklicherweise, dem noch in späteren Tagen ein Funke jenes göttlichen Feuers die Brust durchglüht".

Auch Alexander Berkman ist einer jener restlosen Wanderer und Irrenden mitten in den Gärten und Wüsten des Lebens, die heute so dünn gesät sind, und die die Kraft in sich fühlen, die Blüten der Sehnsucht in grüne Lebenswirklichkeiten umzuwandeln. Ein "Praktiker" ist Sacha nie gewesen. Ich habe jüngst auf einem Bankett, das zu Ehren eines meiner alten und verdienstvollen Freunde gegeben wurde, social von Liebe der Praktiklichkeit singen hören, dass es mir ganz übel davon wurde. Glücklicherweise ist das Leben selbst gar nicht praktisch, sonst wäre es überhaupt nicht auszuhalten. Nein, das Leben ist wirklich nicht praktisch, es ist reich und verschwenderisch und voll von "Illusionen", glitzernden Träumen und bunt Utopien. Praktisch sind nur jene Seelen von Leder, die von Leben nicht mehr gelernt haben, als das fünf Daller mehr denn vier sind. Wo grosse Herzen sich zu Tode bluten, dort feiern die sogenannten "Praktiker" ihre Triumphe. Wo der Geist zu atinken anfängt, dort sind die Praktiker zu Hause. Sie sind überall zu finden, wo es Würmer gibt und wo man die "Wahrheit lieben" und dabei bequem essen, trinken und schlafen und in der Zwischenzeit Weisheitsprüche von Utopol lassen kann. Sacha gehört nicht zu ihnen, und seine Unpraktiklichkeit ist vielleicht die Ursache, weshalb ihm so viele Herzen warm entgegen-schlagen.

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Das letztmal sehen wir uns in Emma Goldmans Villa. Jawohl, in der Villa Emma Goldmans. So habe ich es nämlich in einer kommunistischen Zeitung gelesen, und wäre ich nicht selbst dort gewesen, so hätte ich sicher geglaubt, dass es sich um einen der Paläste Ludwig XIV. handelt. Aber die ganze "Villa" besteht aus einer Stube, die zugleich als Wohn- und Schlafkammer dienen muss, und dazu kommt noch eine kleine Küche und ein Kämmerchen. Aber schön ist es dort an der mittelländischen Meeresküste. Und schön waren die Stunden, wenn wir fünf, Emma, Sasha, Milly, und die kleine Emmy und ich hinaus in den dämmernden Abend triffen oder uns über tausend Dinge der Vergangenheit und Gegenwart unterhielten.

Ja, ein Paradies ist jene Gegend, aber selbst ein Paradies kann zum Gefängnis werden, wenn man dort verbannt ist und seinen natürlichen Neigungen und Bedürfnissen nicht folgen darf. Und ganz besonders, wenn man alle drei Monate auf die Gnade einer hohen Obrigkeit angewiesen ist, die jeden Augenblick die Austreibung aus dem Paradiese verordnen kann.

Es ist die Tragik in Sashas Leben, dorthin versetzt zu sein, eine Tragik, die nur der ganz verstehen kann, der sich einmal in einer ähnlichen Lage befunden hat. Deshalb sage ich heute zu dem Kameraden: Vergesst wir den braven Sasha nicht! Die rauhe Wirklichkeit des Lebens hat ihn aus unserem Kreise gerissen, deshalb muss eure Liebe Brücken bauen zu ihm, damit er fühlt, dass er kein Vergessener ist.

Es war ich nun fertig mit meinem Grusse zum 65. Geburtstag. Aber jemand klopfte mir auf die Schulter und eine Stimme sagt: "Dass Du mir ja nicht vergisst, dem braven Sasha auch meinen Geburtstagsgruss zu übermitteln. Sein, Milly, gewiss nicht! Er gehört uns ja allen, es ist unser Sasha."

Rudolf Roeder.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920202

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 28, Montreal [to] E[mma] G[oldman, London] / M.T. Stark. —
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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TELEPHONE 668

4964

STARK BROTHERS RIBBON CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

GRANBY, QUEBEC

Montreal, Nov. 28, 1935.

Mrs. E.G. Colton,
Bon-Esprit,
St. Tropez Var,
France.

Dear Friend:

Just a few lines to let you know that we are all
well and happy, and sincerely trust that this finds you in the best
of health and spirits.

Also to advise you that at last, I have made definite
plans for sailing for Europe, on the S.S. Manhattan, sailing from New York
on January 3rd, and therefore will arrive in London about January 7th,
and I am coming alone, as Mrs. Stark has decided not to go with me, as
London is not very nice this particular time of year, and her health
would be much better if she went south.

We had definitely hoped that Mrs. Stark would make
the trip to Europe with me, but I find that I am going to be terribly
busy while in England, and will in fact spend quite a good deal of
the time that I am there in the interior on some business matters,
and English fog and English weather in January would not be conducive
to Mrs. Stark's happiness. We are hoping, unless something unforeseen
happens to make us change our present plans, that when Miriam graduates in
June, that she, Beverly and Mrs. Stark will go over to Europe for the summer
months, which after all are the delightful months to visit in Europe, and
they of course would look forward to the pleasure of seeing you at that time.

The purpose of this letter is apart from greetings to you
from us here, to advise you of my plans, and I sincerely trust that it will
be convenient, providing you are in London, to arrange your time, so that we
can see something of each other. I also hope to spend a week-end in Paris,
and in the event that it is not possible to see you in London, I then would
look forward to seeing you in Paris, that is depending upon of course, the
distance of where you are now located from Paris. If it is not too far dis-
tant, I would ask you to come in as my guest, and have the pleasure of spending
at least a day or so together.

With kindest personal regards from each of us here, and
trusting this finds you enjoying the very best of health and happiness,

I am,

Sincerely,



P.O. Box 320, Station H,
Montreal, Que.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029180

[Letter] 1935 Nov. 28, London [to] E[mma Goldman], London / C. W. Daniel, —
1 p. ; 20 × 17 cm.


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4223

THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY
(C. W. DANIEL, D. H. WALTHAM)
46 Bernard Street, London, W.C.1
(Opposite Russell Square Tube Station)

Telephone
Terminus
4691

Telegrams
Oprodan (Phone)
London



28th. November, 1935.

Mrs. E. Colton,
20, Beechcroft Court,
Golders Green,
London, N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Is it worth while sending copies of
"MY DISILLUSIONMENT" to arrive in Plymouth
before you do? Perhaps you will let me
know the day you go and the books shall be
despatched the day before.

If we did decide to reduce the price
of your book it could not take effect this
side of Christmas and therefore would not
affect Plymouth sales.

I shall look forward to your giving me
a tinkle when you return.

Yours sincerely,

C. W. Daniel

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 29, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, Paris] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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London Nov 29th 35

11639

My dearest Angelica,

I was surprised to learn that you are still in Paris. I was sure you are already on the high seas. It is too bad that so many trifling things are binding you to Paris. It seems to me nothing is so important than that you should get away. I am so sorry. Too bad I had to leave for this spritually blood freezing country. If I could have remained I should have been after you to drop everything from which probably nothing will come anyhow and ship out. Well, I hope you will soon overcome the many abstaacles and that you will really embark. I wish I had your chance. I would willingly risk a trip accross in an airo plane. Such are the contradictions of life.

I cannot tell you anything very cheerful from here. I had three lectures so far, rather small but the audience seemed sincere and attentive. One meeting in the East End brought out the wild communist Indians who did everything except break up the meeting. Fortunately I never lose presence of mind of my sense of humor, and so the lecture on mussolini, Hitler and Staling went off without violence on the part of the soviet zealots. In a way I cannot blame them. After all it is sacrelegious to mention Stalin in the same ~~breath~~ breath as mussolini. The fools do not know that the examples set by Stalins regime were grist to the Fascist mill whether Italian or German.

Sunday I am going to Leeds. A week from temerrow to Plymouth for five days. I will be back by the 13th of next month to start all over again seeing people who might be willing and able to help with further lectures after the New Year.

Now be sensible Angelica dear, pull yourself to

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gether and get away. My friends who sailed back Wed must have been very disappointed not to find you on the ILE DE FRANCE. Well, if you do reach America and go to Chicago I know they will be glad to meet you and help in every way to get you a hearing. Moore is their address Mr & Mrs Aaron Halperine 413 South Grove Street, Oak Park, Ill. I spoke to them about you. Later I will send you the address of another dear friend of mine, a greater worker with a lot of literary connections who will help you I am sure.

I wrote Roger to be sure and meet you. And so would Stella if you want her to. Anyhow, I am certain that ALL my friends will be happy to assist you, especially with your presentation of your poetry. I know the editor of the Poetry Magazine in Chicago, ~~Harriet~~ Harriet Monroe. She might prove useful. The main thing is to get to the states. The rest will take care of itself.

Devoted love to you my dear.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Nov. 29, London [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 20 × 16 cm.

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18477

London nov 29th 35.

Dearest Evelyn.

To day is my first free moment since I arrived two weeks ago. You see my dear, I sent a list of twenty subjects to my committee. Imagine then my disgust when I was confronted with three new themes to prepare. There was not hing else to do but to work all day and deliver the lectures in the between. That left me no time whatever for my correspondents or for seeing people here.

Thank goodness, the immediate rush is over. But by no means the amount of work before me. That is the need of contacting the people I met when I was here last. And also some new contacts I will have to make if I am to continue in England at all. As I wrote Rebecca West, I really have no idea why I keep coming to England knowing as I do from previous experience that the English will not attend lectures unless under the auspices of their own church, party, or club. I suppose it is the heclowness of the situation and also the fact that this is the last and only country where from which they cannot kick me out that makes me try again and again. But I can already see that there is no outlet for me in England.

However, since I did come I will not leave until I have tried some more. That means that after my return from Plymouth I must see a lot of people who may be sufficiently interested to be of help. And that will keep me on the run until Christmas and the first part of the New Year. My lectures so far (only three) were pitifully small though considered quite "successful" by my English friends. I dare say America has spoiled me for Europe where everything seems high when it is so measly in my eyes. New lectures

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are being contemplated after the holidays. As the reason why I must stick in London for a time. It is reasonably certain though that unless I can get some dates with the Maygeers in this country, or some literary groups it will hardly be worth remaining. But as I already wrote you I will persevere for a time. That means that I am not likely to leave this strange country before Feb, anyhow.

Dearest I am so sorry that in addition to your other difficulties you are also suffering physically. Do you not think that you would be in a better condition for work if you had your troubles attended to? It seems bad policy to postpone such matter since one can hardly do justice to one's work when one is in pain. I hope you will not delay too long.

I am fully determined we would meet before I leave England. Of course you will have to pass through London if you go to France. Will you not? Then we could have a day together. Or if you are absolutely prevented from stepping off in London, I will have to arrange somehow to come to you. At this moment I have no the faintest idea when that will be and how. By the way, if you go to France, how long do you intend remaining there, and is it to be Paris largely? We might meet there on my return to France should the gods prove adverse against our being together in this country.

Just as soon as I know the new dates and places of lectures I will write you. Or you might let me have the addresses of your friends in London and I will see that they get the announcements. I go to Leeds Sunday, and a week from tomorrow to Plymouth.

With love to Jack and yourself.

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[Letter, 19]35 Nov. [2]9, London [to] Mary [Crouch?, New York?] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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London Nov 29th 35.

Dear Mary. Thank you for your letter and the inclosures. It was really unnecessary for you to go to the trouble of finding the inclosures and your cousins letter. After all you owe me no explanation. In point of fact I have been thoroughly disgusted with myself since the evening at Kathleen's for ~~not~~ having discussed the matter at all. I NEVER cry in other peoples affairs, and I should not have done so in your case.

However I am not sorry having gotten your cousins letters. They explain in a way the talk Stella, my niece had with Sue Woodland. You see my dear, your mother took ill the latter part of Dec. 1934. When I arrived Feb and 1934 your mother had been ill for a long time and her condition was already very grave, so much so that even I whom she wanted and begged so much to see did not dare go often. Now, your cousins letters are dated March 10th and 21st, at least nearly four months before your mother was stricken. In all this time it was Sue who had carried the whole brunt, materially and spiritually. I and it must have been of this period that Sue had talked to Stella to the effect that she had received nothing or heard nothing from you. After your mother had been transferred to the hospital except for the funeral Stella did not see Sue any more. She did not know therefore that the bills incurred by your mothers illness had been paid. I am most anxious that you should be reassured about Sue.

For the rest it does not matter any more does it dear? There is one thing I want you to know. It is this your cousin

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would not have saved her. That is not the point at all. The point is that your mother worshipped you. She had you madly on her mind and she wanted no one so much as you though she had grown to care a great deal for me and was so near. But I am sure that you were the one person in the whole world she yearned for most. I will admit that your presence may not have saved her life, but it would have eased her battle for it. I am no Christian Scientist in fact I think it is neither Christian or Science. But I do know the terrific power of love and devotion. I do know that both have performed miracles. And I do know that no amount of money you or your husband sent her was so essential and so important to your mother as your presence.

I hope you did not misunderstand me in regard to Kathleen. I like her intensely and I find her company stimulating. So unless you want to talk to her alone please ask her to come with us.

You did not say what time you would call for me or if at all. Let me know then and where we are to meet the fourth.
Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 30 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nov. 30th

Dearest Ma,

I am enclosing the letters of Lucille and Julie that you wanted me to return. Yes, they are really fine people. And Lucille is extremely intelligent and interested in social matters. It is hard to tell what she will develop into, or whether she will have the courage to live her own life.

I am glad you sent me their Chicago address -- I'll send Lucille a copy of the ABC.

I'd better change to my own machine -- am not used to Emy's keyboard. But see how small my type looks as compared with the above.

By the way, dear, how about your machine? Have you had time to get it fixed?

Received late yesterday your letter of the 26th, the long one. (Now they bring letters here as late as 7 P.M.)

I know you must be very busy, so do not mind when you can write but a postal. Don't rob yourself of a little rest by writing long letters. And what is the matter with your leg? Was it really a bug that bit you? At this late season? And is it now?

I think it was certainly a mistake on the part of the Comm. there to have among the first subjects Hitler etc. The first ones should have been on the present situation -- the elections, Abyssinia, etc. Only later on the dictators. Well, it cannot be helped now.

Yes, after the 5th I'll write you to Plymouth. I hope the Leeds lecture will be a success. -- Yes, I shall look up a binder here and find out what 50 copies will cost, approximately.

You ask about mail from the U.S. It is rather funny-- I have not received a single letter from the U.S., except one from Mode. There were two cables: one signed Chavarin and one from Kimmelman. Not a cent from any source. But I assume that they all waited for the 21 in order to write, though it seems funny. In the last F.A.S. I see a little note that they were going to have an evening for me, in the Ferrer Center. I suppose they were afraid they could not get many people to come. And the Chavarin cable must have been from that affair.

I also saw in the F.A.S. that in their next issue they were to have greetings to me from Rudolf (I suppose the same article that appeared in the Holland paper and a copy of which I sent you the other day, in German) also by Dr. Cohn and Nomad. You remember Nomad, don't you, the one who wrote Rebeles and Renegades.

About Mode, in the beginning of Oct. I received from him \$50, and on Oct. 31 \$150. Then he wrote that he would send a check by mail, but I guess he must have been short and did not send it. Since then he wrote me that he had heard that I am to get some "surprise money" from the N.Y. comrades and that he has not been feeling well and that the many injections he still gets are making him feel pretty rotten.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Nov. 30 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Don't know I'm to a mistake in my last letter to you in telling you that the last \$1000 money from him was received in August. Looking up my note book I see that altogether Kapp sent \$300. Once in June, then in August and then the end of Sept. Last time \$100. They prob'ly have a little more, but Kapp is always on the road, so it may be delayed. I hardly expect very much more, though.

(Don't mind the a's missing in my typing; that letter is all worn out, and it is a nuisance to go over the a every time.)

I don't remember Mads birthday. You wrote you must be in Feb., and may be before that time I can find out from him the date.

How was your dinner with Rebecca West? I saw in one of the papers you sent that she is soon to bring out her new book --- The Laughing Reed or something like that. The publisher postponed its publication till next Spring, I think.

How are you feeling, dear? I hope your leg does not bother you any more. Nelly has sold out all her things, and I think she did it very efficiently, though most of it she let go at very low prices. But she says she is glad to be rid of it all. She is now in a room in a small hotel and she expects to sail on Dec. 6th. From Nicos. I guess I'll see her off. She has been busy as a bee, naturally. When I would come up to her I'd find half a dozen people trying to buy things, and Nelly always her own cool and collected self.

All quiet on this front, to speak in the "modern" way. Emmy wants to be remembered. Love to you.

S

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The
Emma
Goldman
Papers

A Microfilm Edition

Reel 35

Correspondence

July 1, 1935, to November 30, 1935

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